

संघन सोरठ से रहतीसा
रहतीसा हरि पर रहतीसा

प्रो श्री
THE
RĀMĀYANA
OF
TULSĪ DĀS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL HINDI.

BY
P. S. CROWSE, B. A. B.L.
M.A., OXFORD; C. I. L. I.
FELLOW OF THE CALCUTTA
UNIVERSITY.

SIXTH EDITION.

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

"The Rāmāyana is 'one of the most
popular and most important' to the
people of the North Western Pro-
vinces than the Bible is to the
corresponding classes in
England."

— G. H. H. —

Allahabad:
RAM NAHAIN LAL,
PUBLISHER & BOOK-SELLER.
1922.



संघन सोरठ से रहतीसा
रहतीसा हरि पर रहतीसा

श्री राम कृत
रामायण
संघन सोरठ से रहतीसा
रहतीसा हरि पर रहतीसा

श्री राम कृत
रामायण
संघन सोरठ से रहतीसा
रहतीसा हरि पर रहतीसा

Price Four Rupees.

संवत् मोरह से इकतीसा
कहौ कथा हरि वदधरिसोसा

श्री  श्री

THE

RĀMĀYANA
OF
TULSĪ DĀS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL HINDI
BY

F. S. GROWSE, B. A. S.;
M.A., OXON; C. I. E.;

FELLOW OF THE CALCUTTA
UNIVERSITY.

SIXTH EDITION.

REVISED AND CORRECTED

"The Rāmāyana of Tulsī Dās is more
popular and more honoured by the
people of the North-Western Pro-
vinces than the Bible is by the
corresponding classes in
England."

GRIFFITH.

Alibabad:

RAM NARAIN LAL.

PUBLISHER & BOOKSELLER.

1922.



संवत् मोरह से इसी इसीगंग के तीर
भावक पुत्रालक्ष्मी मुकुलीतन्वोशरीर

होइहि राम चल अनुपामी
कतिमल रहित सुमङ्गल भागी

श्री बर कथा लनेह समेता
करिहि पुनिहि समस लखेता

Price Four Rupees.

INTRODUCTION

The Sanskrit *Rāmāyana* of Vālmiki has been published more than once, with all the advantages of European editorial skill and the most luxurious typography. It has also been translated both in verse and prose, and, in part at least, into Latin, as well as into Italian, French and English. The more popular Hindi presentment of the same great national Epic can only be read in lithograph or bazār print,¹ and—with the exception of a single Book—has never till now been translated in any form into any language whatever. Yet it is no unworthy rival of its more fortunate predecessor. There can, of course be no comparison between the polished phraseology of classical Sanskrit and the rough colloquial idiom of Tulsī Dās's vernacular ; while the antiquity of Vālmiki's poem further invests it with an adventitious interest for the student of Indian history. But, on the other hand, the Hindi poem is the best and most trustworthy guide to the popular living faith of the Hindu race at the present day—a matter of not less practical interest than the creed of their remote ancestors—and its language, which in the course of three centuries has contracted a tinge of archaism, is a study of much importance to the philologist, as helping to bridge the chasm between the modern tongue and the medieval. It is also less wordy and diffuse than the Sanskrit original and, probably in consequence of its modern date, is less disfigured by wearisome interpolations and repetitions ; while, if it never soars so high as Vālmiki in some of his best passages, it maintains a more equable level of poetic diction, and seldom sinks with him into such dreary depths of namitigated prose. It must also be noted that it is in no sense a translation of the earlier work : the general plan and the management of the incidents are necessarily much the same, but there is a difference in the touch in every detail ; and the two poems vary as widely as any two dramas on the same mythological subject by two different Greek tragedians. Even the coincidence of name is an accident ; for Tulsī Dās himself called

¹ A handsome edition of the text was issued from the press of the Baptist Mission in Calcutta many years ago ; but it has long been out of print, and the only copy I have ever seen of it was the one in use at the college of Fort William in 1861. I had thus entirely forgotten the fact till reminded of it by Mr. Bale, a gentleman who has ably maintained the scholarly reputation of the Mission by his very useful Hindi Dictionary.

his poem 'The Rām-charit-mānas,' and the shorter title, corresponding in character to the 'Iliad' or 'Æneid,' has only been substituted by his admirers as a handier designation for a popular favourite.

However, the opinion that the more modern poem is a close adaptation, or *risfaccimento*, of the Sanskrit original is very widely entertained, not only by European scholars but also by Hindus themselves. For, among the latter, an orthodox pandit is essentially *homo unius libri*, to whom the idea of comparative criticism is altogether strange and unintelligible. Whatever is written in the one book, to which he pins his faith, is for him the absolute truth, which he positively declines to weaken or obscure by a reference to any other authority. If he can understand Vālmiki's Sanskrit, he despises Tulsī Dās as a vulgarian and would not condescend to read a line of him; if he knows only Hindi, he accepts the modern poem with as implicit faith as if it were an immemorial śāstra, and accounts a quotation from his Rāmāyana an unanswerable argument on any disputed topic. Thus, in all probability, the only educated Hindus who have much acquaintance with both poems are the professors and students of Government colleges, whose views have been broadened by European influence. It may, therefore, be of interest to show a little more at length how great is the divergence between the two poems.

In both, the first Book brings the narrative precisely to the same point, viz., the marriage of Rāma and Sita. With Tulsī Dās this is much the longest book of the seven, and forms all but a third of the complete work; in the Sanskrit, on the contrary, it is the shortest but one, even after including the first four cantos, which are obviously a late addition. They give a table of contents, and explain how Vālmiki learnt the story from Nārada, and taught it to Kusa and Lava; thus corresponding in no respect, with Tulsī Dās's introduction. The actual poem commences at once, without any prelude, with a description of Ayodhyā and its King Dasarath and his ministers, and of his longing for an heir; and tells how Rishyasring, Vibhandak's son (whose previous adventures are recorded at length) was invited from the palace of his father-in-law, Lomapada, the king of Champā, to direct the ceremonies of a great sacrifice, which the childless Dasarath resolved to celebrate,

in the hope of thereby obtaining his desire. The gods, being at that time sorely distressed by Rāvan's persecution, had fled to Vishnu for succour; and he, in answer to their prayer, became incarnate in the four sons that were born to the king, while inferior divinities took birth as bears and monkeys. The four princes are named by Vasishta. They grow up, and the king is thinking where to find suitable brides for them, when Visvamitra comes, and, after a long colloquy, takes away with him Rāma and Lakshman to protect him at the time of sacrifice from the demons that persistently assail him. On the way they pass by the Angs hermitage, where the god of love had been reduced to ashes by Siva—a legend to which very brief allusion is made,—then through the forest of Turakū, whom Rāma meets in battle and slays, but not till his genealogy has been fully recorded. He is then invested by the saint with certain heavenly weapons and magical powers, and, arriving at Visvamitra's hermitage, he slays the demons Mārīcha and Subāhu. Being told of Janak's bow-sacrifice he resolves to attend it; and as he crosses the Son and the Gaoges on his way thither, Visvamitra entertains him with a prolix account of his own descent from King Kuśa, of the birth of Gangā, the legend of the sons of Sagar and his sacrifice, and how his descendant Bhagirath brought down the Gaoges from heaven and concludes with the genealogy of the kings of Viśālā. As they draw near to Mithilā, Rāma delivers Gautam's wife Abalyā, whose legend is given with all its circumstances. He is welcomed by Janak and by Abalyā's son, Sītānanda, and the latter makes a long speech of eight hundred lines, in which he gives a complete history of the contention between Visvamitra and Vasishta, with an account of Trisanku and Sunshsepha and Ambarisha and of Visvamitra's final promotion in Brāhmanical rank. Janak shows Rāma the bow in its case, and he then and there takes it up and snaps it in pieces. The royal suitors had all tried in vain, and after fruitlessly besieging the city, with intent to carry off Sita by force, had returned discomfited to their own realms. Envoys are despatched to Ayodhyā for King Dasarath; Kusa-dhvaj, Janak's brother, is also summoned from Sankasya; and then in full conclave Vasishta proclaims Rāma's pedigree, after which Janak recites his own. The fourfold nuptials then take place, a hundred thousand cows being given to the Brāhmins in the name of each of the brides, and many precious gifts being bestowed in dowry.

Damarath then takes his way home with his sons and daughters, but is met by Parasurám with Vishnu's bow, which Ráma strings at once, and the son of Pisaga acknowledges his supremacy. They then reach Ayodhya, whence Ráma soon departs with his uncle, Yajñajñi, on a visit to his mother's father, Kákya.

On comparing the above sketch with my translation of the corresponding portion of the Hindi poem, it will be seen that the two agree only in the broad outlines. The episodes so freely introduced by both poets are, for the most part, entirely dissimilar; and even in the main narrative some of the most important incidents, such as the breaking of the bow and the contention with Parasurám, are differently placed and assume a very altered complexion. In other passages where the story follows the same lines, whatever Válmiki has condensed—as, for example, the description of the marriage festivities—Tulsí Dás has expanded; and wherever the elder poet has lingered longest, his successor has hastened on most rapidly.

In the seventh, or last, book, the divergence is, if anything, still more marked. It consists with Válmiki of 124 cantos, the first 49 of which are occupied by a dialogue between Ráma and the Rishi Agastya, who relates the story of Rávan's birth and his conquest of the world. In the 50th canto Ráma dismisses his monkey followers to their homes; and in it only is this one passage and in occasional reference to the glory and happiness of Ráma's reign that there is any coincidence with the Hindi 'Sequel.' The remainder of the Sanskrit poem relates the exile of Sita and the Assamedh sacrifice; after which Ráma and his brothers ascend to heaven. All these topics are totally omitted by Tulsí Dás, who substitutes for them the story of Kákabhadrundi and a series of laboured disquisitions on the true nature of Faith.

The earliest notice of our author, as, indeed, of all the other celebrated Vaishnava writers who flourished about the same period, viz., the 16th and 17th century A. D., is to be found in the *Bhakt-Mála*, or 'Legends of the Saints,' one of the most difficult works in the Hindi language. Its composition is invariably ascribed to Nálhák Jí, himself one of the leaders of the reform which had its centre at Brindában; but the poem, as we now have it, was avowedly edited,

if not entirely written, by one of his disciples named Nārāyaṇ Dās who lived during the reign of Shāhjahān. A single stanza is all that is ordinarily devoted to each personage, who is panegyricized with references to his most salient characteristics in a style that might be described as of unparalleled obscurity, were it not that each such separate portion of the text is followed by a *ṭīkā*, or gloss, written by one Priya Dās in the *Sambat* year 1769 (1713 A. D.) in which confusion is still worse confounded by a series of the most disjointed and inexplicit allusions to different legendary events in the saint's life. The poem has never been printed, and though it is of the very highest repute among modern Vaiṣṇavas, and is, therefore, not rare in MS. either at Mathurā or Brindā-ban, it is utterly unintelligible to ordinary native readers. The text of the passage referring to Tulsī Dās is, therefore, here given, and is followed by a literal English translation :—

॥ मूल ॥

कलि कुटिल जीव निस्तार हेत यादमीक तुलसी भयो ॥
 प्रेता काव्य तिर्यंच करिष सन कीटि रामायण ॥
 एक मत्सर उदटे ब्रह्महत्यादि करि जिन होत पारायण ॥
 अथ भक्तनि सुख हैं बहुरि वपु धरि लीला विस्तारी ॥
 राम चरन रसमत्त रटत बह निर घनधारी ॥
 संसार अपार के पार को सुगम रूप नौका लियो ॥
 कलि कुटिल जीव निस्तार हेत यादमीक तुलसी भयो ॥

Translation of the text of Nāthā Jī.

For the redemption of mankind in this perverse Kali Yuga, Vālmīki has been born again as Tulsī. The verses of the Rāmāyaṇa composed in the Treta Yuga are a hundred crores in number; but a single letter has redeeming power, and would work the salvation of one who had even committed the murder of a Brahman. Now again, as a blessing to the faithful, has he taken birth and published the sportive actions of the god. Intoxicated with his passion for Rāma's feet, he perseveres day and night in the accomplishment of his vow, and has supplied, as it were, a boat for the easy passage of the boundless ocean of existence. For the redemption of man in this perverse Kali Yuga, Vālmīki has been born again as Tulsī.

॥ टीका ॥

तिया सो सनेह दिन पूर्ण पिना गेह गरे
 भूली सुधि देह भजे पादो टौर बाध हें ॥

यधू भति लाज भई रिसि सों निकसि गई
 प्रीति राम भई तन हाड़ु घाम छाए है ॥
 सुनी जष घात मानो होय गयो मात वह
 पाछे पछितात तजो कासीपुरी घाय है ॥
 कियो तहाँ यास प्रभू सेवा ले प्रकास
 कीनों दूढ़ भाष नैन रूप के तिसाय है ॥
 सौँख जल सेस पाय भूनहु बिसेस कोऊ
 बोल्यो सुख मानि हनुमान जू बत्ताए है ॥
 रामायन कथा सो रसायन है काननि कों
 भाधत मधम पाछे जात घृता छाए है ॥
 जाय पहिचान संग चलै उर भानि भाए
 बन मधि जानि धाय पाय लपटाए है ॥
 करै सीतकार कहि सकोगे न टारि में तो
 जाने रससार रूप धर्यो जैसे गाये है ॥
 मांगि लीजै बर कहि दीजै राम भूप रूप
 भतिही बनूप नित नैन अभिलाखिये ॥
 कियो ली संकेत धाही दिन ही सों लाग्यो हेत
 भाई सोई समै चेत कष लधि छाखिये ॥
 भाये रघुनाथ साथ लखिमन खड़े घोरे
 पट रंग वारे हरे कैसे मन राखिये ॥
 पाछे हनुमान भाय बोले देखे मान प्यारे
 नैकु न निहारे में तो भले फेरि भाखिये ॥
 हत्या करि विप्र एक तीरथ करत भायो
 कहै मुख राम मिछा डारिये हत्यारे को ॥
 सुनि भगिराम नाम घाम में बुलाय लियो
 दियो ली प्रसाद कियो खुद गायो प्यारे कों ॥
 भई द्विजसभा कहि बोलि कै पठाए भाए
 कैसे गये पाप संग लैके जेये प्यारे कों ॥
 पोथी तुम बाँधो दिये सार नदी साँघो भजू
 तातें मन काँधो दूर करै न भँध्यारे कों ॥
 देखि पोथी बाँध नाम महिमाहु कही साँघ
 मैपे हत्याकरै कैसे तरे कहि दीजिये ॥

भाये जो प्रतीत कहो योही चाके हाथ जेवें
 सिधजू की घेल तब पंगति में लोजिये ॥
 धार में प्रसाद दियो चले जहाँ पन कियो
 बोले भाय ताम के प्रताप प्रति भीजिये ॥
 जैसी तुम जानों तैसी कैसैके यजानों भदो
 सुनिके प्रसन्न पायो जे जे पुनि रोजिये ॥
 भाये निस खोर खोरी करन हरन धन
 देखे प्र्यामघन हाँप छाप सर जिये हँ ॥
 जब जब भाये पात साँधि डरपावे ये तो
 भति मँडरावे भैंपें यसी दूरें किये हँ ॥
 भोर भाय पूछें भजू साँदरो किसोर कोन
 सुनि करि मौन रहे भाँसू डारि दिये हँ ॥
 दूरें सवे सुद्राय जानी चाँको रामराय दूरें
 लरें उन्हें दोखा सोखा सुह भये हिये हँ ॥
 कियो तन विम त्याग लागि खली संग तिया
 दूरही तैं देखि किया चरन प्रनाम हँ ॥
 बोले यों सुहागवती माखो पति होइ सती
 भव तो निकस गई उपाई सेवे राम हँ ॥
 बोलि की कुटुंब कहो जो ये भक्ति करो सही
 गही तब पात जीव दियो भमिराम हँ ॥
 भये सब साधु प्याधि मेरी लै विमुख ताकी
 जाको धास रहै तो न सुखे स्वाम धाम हँ ॥
 दिखोपति पातसाह भदो पठायो लैन
 ताकों सो सुनायो सू ये विम उदायो जानिये ॥
 देखिये की छाई नोके सुख सों निशहिँ भाप
 कहि बहु विनय गदि चले मन भानिये ॥
 पहुँचे नृपति पास भादर प्रकास कियो
 उद्य भासन लै धोयो मृदू धानिये ॥
 दोजे करामाति जग दयाति सब मात किये
 कहो भूठ पात एक राम पहिछानिये ॥
 देखें राम कैसी कहि कीदि किये किये हिये
 हजिये ह्वास हनुमान जू दयाल हो ॥

ताहो समय केनि गये कोटि कोटि कवि नये
 लोने गन घेये मोट मयो गौ विहाल हो ॥
 फोरें कोट मारि मोट किये जारें लोट गोट
 लीजे केन मोट जानि मानों प्रलै काल हो ॥
 मई तब आनि दुखसागर को जामे आय
 घेई हमें रागें भायें पावों घन माल हो ॥
 आय पाय लिये तुम दिये हम मान पायें
 आय समझायें करामात नेकु लीजिये ॥
 लाज दधि गयो गुप तब शनि लीये कही
 भये। घर रामजू की पेनि छोड़ दीजिये ॥
 सुनि तजि दियो सीर करयो लैक कोट नयो
 सबहु न रहे कोऊ मारें गन लीजिये ॥
 कासो जाय पृथापन आय मिले नामाजू लो
 सुन्यो हो कबिस निज रोषि मति भोजिये ॥
 मदन गोपालजू को दसन करि कहि
 सहो राम इष्ट मेरे दृष्टि भाव पावो है ॥
 पैसोई सरूप कियो ली दियो दिवाय रूप
 मन अनरूप छवि देखि लोकी लागो है ॥
 काहु कही कृष्ण अवतारोजू मसस महा
 राम अस सुनि पोले मति अनुरागो है ॥
 दूसरय सुत जानी सुन्दर अनूप मानो
 ईसना बतारै रति योस गुनी जागो है ॥

Translation of the gloss (or supplement) by Priya Das.

He had great love for his wife : without asking his leave she went home to her father's ; he forgot all about himself and hastened there too. She was greatly ashamed, and went away in anger, saying :—" Have you no love for Rāms ? My body is but a framework of skin and bone." When he heard these words, it was, as it were, the daybreak ; he felt compassion and left her and sped to the city of Kāśi. There he made his abode, worshipping the lord publicly, making a rigid vow, and thirsting exceedingly for a vision.

A certain ghost, who had secured the remainder of the water he had used in washing,¹ was grateful and told him of Hanumān.

1 A ghost is supposed to suffer from perpetual thirst and to be glad to secure even a drop of water, however impure the purpose for which it has been used.

"A recitation of the Rāmāyana has a special charm for his ears; he will be disguised in mean attire, but is always the first to come and the last to leave." Thus recognizing him as he left, he went with him in full confidence, and in the wood, knowing him to be in truth the god, ran and embraced his feet, crying with a shout of joy :—" You shall not escape me." Perceiving his intense devotion, he assumed the form in which he is famous, and said :—" Ask of me what you will." "I am ever craving to behold with my very eyes the incomparable beauty of King Rāma." He told him the place for meeting. From that day forth he was longing till the time came, thinking :—" When shall I behold his beauty ?" Raghunāth came, and with him Lakshman, both mounted on horseback, in green tunic (like huntmen). Why should he notice them ? Afterwards came Hanuman and said :—" Have you seen your dear lord ?" "I did not give them even a glance; forp now and speak to them again."

A Brahman, who had committed a murder, came on a pilgrimage, crying—" For the love of Rāma give an alms even to me, a murderer." On hearing the delightful name, he called him into his own house, and gave him of the offerings to the god, and purified him and sang the praises of his Beloved. The Brahmanes met in council and summoned him before them, saying :—" How has his guilt been remitted that on could thou take and eat with him sparl ?" " Read your books; but real meaning has not penetrated your heart; therefore your faith is dull and your blindness has not been removed." " We have read and examined our books; the virtue of the name is truly as you have said; but can a murderer be absolved ? Please explain that." " Told is how I may convince you." They said :—" If Śiva's bull will eat on his head, then will we receive him into our company." He gave him of the temple offerings in a dish, and they returned to the place where he had made the vow. There he cried :—" Saturate their souls with the glory of thy name; thou knowest how the matter stands, what is I say ?" On hearing those words he graciously accepted the offering; there was a joyous shout of Victory ! Victory !

Some thieves came by night to thief and plunder his goods, but held a cloud dark form with bow and arrow in his hand. Whenever approached with ready shaft, they were afraid, and though they ran round and round, they could not get rid of this watchman. At break they came and asked him :—" Sir, who is this dark-complexioned lad of yours ?" On hearing this question, he remained silent and wept; then gave away all that he had, knowing that Rāma himself had been the watchman. They were initiated and received instruction, and became pure of heart.

A Brahman had died; his wife was following him to the pyre, saw him at a distance and made him obeisance. He addressed her as a happy wife. She replied :—" My husband is dead, and I am lost to perish with him." The word had passed my lips; "I will fore him to life; worship thou Rāma." Then he called her kinsfolk and said :—" But you must adopt a religious life." They hearkened his word, and he restored the man to the delights of life. They all were saints when he had taken away their sinful forwardness : once see heaven to whom passion still lives.

The emperor of Delhi sent an officer to fetch him, explaining, "It is he, you must know, who is right the Brahman to be again." "He is anxious to see you," they said,—"so come, all will be well." They spoke so confidently that he agreed and went. They arrived before the king, who to greet him with honour, gave him an exalted seat, and said in gracious tones—"Let me see a miracle; it is proved throughout the world that you are master of everything." He said—"It is false, know that Rāma is all in all."—"How is Rāma to be seen?" he said, and threw him into prison. He prayed within himself—"O glorious Hanuman, have pity upon me." That very moment thousands upon thousands of stately monkeys spread all over the place, clawing bushes, and tearing clothes, and great was the alarm. They broke open the feet, mounding the men, destroying everything, where could I one fly for safety? It seemed as though the end of the world had come. Then his eyes were opened by this taste of a sea of calamities, and he cried,—“Now I wager all my treasure it is he only who can save me.” He came and clasped his feet. “If you give me life I live; pray speak to them.” “Better watch the miracle a little.” The king was overwhelmed with confusion. Then he stopt it all and said,—“Quickly abandon this spot, for it is the abode of Rāma.” At the word he quitted the place and went and built a new fort, and to this day any one who abides there falls ill and dies.

After returning to Kān he came to Brindāvan and met Nābhā Ji and heard his poetry, and his whole soul was filled with delight. On visiting the shrine of Madan Gopal he said:—“Of a truth Rāma is my special patron; I would fain see him.” Then appeared the god to him in that very form, and he was glad on beholding his incomparable beauty. It was said to him,—“The Krishna Avatār is of greatest renown; Rāma was only a partial incarnation.” On hearing this he said,—“My soul was full of love for him when I took him only for the son of Dasarath and admired his incomparable beauty; now that you tell me of his divinity, my love is increased twentyfold.”

Professor Wilson, in his most valuable and interesting “Essay on the Religious Sects of the Hindus,” gives the following notice of Tulsi Dās, and adds that he had derived it from the Bhakt-Mālā:—“Having been incited to the peculiar adoration of Rāma by the remonstrances of his wife, to whom he was passionately attached, he adopted a vagrant life, visited Benares, and afterwards went to Chitrakūṭ, where he had a personal interview with Hareman, from whom he received his poetical inspiration and the power of working miracles. His fame reached Delhi, where Shāhjahān was emperor. The monarch sent for him to produce the person of Rāma, which Tulsi Dās refusing to do, the king threw him into confinement. The people of the vicinity, however, speedily petitioned for his liberation, as they were alarmed for their own security: myriads of monkeys having collected about the prison and begun to

demolish it and the adjacent buildings. Shāhjahān set the poet at liberty and desired him to solicit some favour as a reparation for the indignity he had offered. Tolsi Dās accordingly requested him to quit ancient Delhi, which was the abode of Rāma; and in compliance with this request the emperor left it and founded the new city, thence named Shāhjahānabad. After this Tolsi Dās went to Brindāban, where he had an interview with Nābhā Jī; he settled there and strenuously advocated the worship of Sita Rāma, in preference to that of Rādhā Krishna."

On comparing this sketch with the literal translation of the text from which it was derived, it will be seen that it is not very closely in accord with it. It omits many particulars and adds others, and was probably taken not from the genuine Hindi poem itself, but from some prose adaptation,¹ of which, in consequence of the difficulty of the original, there are very many in existence.

It is a curious illustration of the indifference to historical truth and the love for the marvellous, by which the Hindu mind has always been characterised, that although the *śūd* even of the Bhakt-Mālā was written less than a century after the poet's death, it still gives so little trustworthy information about the real incidents of his life and supplies so much that is clearly fictitious. That it was his wife who first persuaded him to exchange an earthly for a divine love and to devote himself to the service of Rāma may well be accepted as a fact. As to the other legends—of the ghost who introduced him to Hanumān, through whom he obtained a vision of Rāma and Lakshman; of the murderer whom he recognized as cleansed of his crime by the repetition of the holy name; of the widow on her way to the funeral

¹ I was afterwards able to verify this conjecture, as Mr. Leonard, the Assistant Secretary of "the Calcutta Asiatic Society," was kind enough to lend me his copy of Price's "*Hindu and Hindustani Selections*," a work to which Professor Wilson refers more than once in the course of his essay. It was published in Calcutta in 1827, and has long been out of print. I find that as many as 50 pages of it are occupied with extracts from the Bhakt-Mālā, but with the exception of some 15 stanzas from the *śūd* of Nābhā Jī, all the rest is in simple narrative prose; and the compiler in his introduction specially mentions that the work itself was rarely to be met with in the Lower Provinces, and that his extracts were taken from a copy in Mr. Wilson's library. [Sanskrit and Hindi being two languages, as distinct as Latin and Italian, the above remarks were never intended (as a reviewer wrongly supposed) to detract in any way from the peculiar merits of one of the greatest Sanskrit scholars that England has ever produced and to whose works no one is more indebted than myself.]

pile, whose husband he restored to life ; of the emperor's requiring him to perform some miracle and, on his refusal to produce the god to whom he ascribed all his power, throwing him into prison, from which he was delivered by Hanuman's monkey host ; of the emperor's thereupon abandoning a spot which Rāma had made so peculiarly his own ; of the thieves who were prevented from breaking into the poet's house by Rāma himself acting as watchman ; of his visit to Brindāban and his interview with Nābhā Jī ; and finally of his persistence in preferring the worship of Rāma to that of Krishna, though the latter assured him in person that there was no difference between the two—all these legends, as given in the Bhakt-Mālā, whatever their foundation, are still popularly accepted as verities and are indissolubly connected with the poet's name. A few further facts of more prosaic character may be gathered from his own works and from tradition ; thus we learn from the prologue to the Rāmāyana that he commenced its composition at Ayodhya in the *Sambat* year 1631, corresponding to 1575. A. D., and that he had studied for some length of time at Soron. He was by descent a Brāhman of the Kanaujya clan, and in the Bhakt-Sinilhu—a modern poem of no great authority, the writer when at a loss for facts being as it seems, in the habit of supplying them out of his own imagination—it is stated that his father's name was Kīmā Rām and that he was born at Hastinapur. Others make Hājipur, near Chitrakūt, the place of his birth. The greater part of his life was certainly spent at Benares, though he also passed some years in visits to Soron, Ayodhyā, Chitrakūt, Allahābād, and Brindāban. He died in the *Sambat* year 1680 (1624 A.D.).

A complete copy of the Rāmāyana in his own handwriting was once in existence at Rājapur, but it was stolen about the year 1800 by a devotee, who on being pursued threw it into the river. It was eventually recovered by a net, but not till it had been greatly damaged by the water ; Book II, the Ayodhyā, which forms the centre of the volume, being the only part that remained legible. This fragment is still in the temple ; but as every pilgrim is expected to make an offering of a cover for it, it is now enveloped in some 50 wraps and is quite lost to sight. The Mahārāja of Benares is said to have employed a copyist to consult it before publishing his edition, which in that case represents the standard

text ; and a commentary written by Mahant Rām Charan in *Sambat* 1862, and published by Naval Kishore of Lucknow, professes to have been undertaken after 'handling' the original MS., which possibly was then complete. The 'handling,' however, may have been only from a motive of veneration and not for critical purposes.

In addition to his great work Tulsī Dās composed at least six other poems, all of them having the one object of popularizing the cultus of his tutelary divinity. They are the *Rām-gītāvalī* (which is one of the text-books in the Government examination for a Degree of Honour), the *Dohāvalī*, the *Kabit-sambandh*, the *Binay Patrikā* the *Satsai* and the *Rām Agyā*. All of these have been published, either at Lucknow or Benares, within the last few years, and all now for the first time, excepting the *Binay Patrikā*, which was printed in good type by Sri Lalā Jī for the use of the college of Fort William as far back as the year 1826 ; but copies of this first edition are now very scarce. The list is not unfrequently extended by the addition of the following minor works, as to the genuineness of which there is considerable doubt, *viz.*, the *Rām-Salākā*, the *Banumān Bāhukā*, the *Jānakī Mangal*, the *Pārvatī Mangal*, the *Karkā Chhaud*, the *Rora Chhaud* and the *Jhulā Chhaud*. An autograph MS. of the *Rām Agyā* was preserved in the temple of Sītā Rām at Benares, which Tulsī Dās had himself founded, till the Mutiny, but was then lost.¹

His theological and metaphysical views are pantheistic in character, being based for the most part on the teaching of the later Vedantists as formulated in the *Vedānta-Sāra* and more elaborately expounded in the *Bhagavad Gita*, which is the most popular of all Sanskrit didactic poems. The whole visible world, as they maintain, is an unreal phantasm, induced by ignorance or illusion, and it is only by a concession to conventional speech that it can be said to exist at all. The sole representative of true existence is the supreme spirit, Brahman, conceived as absolute and unchangeable unity ; invisible, eternal and all-pervading,

¹ For the information as to this and the *Rajapur* MS. I am indebted to Pandit Bhān Pratāp, Tiwārī, of Chanār, who also tells me that he has in his possession a manuscript of the poem which professes to be copied from an original dated *Sambat* 1700 ; that is, only 26 years after the author's death. This he would gladly lend for collation, if a critical edition of the text—which is much required—should ever be undertaken. At present the best edition is Rām Jassan's, Benares, 1883.

but having no relation to the world—since that would involve a notion of dualism—and for the same reason void of cognition, will, activity and all other qualities: a potentiality, in the ordinary use of language, rather than an actual entity. All phenomena whether material or spiritual, including even the gods of Vedic mythology, are empty fictions of the mind. But the worship of the inferior divinities and compliance with the external ritual of religion, are considered to purify and prepare the intellect for the reception of higher truths. They are therefore salutary and even necessary practices during the early days of the soul's progress towards perfection. If a man is overtaken by death before he has advanced beyond this preliminary stage, he is born again either into this or into a higher world in some different form, the dignity of which is determined by the aggregate merit or demerit of all his actions in all his previous births.¹ The highest reward for devotion to any special god is the exaltation of the soul to his particular sphere in heaven. But this blessedness is not of permanent duration: on the expiry of a proportionate period the burden of mundane existence has again to be undergone. It is only on the attainment of perfect knowledge that final emancipation is complete and the individual soul is absorbed for ever into Impersonal:

"A spiritual star—wrought in a race
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Is consciousness of glory wide diffused."

Except to a theosophist, the promise of such an ultimate destiny is not a very attractive one, nor is it conducive to popular morality. For good deeds and evil deeds and the god that recompenses them, all alike belong to the unreal, to the fictitious duality, the world of semblances; while the so-called Supreme Being is no proper object of worship, being a mere cold abstraction, unconscious of his own existence or of ours, and devoid of all attributes and qualities. To correct this practical defect and supply some intelligible motive for withstanding temptation and leading a pure and holy life, the supplementary doctrine of Bhakti, or Faith, was developed. Some one of the recognized incarnations of the Hindu Pantheon was no longer regarded as a partial emanation of the divinity, but was exalted into the complete

¹ The absence of all recollection of acts done in former states of existence is not an objection to the theory of transmigration; for the continuity is not one of consciousness, but of that tendency or disposition which is the separate nature of each individual.

embodiment of it. A loving devotion to his personality was then enjoined as a simple and certain method of attaining to endless felicity ; not the transitory sensual delights of Indra's paradise, nor the mere unconsciousness of utter extinction, but the conscious enjoyment of individual immortality in the immediate presence of the Beatific Vision.

The late introduction of this crowning dogma of Faith in an incarnate Redeemer and its marked similarity to Christian ideas have induced several scholars to surmise that the Brâhmins borrowed it from the early Christian communities in Southern India. The notion is favoured—if not, indeed, originated—by the fact that in the Bhagavad Gita it is Krishna who figures as the embodiment of the Supreme Being, and both in the name and in the legends of Krishna there is a superficial resemblance to the name of Christ and to some of the incidents recorded of Him in the Gospels. As I have shown more fully elsewhere, there is no historical basis for the supposed connection, while the similarity of name is demonstrably accidental. The doctrine appears to have grown up as a natural sequel to the purely indigenous school of thought in which we find it established, and an exact parallel can be traced in the history of Buddhism, where the nihilism of Nirvâna was practically abrogated by the gradual deification of its teacher.¹ In selecting Râma as his ideal of the divine in preference to Krishna, Tulsi Dâs has certainly improved upon the teaching of the Bhagavad.

The tendency of modern scientific thought is setting strongly in favour of the Vedantist theory ; as declaring the existence from all eternity of a personal God to be simply unknowable, and referring all phenomena to a strange mysterious energy, or will, that pervades all nature, that produces all the work done on the face of the earth, and is probably at the root of life itself ; invisible and insensible, and exhibited only in its effects. Such a theory—as we see from our author's own case—is by no means incompatible with a belief in a divine incarnation : the difficulty is to establish by historical proof that such and such a character—Râma or Krishna, or whoever it may be—was really born

1 In a Chinese inscription, of the year 1021 A. D., that has been discovered at Buddh Gaya, he is thus addressed :—“ O great master, merciful to the people, sympathizing with all creatures, although thou dost not manifest thyself, still thou art a most efficacious God.”

The following passage from Book VII of the Bhagavad Gita, as freely rendered by Mr. Edwin Arnold in his 'Song Celestial,' is a very explicit summary of the accepted Vedantic doctrine :

" There be those, too, whose knowledge, turned aside
By this desire or that, gives them to serve
Some lower gods with various rites constrained
By that which mouldeth them Unto all such—
Worship what shrine they will, what shapes in faith—
'Tis I who give them faith. I am content.
The heart thus asking favour from its God,
Darkened but ardent, hath the end it craves,
The lesser blessing ; but 'tis I who give.
Yet soon is withered what small fruits they reap :
Those men of little minds, who worship so,
Go where they worship, passing with their Gods ;
But mine come unto me. Blind are the eyes
Which deem the Unmanifest manifest,
Not comprehending Me in my true self.
Imperishable, viewless, undeclared,
Hidden behind my magic veil of shows,
I am not seen by all ; I am not known—
Unborn and changeless - to the idle world.
But I, Arjuna, know all things which were,
And all which are, and all which are to be,
Albeit not one among them knoweth Me."

The words " Blind are the eyes Which deem the Unmanifest manifest" emphatically condemn the worship of any incarnation, on the ground that it involves an inadequate conception of the Deity. Tulsi Dās, on the other hand, insists that they derogate from the divine perfection, by vesting it of personality and reduce it to an abstract. Against such theologians he hotly protests as when he says (II Chhand 5)—" Let them preach in their wisdom contemplate thee as the Supreme Spirit, the Unborn, incomparable from the universe, recognizable only beyond the understanding ; but we, O Lord, adore the glories of thy incarnation." Nor do the supporters even in this—

no answer . . .

pronunciation, to suit a place in his metre, or because he wants a rhyme. His treatment of words, on occasions of difficulty to his verse, is arbitrary in the extreme. He gives them any sense and shape that the case may demand. Sometimes he merely alters a letter or two; sometimes he twists off the head or the tail of the unfortunate vocable altogether. Such vagaries, being unconsciously regulated by the genius of the language, are no more puzzling to a Hindú than the colloquialisms of Sam Weller or Mrs. Gamp are to an English reader of Dickens. But they would seem inexplicable mysteries to any Anglo-Indian official, who knew only the language of the Courts and had never studied the vernacular of the people. For such neglect there was formerly much excuse, in the absence both of a dictionary and a grammar; but the latter want was most admirably supplied in 1876 by Mr. Kellogg, of the Allahabad American Presbyterian Mission, in a work that is to a remarkable degree both lucid and exhaustive; while Messrs. Hornle and Emerson's new Comparative Dictionary is not only more scientific in method and elaborate in execution than any similar work that has ever before been attempted by Indian philologists, but it is further supplemented by a special index to the *Rámáyana*, which exhibits every single word of the poem, and refers to all the passages in which it occurs. Yet only one part of this gigantic work has appeared, and some years must elapse before it is completed. Mr. Emerson's dictionary, to which I have already referred, is scarcely intended for very advanced students, but it will be of much use to beginners, since it gives in alphabetical order the archaic forms of inflection, which at the outset are so perplexing.

The second Book is more generally read than any other part of the poem, and is the most admired by Hindú critics. A description of King Dasarath's death and the different *ve-takings* are quoted as models of the pathetic, and in a public recital there is scarcely one in the audience who does not be moved to tears. The sentiments that the poet depicts, and the figures that he employs to illustrate them, speak with irresistible force to the Hindú imagination; and, if for no other reason than this, they would be interesting to the English student for the insight they afford into the traditional sympathies and antipathies of the people. The constant repetition of a few stereotyped

is deaf ; that the swan sings before it dies ; that crocodiles weep when they have done wrong ; that bear's cubs are born formless and are licked into ursine shape by their mother ; that some snakes have stings in their tail ; and that the toad carries a jewel in its head which is an antidote to poison.

In spite of all drawbacks, the Hindi Rāmāyana has many passages that are instinct with a genuine poetic feeling, which appeals to universal humanity, and which it is hoped will be dimly recognized even through the ineffectual medium of a prose translation. The characters also of the principal actors in the drama are clearly and consistently drawn ; and all may admire, though they refuse to worship, the piety and unselfishness of Bharat ; the enthusiasm and high courage of Lakshman ; the affectionate devotion of Sita, that paragon of all wife-like virtues ; and the purity, meekness, generosity and self-sacrifice of Rāma, the model son, husband and brother, ' the guileless king, high, self-contained and passionless '—the Arthur of Indian chivalry.

In the later Books the narrative is generally more rapid than in the earlier part of the poem, and several incidents are so casually mentioned that, without the explanatory references to the Sanskrit Rāmāyana, which I have given in the notes, a literal rendering would convey no meaning to the ordinary reader.¹ It is to some extent a literary defect that the rôle of poet is so often dropt for that of the logian ; and the frequent hymns to Rāma, who is apostrophized under every conceivable name that can help to realize to the mind the mystery of incarnate divinity, soon become wearisome. But the object that Tulsī Dās had in view is his sufficient excuse. By the course that he has adopted, fitting his special doctrines of faith individual immortality and the like into the familiar framework of ancient legend, instead of inculcating them by a more strictly didactic method, he has succeeded in popularizing his views to a far greater extent than any of the rival Hindu Reformers, who flourished about the same period. It was their object also to simplify the complications and correct the abuses of existing practice, but

¹ Of the two current recensions of the older poem, the one generally followed by Tulsī Dās is the Bengali, which is the text given by Horrocks in his random edition.

the only result of their preaching was to establish yet another element of dissension and augment the disorder which they hoped to remove. Talsi Dās alone, though the most famous of them all, has no disciples that are called after his name. There are Vallabhachārie and Rādhā Vallabhis and Mafuk Dās and Pān Nāthīs, and so on, in interminable succession, but there are no Talsi Dāsīs. Virtually however, the whole of Vaishnava Hinduism has fallen under his sway : for the principles that he expounded have permeated every sect and explicitly or implicitly now form the nucleus of the popular faith as it prevails throughout the whole of the Bengal Presidency from Hardwār to Calcutta.

In the year 1876, when I published the first instalment of my translation, I was still at Mathurā, in a congenial atmosphere of Hindū associations. After my transfer to Bulandshahr in 1877, I laboured under the serious disadvantage of writing in a thoroughly Muhammadanized district, where it was almost as difficult to obtain any assistance on subjects connected with Hindī literature or scholarship as it would have been in England. But by that time the familiarity I had acquired with my author was sufficiently long and intimate to enable me to complete my task unaided.

At the outset I was under the impression that as a translator, there was no one at all in the field before me ; but after making some little progress in the second book, I discovered that there was already in existence for that particular section of the poem an English version, published in 1871, by Adālat Khān, a Muhammadan Munshi of the College of Fort William in Calcutta. I at once procured a copy of it and it is only proper to acknowledge that it was of considerable assistance to me. It does not, however, encroach very largely upon the ground that I had intended to occupy. The Munshi appears to have written solely with a view to lighten the labours of his own pupils and of others who, like them, were preparing for a special examination. Despite not a few misapprehensions of the sense, such persons will probably find it quite as useful for their purpose as my translation, if not more so. But in the attempt to secure literal accuracy, and also, no doubt, from the fact that English was not the mother-tongue of the translator, the language employed is throughout so curiously unidiomatic that in many places it is absolutely unintelligible without

a reference to the original, and this the general reader would not be in a position to make. As a specimen I give the *chaupāī* following *śloka* 224 (with which may be compared my rendering, page 132, volume II).

"If he leaves me, knowing my mind wicked, and receives me, considering his servant, my sheltering-place then will be in the shoes of Rāma: he is my good master; but the fault is in this servant. The *chāḍāk* and the fish deserve the praise of the world; they are sincere in their usual vow and love. Thus having reflected in his mind, he went along the road, ashamed and overpowered with love. The sin committed by his mother was as if keeping him back; but the Bull of patience was walking by the power of his faith, and when he knew the nature of Rāma, his feet fell on the ground hurriedly. The state of Bharat at that time was such as that of the bee in a current of water. Seeing the grief and love of Bharat, the pilot became stupefied at that moment."

The uncouthness of the Monshi's style will give some idea of what is certainly the main difficulty that has to be encountered in a prose translation from Hindi verse. No one who has not had practical experience in the matter can fully appreciate the amount of thought that has to be expended on almost every sentence before the peculiarities of Oriental expression can be adapted to the requirements of English idiom. Without the most delicate handling it is impossible to avoid either a sacrifice of accuracy in the letter, or a misrepresentation of the spirit by a baldness of rendering, which suggests only images of the ludicrous and grotesque, while the sentiments of the original in their native dress are felt to be both natural and pathetic.

F S GROWSE.

Post-script. Under the patronage of Mr. Grierson, an enterprising Publisher of Patna (Babu Rām Din Singh of the Kharg Bilās Press, Rānkipore), has now published a text of the Rām-charit-mānasa, which is an exact reproduction of the original MSS. This must be a work of the highest interest to all Hindi Scholars; but it may be surmised that the variations from the received text are of more importance from the philological than from the literary point of view.



THE RĀMĀYANA

or

TULSI DĀS

BOOK I

CHILDHOOD

Sanskrit Invocation

I reverence Śrīrādā and Gaṇeś, the inventors of the alphabet and of phraseology, of the poetic modes and of metre. I reverence Bhavānī and Saṅkara, the incarnations of faith and hope, without whom not even the just can see God, the Great Spirit. I reverence, as the incarnation of Saṅkara, the all-wise Gora, through whom even the crescent moon is everywhere honoured¹ I reverence the king of bards² and the monkey king, of pure intelligence, who ever lingered with delight in the holy forest land of Rāma and Sita's infinite perfection. I bow before Sita, the beloved of Rāma; the queen of birth, of life and death: the destroyer of sorrow; the cause of happiness.

I reverence, under his name RĀMA, the lord Hari; supreme over all causes; to whose illusive power are subject the whole universe and every supernatural being from Brahman downwards; by whose light truth is made manifest, as when what appeared to be a snake turns out a rope; and by whose feet as by a bark those who will may pass safely over the ocean of existence.

In accord with all the Purāṇas and different sacred texts, and with what has been recorded in the Rāmāyana (of Vālmiki) and elsewhere, I, Tulsi, to gratify my own heart's

1 The crescent moon, being one of Gaṇeś's (i.e. of Saṅkara's) constant symbols, is honoured on his account, though in itself imperfect, as is the full moon is honoured for its own sake.

2 The king of bards, Vālmiki, the reputed author of the Sanskrit Rāmāyana. The monkey king is of course Hanuman, and the two are known to Hindus as incarnations of the divine. Vālmiki is said to have been a Brahmin, Kaviśvara and Kaviśvara are names of the god of poetry.

desire, have composed these lays of Raghunáth in most choice and elegant modern speech.

Sorathá 1.

O Ganes, of the grand elephant head; the mention of whose name ensures success, be gracious to me, accumulation of wisdom, storehouse of all good qualities! Thou, too, by whose favour the dumb becomes eloquent, and the lame can climb the vastest mountain, be favourable to me, O thou that consumest as a fire all the impurities of this iron age. Take up thy abode also in my heart, O thou that alumberest on the milky ocean, with body dark as the lotus, and eyes bright as a budding water-lily O spouse of Umá, clear of hue as the jasmine or the moon; home of compassion, who showest pity to the humble; show pity upon me, O destroyer of Kámadeva. I reverence the lotus feet of my master, that ocean of benevolence. Hari incarnate, whose words are like a flood of sunlight on the darkness of ignorance and infatuation.¹

Chaupái 1.

I reverence the pollen-like dust of the lotus feet of my master, bright fragrant, sweet and delicious; pure extract of the root of ambrosia, potent to disperse all the attendant ills of life; like the holy ashes on the divine body of Sambhu, beautiful, auspicious, ecstatic. Applied to the forehead as a *tílak*, it cleanses from defilement the fair mirror of the human mind and gives it the mastery of all good. By recalling the lustre of the nails of the revered guru's feet, a divine splendour illumines the soul, dispersing the shades of error with its sun-like glory. How blessed be who takes it to his heart! The mental vision brightens and expands, the night of the world with sin and pain fades away, the actions of Ráma², like diamonds and rubies, whether obvious or obscure, all alike become clear, in whichever direction the mine is explored.

Dohá 1.

By applying this collyrium as it were to the eyes, the student acquires both boliness and wisdom, and is able to

¹ The persons addressed in this stanza are Ganes, Sarasvatí, Náráyan, Siva, and the poet's own spiritual instructor, or guru.

² The simple actions are compared to rubies, which may be picked up on the surface of the ground; the mysterious actions to diamonds, which have to be dug out of a mine.

understand his sportive career when on earth—on mountain,
 or in forest—and all the treasures of his grace. ✓

Chaupdi 2.

The dust of the guru's feet is a soft and charming colly-
 um, like ambrosia for the eyes, to remove every defect of
 vision. With this having purified the eyes of my under-
 standing, I proceed to relate the actions of Rāma, the
 deemer of the world. First I reverence the feet of the
 great Brāhman saints, potent to remove the doubts engen-
 dered by error. In my heart, as with my voice, I rever-
 ence the whole body of the faithful, mines of perfection ;
 whose good deeds resemble the produce of the cotton plant
 in its austerity, purity, and manifold usefulness, and in its
 flag the defects even of those by whom it has been most
 roughly treated : reverence to the saints whatever the age
clima in which their glory was consummated. Their
agregation is all joy and felicity, like the great *tirtha*
ayāg endowed with motion : for faith in Rāma is as the
 foam of the Ganges ; contemplation on Brahmā as the
 rasvati ; and ritual, dealing with precepts and prohibitions
 the purification of this iron age, as the son-god's
 lighter, the Jambūā. The united flood of the Tribeni is
 represented by the legends of Hari and of Hara, filling all
 the heart with delight : the sacred fig-tree, by faith firm in
 own traditions ; and Prayāg itself, by the assembly of
 virtuous. Easy of access to all, on any day, at any
 time, curing all the ills of pious devotees, is this unspeakable,
 ritual chief *tirtha*, of manifest virtue and yielding immedi-
 fruit.

Dohā 2

At this Prayāg of holy men, whoever hears and under-
 stands, and in spirit devoutly bathes, receives even in this
 all four rewards.¹

Chaupdi 3.

In an instant behold the result of the immersion ; the
 parrot becomes a parrot and the goose a swan. Let no one
 marvel at hearing this, for the influence of good company is

¹ The four rewards are *kāma*, *artha*, *dharma*, *moksha* ; that is, pleasure,
 wealth, religious merit and final salvation.

no mystery. Válmiki, Nárad and the jar-born Agastya¹ have told its effect upon themselves. Whatever moves in the water, or on the earth, or in the air; every creature in the world, whether animate or inanimate, that has attained to knowledge, or glory, or salvation, or power, or virtue, by any work, at any time or place, has triumphed through association with the good; neither the world nor the Veda knows of any other expedient. Intercourse with the good is attainable only by the blessing of Ráma and without it wisdom is impossible: it is the root of all joy and felicity; its flowers are good works and its fruit perfection. By it the wicked are reformed: as when by the touch of the philosopher's stone a vile metal becomes gold. If by mischance a good man falls into evil company, like the gem in a serpent's head, he still retains his virtue. Brahmá, Visnu, Mahádeva, the wisest of the poets, all have failed to expound the pre-eminence of a saint: for me to tell it is, as it were, for a costermonger to expatiate on the merits of a set of jewels.

Dohá 3—4.

I reverence the saints of equable temperament, who regard neither friend nor foe, like a gracious flower which sheds its fragrance alike on both infolded hands.² Ye saints, whose upright intention, whose catholic charity, and whose ready sympathy I acknowledge, bear my child-like prayer, be gracious to me and inspire me with devotion to the feet of Ráma.

Chaupdi 4.

Again, I would propitiate those wretches³ who without cause delight to vex the righteous; with whom a neighbour's

1 Válmiki confessed to Ráma that he had once been a hunter and taken the life of many innocent creatures, till he fell in with the seven Rishis, who converted him and taught him to express his penitence by constantly repeating the word *mdra, mdra*. As this contains exactly the same letters as the name Ráma, it acted as a spell and advanced him to the highest degree of sanctity.

Similarly Nárad confessed to Vyása, the author of the Puráns, that he was by birth only the son of the poor slave-girl, and had become a saint simply by eating the fragments of food left by the holy men who frequented his master's house.

Agastya also declared to Mahádeva that by birth he was the meanest of all creatures, and had only attained to marvellous powers by the influence of good company.

2 Though the right hand is the one by which it has been plucked, and the left that in which it is held and preserved.

3 In the following lines the poet defends himself by anticipation against possible objections and roundly abuses the whole army of critics.

loss is gain ; who rejoices in desolation and weep over prosperity ; who are as an eclipse to the full-moon glory of Hari and Hara ; who become as a giant with a thousand arms to work another's woe ; who have a thousand eyes to detect a neighbour's faults but, like flies on *ghí*, settle on his good points only to spoil them ; quick as fire, implacable as the god of hell¹ ; rich in crime and sin as Kaver is in gold ; like so eclipses for the clouding of friendship, and as dead asleep as Kumbha-karn² to everything good ; if they can do any injury, as ready to sacrifice themselves as hailstones, that melt after destroying a crop ; spiteful as the great serpent with a thousand tongues ; and like Prithoráj³, with a thousand ears, to tell and hear of others' faults ; like the thousand-eyed lodra, too, ever delighting in much strong drink and in a voice of thunder.

Dohá 5.

I know when they hear of philosophers, who regard friend or foe as friends, they are enraged ; but I clasp my hands and entreat them piteously. ✓

Chaupái 5.

I have performed the rôle of supplication, nor will they forget, their part. However carefully you may bring on a crow, it will still be a crow and a thief. I propitiate at once the feet of saints and sinners, who each give pain, but with no difference : for the first kill by absence, while, the second torture by their presence : as opposite as a lotus and a leech, though both alike are produced in water. Good and bad thus resemble nectar and intoxicating drink, which were both begotten by the one great ocean⁴ : each by its own acts

¹ Yama, the Hindu Pluto, is here called Mahishasa, from *mahisha* a 'buffalo,' that being the animal on which he is represented as riding.

² Káran's gigantic brother, Kumbha-karn, obtained as a boon from Brahmá, that whenever he had satisfied his voracious appetite the slumber of repletion might be of the longest and deepest, and that he might only wake to eat again.

³ It is not related that Prithoráj had really ten thousand ears, but only that he prayed that he might be as quick to hear whatever redounded to the glory of God as if his ears were so many.

⁴ The churning of the ocean is one of the commonplaces of Hindu poetry, and the allusions to it in the Rámáyana are innumerable. With Mount Mandara as a churning stick, the great serpent Vasuki as a rope, and Náráyan himself in various form as the pivot on which to work, the gods and demons combined to churn the milky ocean. Thus were produced from its depth the moon ; the sacred cow, Surabhi or Káma-dhenu ; the goddess of wine, Varuni ; the tree of paradise, Parijata, or Kaipa-lara ; the

attains to pre-eminence; the one in honour, the other in dishonour; compare with the good, ambrosia, or the moon, or the Ganges; and with the bad, poison, or fire, or the river Karmāsai. Virtue and vice are known to all; but whatever is to a man's taste that seemeth him good.

Dohā 6.

The good aim at goodness, and the vile at vileness; ambrosia is esteemed for giving immortality, and poison for causing death

Chauṛī 6.

Why enumerate the faults and defects of the bad and the virtues of the good? both are a boundless and unfathomable ocean. Hence occasionally virtue is reckoned as vice, improperly and from want of discrimination. For God hath created both, but it is the Veda that has distinguished one from the other.¹ The heroic legends and the Purāṇas also, no less than the Vedas, recognize every kind of good and evil as creatures of the Creator: pain and pleasure; sin and religious merit; night and day; sinner and saint; high caste and low caste; demons and gods; great and small; ambrosia and life; poison and death; the visible world and the invisible God, life and the lord of life; rich and poor; the beggar and the king; Kāśī and Magadhā²; the Ganges and the Karanāsā; the desert of Mārwar and the rich plain of Mālwa; the Brāhmaṇa and the butcher; heaven and hell; sensual passion and asceticism; the Vedas and the Tantras, and every variety of good and evil.

Dohā 7.

The Creator has made the universe to consist of things animate and inanimate; good and evil; a saint like a swan extracts the milk of goodness and rejects the worthless water.³

heavenly nymphs, the Apsarās; the goddess of beauty, Lakṣmī or Śrī; and the physician of the gods, Dhruvantari. The cup of nectar which the latter held in his hand was seized and quaffed by the gods, while the poison, which also was produced, was either claimed by the snake gods or swallowed by Mahādeva; whence comes the blackness of his throat, that gives him the name of Nīl-kaṇṭh.

1 "I did not know sin, but by the law"—*Śr. First.*

2 Magadhā (Bihār) is taken as the opposite to Kāśī, in consequence of its being the birthplace of Buddhism.

3 To the swan (*adj. śaṅkṣa*) is ascribed the fabulous faculty of being able to separate milk from water, after the two have been mixed together.

Chaupdi 7.

When the Creator gives men this faculty of judgment they abandon error and become enamoured of the truth; but conquered by time, temperament, or fate, even the good, as a result of their humanity, may err from virtue; but Hari takes their body—so to speak—and corrects it, and, removing all sorrow and sin, cleanses it and glorifies them. If the bad through intercourse with the good do good, their inherent badness is not effaced. An impostor of fair outward show may be honoured on account of his garb, but in the end he is exposed and does not succeed, like Kālā-nemi, or Rāvan, or Rāhu.¹ The good are honoured, not withstanding their mean appearance, like bear Jāmavant or the monkey Hanumān. Bad company is loss, and good company is gain; this is a truth recognized both by the world and the Veda. In company with the wind the dust flies heavenwards; if it joins water, it becomes mud and sinks. According to the character of the house in which a parrot or maina is trained, it learns either to repeat the name of Rāma or to give abuse. With the ignorant, soot is mere refuse; but it may make good ink, and be used even for copying a Purāna; while water, fire, and air combined become an earth-refrashing rain-cloud.

Dohā 8—11.

The planets, medicines, water, air, clothes, all are good or bad things according as their accompaniments are good or bad; and people observe this distinction. Both lunar fortnights are equal as regards darkness and light; but a difference in name has been wisely made, and as the moon waxes or wanes the fortnight is held in high or low esteem. Knowing that the whole universe, whether animate or inanimate, is pervaded by the spirit of Rāma, I reverence with clasped hands the lotus feet of all gods, givots, men, serpents, birds, ghosts, departed ancestors, Gandharvas, Kinnaras, demons of the night—I pray ye all be gracious to me.

¹ Kālā-nemi by assuming the form of an ascetic imposed for a time upon Hanumān, as Rāvan did upon Śitā and even Vishnu, at the churning of the ocean, was at first deceived by Laho, who appeared like one of the de-
als.

Chaupdi 8.

By four modes of birth¹ are produced 84 lakhs of species inhabiting the air, the water and the earth. With clasped hand I perform an act of adoration, recognizing the whole world as pervaded by the spirit of Sita and Rāma. In your compassion regard me as your servant, and dissembling no longer, be kind and affectionate. I have no confidence in the strength of my own wisdom, and therefore I supplicate you all. I would narrate the great deeds of Raghupati, but my ability is little and his acts unfathomable. I am conscious that I have no skill or capacity; my intellect is short is beggarly, while my ambition is imperial; I am thirsting for nectar, when not even skim-milk is to be had. Good people, all pardon my presumption and listen to my childish babbling, as a father and mother delight to hear the lisping prattle of their little one. Perverse and malignant fools may laugh, who pick out faults in others wherewith to adorn themselves. Every one is pleased with his own rhymes, whether they be pungent or insipid; but those who praise another's voice are good men, of whom there are few in the world; there are many enough like the rivers, which on getting a rainfall swell out a flood of their own, but barely one like the generous ocean, which swells on beholding the fulness of the moon.

Dohā 12.

My lot is low, my purpose high, but I am confident of one thing, that the good will be gratified to hear me, though fools may laugh.

Chaupdi 9.

The laughter of fools will be grateful to me; the crow calls the *koi*'s voice harsh. The goose ridicules the swan, and the frog the *chd'ak*; so the low and vile abuse pure verse. As they have no taste for poetry nor love for Rāma, I am glad that they should laugh. If my homely speech and poor wit are fit subjects for laughter, let them laugh; it is no fault of mine. If they have no understanding of

¹ The four *akaras*, or modes of birth, are named *pradaya*, or vigorous; *andaya*, or oviparous; *santaya*, born in sweat, like bee, and *ulbbaya*, produced by sprouting like a tree. The 84 lakhs of species are divided as follows: 9 lakhs of aquatic creatures, 27 lakhs of those attached to the earth, 11 lakhs of insects, 10 lakhs of birds, 23 lakhs of quadrupeds, and 4 lakhs of men. The literal meaning of *akara* being a *muta*, *kāra*, which has the same primary signification, is used for it in *Chaupdi 41*.

true devotion to Lord, the tale will seem insipid enough : but to the true and orthodox worshippers of Hari and Hara the story of Raghuhar will be sweet as honey. The singer's devotion to Rām will by itself be sufficient embellishment to make the good hear and praise the melody. Though no poet, nor clever, nor accomplished ; though unskilled in every art and science ; though all the elegant devices of letters and rhetoric, the countless variations of metre, the infinite divisions of sentiment and style, and all the defects and excellences of verse, and the gift to distinguish between them are unknown to me. I declare and record it on a fair white sheet—

Dohā 13.

That though my style has not a single charm of its own, it has a charm known throughout the world, which men of discernment will ponder as they read—

Chaupdi 10.

The gracious name of Raghupati ; all-purifying essence of the Purānas and the Veda, abode of all that is auspicious, destroyer of all that is inauspicious, ever murmured in prayer by Umā and the great Tripurārī. The most elegant composition of the most talented poet has no real beauty if the name of Rāma is not in it : in the same way as a lovely woman adorned with the richest jewels is vile if unclothed. But the most worthless production of the noblest versifier, if adorned with the name of Rāma, is heard and repeated with reverence by the wise, who extract what is good in it, like bees gathering honey : though the poetry has not a single merit, the glory of Rāma is manifested thereby. This is the confidence which has possessed my soul ; is there anything which good company will to exalt ? Thus smoke forgets its natural pungency and incense yields a sweet scent. My language is that in vulgar use, but my subject is the highest, the story of Rāma, enrapturing the world.

Chhand 1.

Though rapturous lays best his praise, who cleansed a world accursed,
Tulsi's rivulet of rhyme may slake a traveller's thirst,
A pure and blest son Silva's breast show the vile stains of earth !
My poor song flows bright and strong illumed by Rāma's worth.

The *chhands* are generally somewhat enthusiastic outbursts in which soft repeated rhyme is a little apt to run away with the sense. The poet to indicate their special character, one-half of the 41 that occur in this book will be rendered metrically. The first line always repeats some thematic word from the last line of the preceding stanza.

Dohā 14-15.

From its connection with the glory of Rāma, my verse will be most grateful to every one. Any word that comes from the Malayalam *sandal-groves* is valued; who considers what kind of word it is? Though a cow be black, its milk is pure and wholesome, and all men drink it; and so, though my speech is rough, it tells the glory of Sita and Rāma, and will therefore be heard and repeated with pleasure by sensible people.

Chauḍī 11.

So long as the diamond remains in the serpent's head, the ruby on the mountain top, or the pearl in its elephant's brow, they are all without beauty; but in a king's diadem or on a lovely woman they become beautiful exceedingly. Similarly, as wise men tell, poetry is born of one faculty, but beautified by another; for it is in answer to pious prayer that the Muse leaves her heavenly abode and speeds to earth; without immersion in the fountain of Rāma's deeds all labour and trouble count for nothing. An intelligent poet understands this, and sings only of Hari, the redeemer, and his virtues. To recount the doings of common people is mere idle beating of the head, which the Muse loathes. Genius is, as it were, a shell in the sea of the soul, waiting for the October rain of inspiration; if a gracious shower falls, each drop becomes a lovely pearl of poetry.

Dohā 16.

Then dexterously pierced and strung together on the thread of Rāma's adventures, they form a beautiful chain to be worn on a good man's breast.

Chauḍī 12.

Men born in this grim iron age are outwardly swans, but inwardly as black as crows; walking in evil paths, abandoning the Veda¹, embodiments of falsehood, vessels of impurity, hypocrites, professing devotion to Rāma, but

1 By the Veda, to which Tulsī Dās so frequently appeals, must be understood not the original Veda itself, with which he had absolutely nothing in common, but only the Upanishads, which are also popularly quoted as of Vedic authority. They are brief speculative treatises, over 200 in all, in a discursive and rhapsodical style and of an ultra-antibellistic tendency. Though attached to the end of the Vedas, they are for the most part of much later date.

slaves of gold, of passion, and of lust. Among them I give the first place to myself, a hypocrite, alas! of the very first rank; but were I to toll all my vices, the list would so grow that it would have no end. I have therefore said but very little, but a word is enough for the wise. Let none of my hearers blame me for offering so many apologies; whoever is troubled in mind by them is more stupid and dull of wit than I am myself. Though I am no poet, and have no pretensions to cleverness, I sing as best I can the virtues of Râma. How unfathomable his actions, how shallow my poor world-entangled intellect! Before the strong wind that could uproot Mount Meru, of what account is such a mere flock of cotton as I am? When I think of Râma's infinite majesty I tremble as I write.

Dohd 17.

For Sarasvatî, Sesh-nâg, Siva and Brahmâ, the Shéstrés, the Veda, the Purânas, all are unceasingly singing his perfection, yet fail to declare it.

Chaupâi 13.

All know the greatness of the lord to be thus unutterable, yet none can refrain from attempting to expound it. For this reason the Veda also has declared many different modes of effectual worship. There is one God, passionless, formless, uncreated, the universal soul, the supreme spirit, the all-pervading, whose shadow is the world; who has become incarnate and does many things, only for the love that he bears to his faithful people; all-gracious and compassionate to the humble; who in his mercy ever refrains from anger against those whom he loves and knows to be his own restorer of the past; protector of the poor; all-good, all-powerful, the lord Raghurâj. In this belief the wise sing the glory of Meri, and their song thus becomes holy and meritorious. I, too, bowing my head to Râma's feet, am emboldened to sing his fame, following a path which has been made easy by the divine lords who have trodden it before me.

Dohd 18.

As when once a king has prepared a bridge over a broad stream, an ant, insignificant as it is, is able to cross without difficulty.

1. Sâkshî words: This is the first Persian word that has occurred in the poem.

Chauḍī 14.

In this manner re-assuring myself, I undertake to recount Rāma's charming adventures, as they have been reverently told by Vyāsa and the other great poets, whose lotus feet I adore, praying, Fulfil ye my desire. I reverence also the poets of these latter days, who have sung of Raghupati, bards of high intelligence, who have written in Prākṛit and the vulgar tongue. All who have been in time past, or who now are, or who hereafter shall be, I bow to all in the utmost good faith and sincerity. Be propitious and grant this boon, that in assemblies of good men my song may be honoured! If the good and wise will not honour it, the silly poet has had all his labour in vain. The only fame, or poetry, or power, that is of any worth, is that which like Ganges water is good for all. The incongruity between Rāma's glory and my rude speech makes me hesitate; but by your favour all will turn out well; for even coarse cloth, if embroidered with silk, becomes beautiful. Be kind enough to think of this, and my style will then match the excellence of my theme.

Dohā 19.

A clear style and an exalted theme are both commendable; and when they are combined, an enemy even, forgetting his natural hostility, will repeat the strain. But such a combination is not to be acquired without genius, and genius I have none; so again and again I beg of you to bear with me while I sing the glory of Hari. The great poets are like the swans sporting in the Mānasa lake of Hari's deeds; look on me as a well-meaning child and make allowances.

Sorathā 2.

I reverence the lotus feet of the great sage who composed the Rāmāyana, smooth strains on rough topics, and faultless, though a story of the faulty.¹ I reverence the Vedas which

¹ In Hindi poetry it is considered a beauty if a phrase is so worded as to be capable of two or more different interpretations. It is sufficient to note this peculiarity once for all; but there are an immense number of passages in which, though the meaning which I have adopted seems to me, on the whole, the one most appropriate to the context, it by no means follows that other interpretations are not, from the grammarian's point of view, equally correct. Thus, the line rendered as above would literally stand thus—*Iti, soft, beautiful, faultless, full of faults*. And this conveys the general meaning which I have expressed. But there are two plays upon words; for *aṅkāra*, or literally 'rough,' and therefore contrasted with *aṅkamā*, 'soft,' is also intended to bear the meaning 'relating to the demon Khara'; and similarly *dūṣṭa aśat*, 'full of faults,' can be forced into meaning 'with the demon Dushan.'

are like a boat in which to cross the ocean of existence, without ever dreaming of weariness, while recounting Rāma's excellent glory. I reverence the dust on the feet of Brāhmā, creator of this ocean-like world, from which have been produced men, good and bad ; as of old from the same source came at once ambrosia, the moon, and the cow Kāmadhenu, and also poison and intoxicating liquor.

Dohā 20.

Reverencing with clasped hands gods, Brāhmanas, philosophers, and sages, I pray— Be gracious to me and accomplish all my fair desire.

Chāpāi 15.

Again I reverence the Sarasvatī and the Ganges, both holy and beautiful streams cleansing sin by a single draught or immersion, whose name as soon as uttered or heard at once removes error. I adore as I would my guru, or my natural parents, Śiva and Pārvatī, protectors of the humble, daily benefactors, servants and courtiers in attendance on Sītā's lord and in every way Tulsī's true friends ; who, in their benevolence and considering the degeneracy of the times, have themselves composed many spells in a barbarous language, incoherent syllables and unintelligible mutterings, mysterious revelations of the great Śiva.¹ By his patronage I may make my story an agreeable one, and by meditating on Śiva and Pārvatī may relate Rāma's adventures in a way that will give pleasure. It is only by his favour that my verse can be beautified, as a dark night by the moon and stars. Whoever in a devout spirit, with intelligence and attention, hears or repeats this lay of mine, he shall become full of true love for Rāma, and, cleansed from worldly stains, shall enjoy heavenly felicity.

Dohā 21.

Whether I am awake or dreaming, if Śiva and Gaūrī grant me their favour, all that I say shall come true as to the effect of my song, though it be in the vulgar tongue.

Chāpāi 16.

I reverence the holy city of Ayodhyā and the river Sārijā, cleansing from all earthly impurity. I salute also the

¹ The allusion is to the magic spells and mystical formulae of the Tantras, which are for the most part mere strings of unmeaning and utterly unmeaning words, such as OM, AUM, HRAI SAIK, VAIKRAM AN, HUM PHAT, two mantras recited during the ceremonies of the Durgā Puja. They all purport to have been revealed by Śiva himself to Vārah.

inhabitants of the city, for whom the Lord had no little affection; seeing that he ignored all the sin of Sita's calumniator and set men's minds at rest.¹ I reverence Kaessalya, eastern heaven, from which glory was diffused over the whole world; whence Raghupati arose as a lovely moon, giving joy to the world, but blighting like a frost the lotus leaves of vice. To King Dasarath and all his queens, incarnations of virtue and felicity, I make obeisance in word, deed and heart, saying 'Be gracious to me as to a servant of your son, O parents of Rāma, that come of greatness, ye is whose creation the creator surpassed himself.'

Sorathā 3.

I reverence the King of Avadh, who had such true love for Rāma's feet that, when parted from his lord, his life snapped and parted too like a straw.

Chaupāi 17.

I salute the King of Videha, with all his court, who had the greatest affection for Rāma; though he concealed his devotion under royal state, yet it broke out as soon as he saw him. Then, next, I throw myself at the feet of Bharat, whose constancy and devotion surpass description; whose soul like a bee thirsting for sweets was ever hovering round the lotus feet of Rāma. I reverence too the lotus feet of Lakshman, cool, comely and source of delight to their worshippers, whose glory is as it were the standard for the display of Rāma's pure emblazonment. Then who to remove the terrors of the world didst become incarnate in the form of the thousand-headed serpent for the sake of the universe, be ever propitious to me, O son of Sumitrā, ocean of compassion, storehouse of perfection. I bow also to Ripusudan (i.e., Satrugna), the generous hero, Bharat's constant companion; and to the conqueror Hanuman, whose glory has been told by Rāma himself.

¹ The calumniator was a washerman, whose wife had gone away, without asking his permission, to her father's house and had stayed there three days. On her return her husband refused to take her in, saying—'Do you think I am a Rāma, who takes back his Sita after she has been living for eleven months in another man's house?' When this came to Rāma's ears, he showed his respect for the debauchery of his subjects by dismissing Sita, and instead of punishing the washerman, promoted him to honour. This incident would naturally find a place in the 7th canto of the poem; and from the allusion to it here, it may be presumed that Tulsi Dās originally intended to relate it. But by the time he had written so far, the enthusiasm of the devotion had waxed too great to allow of his admitting that such an insinuation of evil had ever been made against the immaculate Sita.

Soratsh 4.

The Son of the Wind, of profound intelligence, like a consuming fire in the forest of vice, in whose heart Râma, equipped with bow and arrows, has established his home.

Chaurdi 18

The monkey lord, the king of bears and demons, Angad and all the monkey host, I throw myself at the benign feet of them all, for though contemptible in appearance they yet loved Râma. I worship all his faithful servants—whether birds, beasts, gods, men or demons—all his unselfish adherents. I worship Sukadeva, Sanat-kumâra, Nârada, and the other sages of excellent renown, putting my head to the ground and crying : ' My lords, be gracious to your servant.' I propitiate the lotus feet of Janak's daughter, Jânti, mother of the world, best beloved of the Fountain of Mercy : by whose grace I may attain to unclouded intelligence. Again in heart, in word and deed I worship the all-worthy feet of Ityambhâth ; the glance of whose lotus eyes, like an arrow from the bow, rejoices his votaries by destroying all their misfortunes.

Dohâ 22.

As a word and its meaning are inseparable, and as a wave cannot be distinguished from the water of which it is composed, the difference being only in the name ; so with Râma and Sita, the refuge of the distressed, whom I adore.

Chaurdi 19.

I adore the name of Râma as borne by Ityambhâth,¹ the source of all light, whether of the fire, or the sun, or the moon ; substance of the talune god ; vital breath of the Veda ; the passionless ; the incomparable ; the source of all good ; the great spell muttered by Mahâdeva and enjoined by him as necessary to salvation even at Kâsi. By conferring its power, Gaures obtains the first place among the gods² ; by its

¹ For there are two other Râmas besides Hanumantra :—Parashara and Kalasana.

² According to the legend the gods were disputing among themselves as to which of them should be regarded the greatest. I, with the most profound respect, thus to all will give the first name. Thus started suddenly, each on the animal which he most adored to see, and flames being mounted, as was his custom, on mount by better than a cat was of course a life far better. In fact among the gods I did appear first. I, in fact, proved that he was a true to the word Râma, who did not give me that. But it was certainly the wind of truth. The wind did not give me the first name, at once granted him the first.

power, though he muttered it backwardly, the great poet Valmiki attained to parity, by its repetition, after she had heard from Sita that it was equal to a thousand names. Bhairavi was able to join her husband's while he, Mahadeva, in his delight on beholding her simple faith, assumed the woman, making that ornament of her set the ornament of his own body. Again, it was by the power of this name that the poison swallowed by Mahatara was converted into ambrosia.

Dohd 23.

Devotion to Rama is for the faithful Tulsi like the rainy season for the rice-field; the two glorious consonants in Rama's name are like the months of Siwan and Bhadon.

Chapter 20.

Two sweet and gracious syllables, the eyes as it were of the soul, easy to remember, satisfying every wish, again in this world and felicity in the next; most delightful to utter, to hear, or to remember: as dear to Tulsi as the inseparable Rama and Laksman. My love is inflamed as I speak of these mystic syllables, as intimately connected as the universal soul and the soul of man; twin brothers like Nara and Narayan; preservers of the world; redeemers of the elect; bright jewels in the ears of Luscious Faith; pure and beneficent as the sun and the moon; like sweetness and contentment; the inseparable attributes of ambrosia; like the tortoise and serpent, supporters of the world; like the bee and lotus of a pious soul; and as sweet to the tongue as Hari and Balarama were sweet to Janaki.

Dohd 24.

Like a royal umbrella and jewelled diadem over all the other letters of the alphabet shine the two consonants in Rama's name.²

1 One day when Sita had finished eating, he called to his wife Parvati to come and take her food too before it got cold. She pleaded that she had not yet finished repeating, according to her daily wont, the thousand names of Vishnu: whereupon her husband instructed her that it would suffice if she said the mere name of Rama once, for that had as much virtue as all the thousand. She at once believed him and complied; and the god was so pleased at her ready faith that in her honor he assumed the Ardhbanari, or half male, half female form.

2 The allusion is to the form the letters *r* and *m* take when written above the line.

Chaupdi 21.

A name may be regarded as equivalent to what is named, the connection being such as subsists between a master and servant. Both name and form are shadows of the lord, who, rightly understood, is unspeakable and uncreated. They are sometimes wrongly distinguished as greater and less, but the wise will understand my explanation of the difference between them. See, now, the form is subordinate to the name, for without the name you cannot come to a knowledge of the form; if the very form be in your hand, still without knowing the name it is not recognized; but meditate on the name without seeing the form, and your soul is filled with devotion.¹ The mystery of name and form is unspeakable and cannot be told, but delightful to those who have intuition of it; the name acting as a witness between the material and immaterial form of the deity, and being a guide and interpreter to both.

Dohā 25.

Place the name of Rāma as a jewelled lamp at the door of your lips and there will be light, as you will, both inside and out.

Chaupdi 22.

As his tongue repeats this name, the ascetic wakes to life, his thoughts free from passion and all detached from the world; he enjoys the incomparable felicity of God, who is unspeakable, unblemished, without either name or form. Those who would understand mysteries, by repeating this name understand them; the religious who repeat this name

¹ To the European reader all this panegyric of the Divine name will probably at first sight appear extravagant and absurd. But from the Hindu point of view it is reasonable enough, and *melatis melandis* may be paralleled by many similar expressions in the writings of Catholic theologians, as for example the following:—

Sancta oratio, brevis ad legendum, facilis ad tenendum, dulcis ad cogitandum, fortis ad protegendum.—*Thom. à Kempis*

Deo sanctissimo nomme, quod quinque literæ constat, confert quotidie veniam peccatoribus.—*P. Felbert*

Nomen tuum devote nominari non potest sine nominantis utilitate.—*S. Bonaventura*

Nomen solum sufficit ad meditandum; nam per se tam efficax ulla ne habet, quæ ad nomen non cedat coolum.—*Ricardus de S. Laurentio*

Spiritus maligni diffuguntur, audito nomine, velut ab igne.—*S. Bridget*

Omnes demones veretur hoc nomen
relinquunt animam de angustibus quib.
Gloriosum et admirabile est nomen
sancto, mortis.—*S. Bonaventura*

Nomen plenum est omnia.
... expavescunt in

absorbed in contemplation, become workers of miracles¹ and acquire the power of rendering themselves invisible and the like ; those who repeat it when burdened with affliction are freed from their troubles and become happy. Thus there are in the world four kinds of Rāma-worshippers, all four good, holy, and beneficent ; but of these four sages they are the most dear to the lord who wisely rely upon his name. His name is great in the four Vedas and in all the ages of the world, but in this fourth age especially there is no other hope.

Dohā 26.

Free from sensual passions and absorbed in devout affection to Rāma, the soul disports itself like a fish in the ambrosial lake of his beloved name.

Chaupdi 23.

The Supreme may be regarded either as unconditioned or as incarnate ; under either aspect it is unspeakable, unfathomable, without beginning and without parallel. To my mind the name is greater than both, for it has prevailed to bring both under its sway. My friends must not take this as an exaggeration on my part, for I say it confidently and with sincere devotion. This dual distinction of the Supreme is like the two kinds of fire, which is either potential in the wood or visible externally ; each is in itself unapproachable but is easily approached by means of the name ; and therefore I say that the name is greater than either Brahm or Rāma. For the one immortal, true, sentient, complete, and blissful Brahm is all-pervading ; yet though such an unchangeable lord is in our very soul, the whole creation is in slavery and wretchedness, till he is revealed in definite shape, and is energized by the name ; as a jewel is not valued till it is so called.

¹ The miraculous powers that can be acquired by perfect saints, or siddhās, are reckoned as eight in number, and are called *śāntā, mahāwā, garwā, laghāwā, prāpti, prādīpāya, utkā, and vāstūwā*. These words denote the faculty — 1st, of becoming infinitely small ; 2nd, becoming infinitely great, 3rd, of becoming infinitely heavy ; 4th, of becoming infinitely light ; 5th, of obtaining whatever one wishes, 6th, of doing whatever one wishes ; 7th, of absolute supremacy ; 8th, of absolute subjugation. Compare the four gifts of beatitude as enumerated by Catholic theologians : *etc.* — 1stly, *agility*, by which the soul can in an instant descend from the height of heaven to earth ; 2ndly, *brightness*, by which [according to St. Augustine] each blessed soul is so much more luminous than the sun as the sun is brighter than any other celestial body ; 3rdly, *subtlety*, by which the soul can penetrate a mountain, in the same way as a ray of light passes through a crystal ; and 4thly, *impasibility*, by which it is exempt from suffering, disease, or death.

Dohd 27.

Thus the virtue of the name is infinite and transcends the Supreme, and in my judgment is greater than Râma himself.

Chaupdi 24.

From the love that he bore to his followers, Râma took the form of a man and by himself enduring misery secured their happiness. By incessantly and devoutly repeating his name, all the faithful may attain to felicity. Râma himself redeemed only one woman, the ascetic's wife¹; but his name has corrected the errors of millions of sinners. To gratify the Rishi Visvâmitra, Râma wrought the destruction of Suketu's daughter Târakâ with her son Mârîcha and his army; but as the sun puts an end to night, so his name has scattered all crime and pain and despair. In his own person Râma broke the bow of Siva, but his glorious name has broken the fear of death²; the Lord himself restored to life only the forest of Dandakâ, but his name has sanctified countless generations; the son of Raghu destroyed many demons, but his name has destroyed all the evil of the world.

Dohd 28.

Râghunâth conferred immortality on Savari and the vulture Jâjâyu³ and his other faithful servants; but his name, precious theme of the Vedas, has delivered innumerable wretches.

Chaupdi 25.

Râma, as all men know, extended his protection to Sugrîva and Vibhîshana; but his name has protected

¹ Abalyâ, the wife of the Rishi Gantama, having been seduced by the god Indra, was cursed by her indignant husband and doomed to remain alone and invisible in the forest for thousands of years till Râma should come and redeem her.

² There is a play upon words which cannot be given in the translation, for in the first half of the couplet the word *âkâra* is to be taken as a name of Siva, while in the second half it means life or rather death, since, according to Hindû ideas, all conscious life is merely a preparation for inevitable death. Compare Milton's expression — "Thou earthly life of death couldst ill be, which art on life doth wait."

³ Dandakâ is the name of the pathless desert near the Ghatotak, where Sita was stolen away by Râvan.

⁴ The bird Jâjâyu seized the chariot in which Sita was being carried off by Râvan and was mortally wounded by the giant, but strong enough to give Râma tidings of his beloved. In return for his faithful services Râma and Lakshman afterwards performed his funeral rites.

countless applicants, shining forth gloriously in the world and Veda. Rāma assembled a host of bears and monkeys, and even then had a little trouble to build his bridge ; his name can dry up the ocean of life ; meditate thereon, O ye faithful. Rāma killed in battle Rāvan and all his family, and returned with Sita¹ to his own city, a king to Avadh, his capital, while gods and saints hymned his praises ; but his servants, if only they affectinnately meditate on his name, have no difficulty in vanquishing the whole army of error, and absorbed in devotion live at ease without even a dream of sorrow.

Dohā 29.

The name is greater than either Brahm or Rāme, and is the best gift of the best giver ; this Mahādeva knew when he selected it from the hundred *crores*² of verses in the Rāmāyana.

Chaupdi 26.

By the power of this name the blessed god of our attire, even the great Siva, acquired immortality ; by the power of this name Sukadeva, Sant-kumāra, and all saints, sages, and ascetics have enjoyed heavenly raptures : Nārada too acknowledged its power, himself as dear to Hara and Hari as Hari is dear to the world ; by repeating this name Prahlād, through the Lord's grace, became the crown of the faithful.³ Dhruva in his distress repeated the name of Hari, and was rewarded by a fixed and incomparable station in the heavens⁴ ; by meditating on his holy name Hanumān

1 Sugriva, the monkey chief, as told at full length later on in the poem, assisted Rāma in his search for Sita ; and Rāma rewarded him by installing him as sovereign of Kishkindhyā in the place of his brother Bali. Similarly, Vibhishana was made king of Lanka in the room of Rāvan.

2 Of these hundred crores it is said that Shiva distributed 33 crores to each of the three worlds. The one crore that remained over he similarly divided into three sets of 33 lakhs each ; the old lakh into three sets of 33 thousand each, the old thousand again into three sets of three hundred each ; the old hundred into three sets of thirty-three each, and finally the one remaining *shloka* into three sets of ten letters each. The two letters that remained over, being the two consonants in the name of Rāma, he kept for himself, as containing the gist of the whole matter.

3 Prahlād, the pious son of the impious Hiranya Kasipu, who was destroyed by Vishnu in the Narasimh avatar, was made equal to Indra for life and finally united with Vishnu.

4 Dhruva, the son of Uttanapada, being alighted by his step-mother, left his home with the determination of winning himself a name in the world. By the advice of the seven Rishis, he devoted himself to the service of Vishnu and was finally exalted by the god to the heavens, where he shines as the pole-star.

won and kept the affection of Rāma ; by the power of Hari's name Ajāmil¹ and the elephant and the harlot all three obtained salvation ; why further extend the list ? not even the incarnate Rāma could exhaust it

Dohā 30.

The name of Rāma is as the tree of paradise, the centre of all that is good in this wicked world ; and whoever meditates upon it becomes (says Tulsi Dās) transformed as it were from a vile hemp-stick into a sweet-smelling tulsi plant.

Choupaī 27.

In all four ages of the world ; in all time, past, present, or future ; in the three spheres of earth, heaven and hell ; any creature that repeats this nama becomes blessed. This is the verdict of the Veda, Purāṇas and all the saints—that love of Rāma is the fruit of all virtue. In the first age, contemplation ; in the second age, sacrifice ; in the Dvāpar age, temple-worship was the appointed propitiation ; but in this vile and impure iron age, where the soul of man floats like a fish in an ocean of sin, in these fearful times ; the name is the only tree of life, and by meditating on it all commotion is stilled. In these evil days neither good deeds, nor piety, nor spiritual wisdom is of any avail, but only the name of Rāma : his name is as it were the wisdom and

¹ According to the history given in the 6th Skandha of the Śri Bhagavat, Ajāmil was a Brahman of Kanauj, of most dissolute and abandoned life. By a happy chance the youngest of the ten sons whom he had by a prostitute was named Nārāyan, and the father when at the point of death happened to summon him to his side. But the god Nārāyan, thus casually invoked, himself came in answer to the call and rescued the guilty soul from the demons that were about to carry it off to hell.

The story of the elephant is given in the 8th Skandha of the same Purāṇa. An alligator had seized him by the foot while bathing, and though he struggled desperately for 2,000 years he was unable to rid himself of his enemy, and at last was deserted by all his wives and children. He then began to give himself up for lost ; but reflecting on the pertinacity of the alligator he came to the conclusion that this creature must be the embodiment of all the sins he had committed in previous existences and that God alone could save him. He therefore addressed a fervent prayer to Nārāyan, who thus invoked by name came down from heaven and with his discus cut off the alligator's head and delivered the suppliant.

The 8th chapter of the 11th Skandha gives . . . of the penitent prostitute, Pīngalā.

the might of Hanumān to expose and destroy the Kālanemi-like¹ wiles of the wicked world.

Dohā 31.

As narsinh was manifested to destroy the enemy of heaven, Hiranya kashipu, and protect Prabhūd, so is Rāma's name for the destruction of the world and protection of the pious.

Chaupdi 28.

By repeating this name, whether in joy or in sadness, in action or in repose, bliss is diffused all around. Meditating upon it and bowing my head to Raghunāth, I compose these lays in his honour; he will correct all my defects, whose mercy is mercy inexhaustible. Thou art my good lord, I thy poor servant; bear this in mind and graciously protect me. The world and scripture alike declare these to be the characteristics of a good master, that he bears prayer and acknowledges affection. Rich or poor, villager or citizen, learned or unlearned, pure or impure, good poet or bad poet, all according to their ability extol their king as being good, amiable, and gracious, lord of incomparable compassion; and he hears and accepts their honest attempts, recognizing in their words both devotion and a measure of ability. This is the way with earthly kings, and Rāma is their crown: he is satisfied with simple piety, though in one who is duller and feebler of intellect even than I am.

Dohā 32-33.

The merciful Rāma will regard the love and zeal of his poor servant, he who made a ship out of rock and wise ministers out of monkeys and bears; although I am a by-word, and every one says Rāma is exposed to ridicule, so that he, being such a lord, has such a servant as Tolsi Dās.

Chaupdi 29.

My presumption is indeed very sad and villainous enough to disgust hell itself; I am quite aware of this and tremble

¹ Kālanemi was the uncle of Rāvan, who commissioned him to kill Hanumān. Accordingly, he assumed the garb of a devotee and resided in a magic hermitage, where he was soon after visited by Hanumān. The latter accepted the hospitality of the holy man as he took him to be, but before eating went to a pond below by to bathe. As soon as he put his feet in the water, it was scalded by a crocodile, which, however, he soon killed; when from his dead body sprung a beautiful nymph long under a curse, who informed him of Kālanemi's true character. Hanumān thereupon threw his tail round the demon's neck and strangled him. The incident is related in Book vi, dōhās 51, 56.

to think of it ; but Rāma never dreamt of taking notice. The lord listened and with his own eyes attentively considered my faith, and thereupon applauded my devout intention. Though my story is spoilt by the telling, Rāma is satisfied and accounts it good, since the will is good. The lord is not mindful of a chance fault, but on every occasion he considers the heart. Thus the very crime for which he like a huntsman killed Bāli was in turn the sin of Sugriva, and again of Vibhishan ; but in their case Rāma did not dream of censure, but honoured them both at his meeting with Bharat and commended in open court.

Dohā 34—36.

The monkeys too that scrambled up in the boughs of the trees under which the lord sat, even these he held dear as himself : says Tulsi, there is no master so generous as Rāma. O Rāma, thy goodness is good to all, and if so, then good to Tulsi also. Thus declaring my merits and defects and again bowing my head to all, I proceed to tell the glorious acts of Itaghubar, by the sound of which all the sin of the world is effaced.

Chauṛī 30.

Now listen all in friendly wise while I relate the story as I have heard it as it was communicated by Yājñavalkya to the great sage Bharadvāja. It was first of all composed by Śiva and graciously revealed to Umā, and again declared to Kāka-bhusundi, known to be chief among the votaries of Rāma. From him Yājñavalkya received it and he recited it to Bharadvāja. These listeners and reciters were of equal virtue and had an equal insight into Hari's sportive actions. Their intellect comprehended all time, as it were a plum in the palm of the hand. Other intelligent votaries of Hari have also in different ways heard, understood and spoken.

Dohā 37—38.

As for myself, I heard the story from my master at Sukār khet (i.e., Soron), not understanding it, when I was quite a child and had no sense. How could such a dull

I should, the modern name, is a corruption of Sukār gama (the town). The place is still much frequented by pilgrims, the principal ones being up on the festival of the Vārāṇasī Rāma āratī. It is here that the famous Rāma murti is kept.

creature, being both ignorant and eaten up with world impurities, understand so mysterious a legend and a dialogue between such strange interlocutors?

Chauḍi 31.

But my master repeated it time after time, till at last I understood as much as could be expected; and I now lay it down in the vulgar tongue for the better comprehension of my ideas; with a heart inspired by Hari and using the little sense, judgment, and ability that I possess. The story that I have to tell clears my own doubts as if it destroyed every other error and delusion, and is a raft on which to cross the ocean of existence. The story of Rāma is a resting-place for the intellect; a universal deluge, a destroyer of worldly impurity; an antidote to the venom of passion; a match to enkindle the fire of wisdom; the confidence in this iron age; an elixir to make good men immortal; a terrestrial stream of nectar; a destroyer of death; a snake to devour toad-like error; the annihilator of hell, like as Pārvatī on behalf of gods and saints annihilated the army of demons; like as Lakṣmī was born of the sea, conceived in the assembly of saints; immovable as the earth that supports all the weight of creation; like the Yamunā to put to shame the angel of death; like Kāśī, the saviour of all living creatures; as dear to Rāma as the pure tubi; dear to Tulsi Dās as his own heart's desire; as dear to Sītā as the daughter of Mount Mekhā (i.e., the Narmadā), bestower of all perfection and prosperity; like Aditi, gracious mother of all the gods; the perfect outcome of love and devotion to Raghobar.

Dohā 39.

The story of Rāma is as the river Mandūkī and a good intention like Mount Chitrakūt, while sincere affection is the forest where Rāma and Sītā disported themselves.

Chauḍi 32.

The legend of Rāma is like the delectable wishing stone or as a fair jewel for the bridal adornment of saintly wisdom; His perfection is the joy of the whole world, fringed with the blessings of virtue, wealth, and eternal salvation; a true teacher of wisdom, asceticism and spiritual contemplation; like the physician of the gods to heal the fearful diseases of life; the very parent of devotion to Sītā and Rāma; the seed of all holy vows and practices; the destroy-

of sin, of pain, and of sorrow ; our guardian in this world and the next ; the Prime Minister and the General of Kingly Counsel ; a very Agastya¹, to drink up the illimitable ocean of desire ; a young lion in the forest of life to attack the wild elephants of lust, anger, and sensual impurity ; as dear to Siva as the presence of a highly honoured guest ; as an abundant shower to quench the fire of meanness ; a potent spell against the venom of the world ; effacing from the forehead the deep brand of evil destiny ; dispelling the darkness of error like the rays of the sun ; like a shower on a rice-field refreshing the aridity of prayer ; like the tree of paradise granting every desire ; like Hari and Hara, accessible and gracious to all servants ; like the stars in the clear autumn sky of the poet's mind ; like the richness of life enjoyed by Râma's votaries ; like the perfect felicity that is the reward of virtue ; like the assembly of the faithful in benevolence and composure ; like a swan in the pure lake of the believer's soul ; like the abundant flood of Ganga's purifying stream.

Dohd 40—41.

Râma's perfect merit is like a strong fire to consume the dry wood of schism and heresy, evil practices and worldly deceit, hypocrisy and infidelity. His acts are like the rays of the full moon that give pleasure to all, but are specially consoling to the souls of the pious like the lotus and the cakora.

Chaupâi 33.

All the questions that Bhayâni asked, with Sankara's replies thereto, I now proceed to give in substance, with agreeable diversity of style. No one is to be astonished if he should happen not to have heard any particular legend before. A philosopher, on hearing for the first time any marvellous acts, will feel no surprise, reasoning thus with himself ; I know well that there is no limit in the world to the stories about Râma, for he has in various forms become incarnate, and verses of the Râmâyana are some thousand millions in number ; his glorious acts are of myriad diversity,

¹ As Agastya was one day worshipping by the sea-side, a wave came and washed away some of his altar furniture, whereupon in three draughts he drank the whole ocean dry.

and have been sung by sages in countless ways¹. So indulge no doubts, but listen reverently and devoutly.

Dohā 42.

Rāma is infinite, his perfections infinite, and his legends of immeasurable expansion; men of enlightened and understanding will therefore wonder at nothing they bear.

Chaupdi 34.

Having in this manner put away all doubt, I place on my head the dust from the lotus feet of my master, and with folded hand-making a general obeisance, that no fault may attach to my telling of the story, and bowing my head reverently before Siva, I proceed to sing of Rāma's excellent glory. In this Sambat year of 1631, I write with my head at Hari's feet, on Tuesday the 9th of the sweet month of Chait, at the city of Avadh, on the day when the scriptures say Rāma was born; when the spirits of all holy places there assemble, with demons, serpents, birds, men, saints, and gods, and there offer homage to Raghnāth, while the enlightened keep the great birthday festival and hymn Rāma's high glory.

Dohā 43.

Plous crows bathe in the all-purifying stream of the Sarjū and murmur Rāma's name, while his dark and beautiful form is imprinted on their hearts.

Chaupdi 35.

The Vedas and Purāṇas declare that sin is cleansed by the mere sight or touch of this holy stream as well as by bathing in or drinking of it. Its immeasurable grandeur is indescribable even by the pure intelligence of Sarasvatī. The city, exalting to Rāma's heaven², beautiful, celebrated through all worlds, is so all-purifying that countless as is the number of animate species that result from the four modes of birth, yet every individual that is freed from the body at Avadh is free for ever. Knowing it to be in every

¹ "Truth has never been grasped on all sides, nor has ever been embraced entirely by the mind of man, and no one can gaze attentively on that truth which is always old, without discovering there beauties that are always new." These words of Alp. DeChamps express in abstract form the very same idea that the Hindī poet has presented in the concrete.

² The compound may also mean—giving a home to Rāma—and probably both meanings are intended.

way charming, a bestower of success and a mine of auspiciousness, I there made a beginning of my sacred song, which will destroy in those who hear it the mad phrensy of lust; its mere name—lake of Rāma's acts—serves to refresh the ear, while the soul like an elephant escaping from a forest on fire with lust, plunges into it and gains relief; delight of the sages, as composed by Samblu, holy and beautiful; consuming the three ill conditions of sin, sorrow and want; putting an end to the evil practices and impurities of the wicked world; first made by Mahādeva and buried in deep lake of his own soul till at an auspicious moment he declared it to Umā; thus Siva looking into his own soul and rejoicing gave it the excellent name of Rāma charit-mānas¹. And this is the blessed legend that I repeat: hear it, good people, reverently and attentively.

Dohā 44.

Now meditating upon Umā and upon him who has a bull emblazoned on his standard (*i.e.* Mahādeva) I explain the connection, showing how it is a lake and in what manner it is formed, and for what reason it has spread through the world².

Chaupdi 36.

By the blessing of Sambhu a bright idea has come into the poet Tulsī's mind regarding the Rām-charit-mānas, which I will state as well as I can, subject to the correction of those good people whose attention I invite. The heart is as it were a deep place in a land of good thoughts, the Vedas and Purāṇas are the sea, and the saints are as clouds, which rain down praises of Rāma in sweet, grateful and auspicious showers; the sportive actions related of him are like the inherent purity and cleansing power of rain-water; while devotion, which is beyond the power of words to describe, is its sweetness and coolness. When such a shower falls on the rice-fields of virtue, it gives new life to the faithful, and as its holy drops fall to the earth they are

¹ From this it will be seen that the name which Tulsī himself gave to his poem was not 'the Rāmāyana,' but the 'Rām-charit-mānas,' a name, which may be interpreted to mean either the lake or the soul of Rāma's acts. In the stanza above translated the word is first taken in the one sense and then in the other, and as there is no English word with the same double signification, some obscurity is unavoidable.

² The words may also bear the following secondary meaning, I relate the whole history, showing how the great soul became incarnate, and why it dwelt in the world.

collected in the channel supplied by the ears, and flung into the lake of the soul fill it and then settle down peacefully, cool, beautiful and refreshing.

Dohā 43.

This pure and holy lake has four beautiful ghāṭas¹ the four charming dialogues contrived by divine wisdom.

Chauḍī 37.

The seven Books are its beautiful flights of steps, the eyes of the soul delight to look upon; the unique and unsullied greatness of Raghupatī may be described as its clear and deep expanse; the glory of Kāma and Śrī as its ambrosial water; the similes as its pretty wavelets, stanzas as its beautiful lotus beds; the elegance of expression as lovely mother-of-pearl; the *chhanda*s, *śorāṭha*s, couplets as many-coloured lotus flowers; the *līlā* as *santa*, sentiment, and language as the pollen, filament, fragrance of the lotus; the exalted action as beehive, swarms of bees; the sage moral reflections as swans, rhythm, invocations, and other poetical artifices as different graceful kinds of fish; the precepts regarding the four *āśramas* of life, the wise sayings, the thoughtful judgments, the *śāstra*s, styles of composition¹, the prayers, penance, abstinence, and asceticism, of which examples are given, are all beautiful living creatures in the lake; eulogies on the faithful, the saints and the holy name are, like flocks of water-birds; the religious audience are like circling mango groves, their faith like the spring season; the expositions of all phases of devotion and of tenderness and generosity like the trees and canopying creepers; self-denial and vows are their flowers, and wisdom their fruit; the love of Hari's feet as the sound of the Vedas: and all other stories and episodes as the parrots and cuckoos and many kinds of birds.

Dohā 46.

The hearer's emotion is some grove, garden or park where sportive birds symbolise his delight and Pīty gardener pours a stream of devotion from the water-pot into his eyes.

¹ The nine poetical styles (or Indian Muses) are the Śringār-ras, or erotic; the Hāsyarās, or comic; the Karuṇā-ras, or elegiac; the Rīti-ras, or heroic; the Raudra-ras, or tragic; the Bhavānak-ras, or melancholic; the Vībhāsa-ras, or satiric; the Śhānti-ras, or didactic; and the Adbhūta-ras, or sensational.

Chaupdi 38.

Those who diligently recite these lays are like the vigilant guardians of the lake; the men and women who reverently hear them, these excellent people are like its owners. Sensual wretches are like the cranes and crows that have no part in such a pond nor ever come near it; for here are no prurient and seductive stories like snails, frogs and scum on the water, and therefore the lustful crow and greedy crane, if they do come, are disappointed. There is much difficulty in getting to this lake, and it is only by the favour of Rāma that any one reaches it. For bad company makes much steepness and difficulty in the road; their evil sayings are so many tigers, lions and serpents; the various entanglements of domestic affairs are vast insurmountable mountains; sensual desires are like a dense forest full of wild delusion; and unsound reasoning is a raging flood.

Dohd 47.

For those who have not the support of faith, nor the company of the saints, nor fervent love for Raghunāth, for them this lake is very hard of access.

Chaupdi 39.

Again, if any one laboriously makes his way to it but becomes over-powered by sleep and feverishness, strange torpor and numbness settle on his soul, and though he is on the spot, the luckless wretch makes no ablation. Having neither bathed in the lake nor drunk of it he goes away in his pride, and when some one comes to inquire of him he abuses it. But no difficulties deter those whom Rāma regards with affection. They reverently bathe, are relieved from the fierce flames of sin, sorrow, and pain, and being sincerely devoted to Rāma will never abandon it. If, my friend, you would bathe in this lake, be diligent to keep company with the good. As for myself, having thus with the mind's eye contemplated it, my poetical faculty has become clear and profound, my heart swells with joy and rapture and overflows in a torrent of ecstatic devotion. My song pours on like a river flooded with R's 't renown; like the river Sarjú, fountain of piety and theology for its two fair banks, oicing the pious soul (or born of the ' away all world.

Dohā 48.

The three kinds of hearers in the assembly are like towns, villages, and hamlets on the river-side ; while saints are like the incomparable city of Avadh, full of that is auspicious.

Chauṛī 40.

The beautiful Sarjā, as it were the glory of Rāma united with the Ganges of devotion ; and the magnificent river Son, like the warlike power of Rāma and his brother has joined them as a third. Between the two, the Ganges stream of devotion shines clear in its wisdom and self-control while the combined flood destroying the triple curse of humanity is absorbed in the mighty ocean of very Rāma. The united stream of the Mānasa-horn Sarjā and the Ganges purifies the pious listener, while the various tales and episodes interspersed here and there are the groves and gardens on its opposite banks ; the details of the marriage and wedding procession of Umā and Śiva are like innumerable fish in the water ; the joy and gladness that attended Rāma's birth are like beautiful swarms of bees on the ripple of the lake.

Dohā 49.

The childish sports of the four brothers are like the goodly lotus flowers ; the virtuous king and queen and their court like the bees and water-birds.

Chauṛī 41.

The charming story of Sītā's marriage like the bright gleam of the flashing river ; the many ingenious questions like the boats on the stream ; the appropriate and judicious answers like the boatman ; again, the argumentative discussions show like crowding travellers ; the wrath of Dhṛiṅkī like the rushing torrent ; Rāma's soft speech like the well-arranged gāthās ; the marriage festivities of Rāma and Lakṣmī like the grateful swell of the tide ; the thrill of pleasure that spreads through the delighted audience like the ecstatic feelings of the virtuous bathers ; the auspicious preparations for marking Rāma's forehead with the tilak like the crowds assembled on holidays ; and like river mud is Kaikeyī's evil counsel, the cause of many calamities.

Dohd 50.

Like prayers and sacrifices effectual to remove every misfortune are Bharat's virtuous acts; while the corruptions of the world and sinful men and slanderers are like the scum on the water and the cranes and crows.

Chaupdi 42.

This river of glory is beautiful in each of the six seasons, bright and holy exceedingly at all times. The story of the marriage of Siva with the daughter of the snowy mountains is like the winter; the glad rejoicings at the Lord's birth are like the dewy season; the account of the preparations for Râma's wedding are like the delightful and auspicious spring; Râma's intolerable banishment is like the hot weather, and story of the rough journeyings like the blazing sun and the wind; his encounters with fierce demons, by which he gladdens the hosts of heaven, are like the rains, that refresh the fields; the prosperity of his reign, his meekness and greatness are like the clear, bountiful and lovely autumn¹; the recital of the virtues of Sita, that jewel of faithful wives, is as the undefiled and excellent water; the amiability of Bharat as its unvarying coolness.

Dohd 51.

Their looks and words at meeting, their mutual love and laughter, the true fraternal affection of the four brothers, are as the water's sweet odour.

Chaupdi 43.

My suppliant address and self-depreciation and modesty correspond to the singular lightness of good water, which is anything but a defect. This marvellous lymph works its effect by the mere hearing, quenching the thirst of desire and cleansing the soul of impurity; it resuscitates true love to Râma and puts an end to all the sin and sorrow of the world; draining life of its weariness; comforting with true comfort; destroying sin and pain and poverty and error; dispelling lust and passion and phrensy and intoxication, and promoting pure intelligence and detachment from the world. Those who reverently drink or bathe in

¹ The six Hindu seasons to which allusion is here made are Hemant, winter; Shait, the early spring; Bhasant the spring; Grishm, the hot weather; Varcha, the rains; and Parash, the autumn.

this stream, from their soul is effaced all sin and distress ; those who do not cleanse their heart in it are wretches whom the world has ruined, turoing back, hapless creatures, like a panting deer that has seen a river in a mirage !

Dohā 52—54.

Thus I have declared to the best of my ability the virtues of this excellent water, and having plunged my own soul in it, and ever remembering Bhavāni and Sankara, I proceed with my delectable story. I will first repeat in substance the original conversation, with the questions put by Bharadvāja when he found the Mani Yājñavalkya ; an laying my soul at the lotus feet of Itāghupati and thus securing his patronage, I will sing the meeting of the two great saints and their auspicious discourse.

Chauṛḍī 44.

At Prayūg lives the saint Bharadvāja, devoted beyond measure to Itāma's feet, a self-restrained ascetic full of sobriety and benevolence, supremely skilled in divine knowledge. In the month of Māgh, when the sun enters the sign of Capricorn, every one visits this chief of holy places ; gods, demi-gods, *linnars*, and men in troops, all devoutly bathe in the triple flood and worship the lotus feet of Mādhava while they have the happiness of touching the imperishable fig-tree. At Bharadvāja's hallowed hermitage—so charming a spot that even the saint loved it—is ever a concourse of seers and sages come to bathe at the holiest of all holy places ; and having with gladness performed their ablutions at break of day, they converse together on the glories of Hari.

Dohā 55.

Discussing the nature of the deity, the kinds of religious observance and the classification of primordial entities ; and declaring faith in God to be the epitome of wisdom and spiritual detachment¹.

¹ This couplet sums up the characteristics of the principal systems of Hindu philosophy—the Vedānta being chiefly concerned with and indeed defined as, *Brahma Jijnāsa*, "an inquiry into the nature of God"; the Mīmāṃsā being a system of ritualism and Vedic observances ; the Sāṅkhya "a synthetic enumeration" of the primary germs, or elements, out of which creation has been evolved ; and the later eclectic Vaiṣṇava school declaring that the only one thing needful is *bhakti*, "religious faith."

Chaupdi 45.

After thus bathing every day that the sun is in Capricorn, they again return each to his own cell, and every year there is a similar rejoicing when the saints meet for the annual ablution. On one occasion, when the bathing time was over, and all the holy men had left, Bharadvāja clasped by the feet and detained the supremely wise saint Yājñavalkya, and having reverently laved his lotus feet and seated him on a pre-eminent throne, he with religious ceremony extolled the saint's glory, and finally thus address him in the mildest of tones, "Sir, I have a great doubt, while in your grasp are all the mysteries of the Vedā; I am afraid and ashamed to speak, but if I speak not, I lose a great opportunity.

Dohā 56.

This, sir, is a maxim of all the saints, and is also declared by the Vedas and Purānas, that there is no sound wisdom in his breast who conceals aught from his ghostly father.

Chaupdi 46.

Remembering this, I lay bare my folly—take pity, my lord, on your faithful servant and dispel it. The might of Rāma's name is immeasurable; so tell the saints, the Purānas and the Vedic commentaries; the immortal Sambhu, who is the Lord Siva, the perfection of wisdom and goodness, is ever repeating it; though all the four groups of animate beings in the world attain to salvation if they die in his city Kāśī, yet O king of saints, it is by the virtue of Rāma's name; and therefore Siva in his compassion enjoys its use. I ask of you, my lord, who is this Rāma? be gracious enough to instruct me. There is one Rāma, the prince of Avadh, whose acts are known throughout the world who suffered infinite distress by the loss of his wife, and waxing wrath slew Rāvan in battle.

Dohā 57.

Is it this Rāma, my lord, or another, whose name Triperāri is ever repeating? Ponder the matter well and tell me, O wisest and most faithful of men.

Chaupdi 47.

Tell me the whole history in full, my master, so that my overpowering perplexity may be solved." Said Yājñavalkya

with a smile,—‘All the glory of Haghapati is known; you are a votary of his in heart, word and deed; stand your stratagem. Wishing to hear the story of Rāma’s achievements, you have questioned me with an affectation of great simplicity. Listen then, my devout attention while I repeat the fair legend, which quashes every monstrous error, as dread Devi the demon Mahishāsura, but which is drunk in by us the light of the moon by the chador. When doubt was suggested by Bhavāni, Mahādeva expounded the matter :

Dold 58.

And I now, as best I can repeat their contents, nothing both its time and occasion; on hearing it, all difficulties vanish.

Chapter 48.

Once upon a time, in the second age of the world, Sambhu visited the Rishi Agastya; with him went the faithful Bhavāni. The hermit welcomed them, for he recognized them as the sovereigns of the earth, and recited the story of Rāma, with which Mahādeva delighted. The hermit then asked him about true Hari; and Sambhu instructed him, for he saw him deserving. In such converse the mountain-lord passed some days there, but finally took his leave and returned home with the daughter of Daksha. Now at that time there had become incarnate, in the family of Raghu, destroyer of the burdens of the world, who at his word sorrowfully left the throne and wandered, as a god though he was, in the Dandaka forest.

Dold 59.

Siva kept pondering as he went,—‘How can I see the sight of him? for every one knows that the lord has incarnate secretly; if I visit him, every one will know he is.’

Sorath 5.

In Sankara’s heart was a great tumult, but Sati could not comprehend the mystery; says Tulsī, the hope of an interview filled his soul with agitation and his eyes with weepfulness.

Chaupdi 49.

'Rāvan has obtained the boon of death at the hands of man only and the lord has willed Brahmā's word to come true. If I do not go to meet him, I shall ever regret it: but all that he could do he could not hit upon a plan. At the very time that he was thus lost in thought, the ten-headed Rāvan, taking with him the vile Mūrīcha, all at once assumed the form of a false deer and treacherously in his folly carried off Sita, not knowing the lord's great power. When Rāma returned with his brother from the chase and saw the empty hermitage his eyes filled with tears; like a mortal man distressed by the loss of his mistress, he wanders through the forest in search of her, he and his brother; and he who knows neither poison nor hereavoment manifested all the pangs of separation.

Dohd 60.

'Rāma's ways are most mysterious; only the supremely wise can comprehend them; the doll of soul and the sensual imagine something quite different.

Chaupdi 50

Then it was that Sambhu saw Rāma, and great joy arose in his soul. His eyes were filled with the vision of the most beautiful, but it was no fitting time to make himself known, and he passed on exclaiming: 'Hail, Suprema Being, redeemer of the world.' But as he went on his way with Sati, his whole body thrilled with delight; and in Sati's soul, when she observed her lord's emotion, a great doubt arose,—'To Sankara, the universally adored and sovereign lord, gods, men and saints all bow the head; yet he has made obeisance to this prince, saluting him as the Supreme God, and is so enraptured with his beauty that it is only to-day he has felt what love is.

Dohd 61.

What! the omnipresent and unbegotten God, the creator, who has neither parts nor passions, and is no respecter of persons, whom not even the Veda can comprehend¹, has he taken the form of a man?

¹ The reference is to such texts as the following in the Upanishāds, "From whom words turn back, together with the mind, not reach ne him," (Taittiriya, II, 9) "The eye goes not thither, nor speech, nor mind" (Kena, I, 2). "Unthinkable, unspeakable" (Mandukya, 7) The process of Christian theology is similarly negative and agnostic: it sets forth what God is not, rather than what He is; since it is impossible for the lower nature to know the higher.

Chauṛdi 51.

According to what Siva says, though Vishnu in heaven's behalf assumes a human shape, he remains all-wise ; yet here, as if quite at a loss, he is hunting for his wife, this fountain of wisdom, this lord of Lakshmi, this vanquisher of demons. Still Sambhu's words cannot be false, nor can his knowledge be gainsaid. Thus an infinite doubt has come into my mind, and there is no way of solving it." Although Bhavāni did not speak out, Mahādeva can read the heart and knew her thoughts, and said,—“ Listen to me, Sati ; you are just like a woman, but you should not entertain these doubts ; this is that Rāma, my special patron, whose story was sung by the Rishi Agastya ; in whom I exhorted the saint to have faith, and who is ever worshipped by seers and sages.

Chhand 2.

Seers and sages, saints and hermits, fix on him their reverent gaze,
And in faint and trembling accents, truly Scripture hymns his praise.
He, the omnipresent spirit, lord of heaven and earth and hell,
To redeem his people, freely has vouchsafed with men to dwell.”

Sorathā 6.

Though he spoke thus time after time, his words made no impression upon her ; and at last Mahādeva, recognizing Rāma's deceptive power, smiled and said :

Chauṛdi 52.

“ As the doubt in your mind is so great that it will not leave you till you have put the fact to the test, I will stay here in the shade of this fig-tree till you come back to me, after having evolved some device by which to satisfy your overpowering doubt.” So Sati went by Siva's order, saying to herself —“ Come now, what shall I do ? ” while Sambhu reflected, —“ There is mischief in store for Sati ; her doubts will not yield to my arguments ; truly no good can ever be brought about against the will of fate ; whatever Rāma has ordained will come to pass, so why spin out any longer discussion ? ” So saying, he began the repetition of Hari's name, while Sati drew nigh to the Lord of grace.

Dohā 62.

After many an anxious thought she assumed the form of Sita and went and stood in the way where the king of heaven was coming.

Chaupdi 53.

When Lakshman saw her in her disguise, he was much astonished and perplexed. Wise as he was, he could say nothing, but discreetly waited for the revelation of the lord. He, the heavenly king, detected the deceit; for he sees all things alike and knows the heart, the all-wise lord Rāma, the mere thought of whom disperses error. Yet even him Sati attempted to deceive—see how inveterate woman's nature is. But Rāma, acknowledging the effect of his own delusive power, with a sweet smile and folded hands saluted her, mentioning both her own name and that of her father, and added,—‘Where is Mahādeva, and why are you wandering alone in the forest?’

Dohd 63.

When she heard these simple but profound words, a great awe came upon her and she returned to Mahādeva, full of fear and distress.

Chaupdi 54.

‘I would not listen to Sankara, but must go and expose my folly to Rāma; now what answer can I give?’ Her distress was most grievous. Then Rāma, perceiving her vexation, manifested in part his glory, and as Sati went on her way she beheld a marvellous vision; in front of her were Rāma, Sita and Lakshman; when again she looked back, there too she saw the Lord with his brother and Sita in beauteous apparel; whichever way she turned her eyes, there was the lord enthroned with saints and learned doctors ministering to him. Innumerable Sivas and Brahmās and Vishnus, each excelling in majesty, bowing at his feet and doing homage; all the host of heaven with their different attributes.

Dohd 64.

Sati too and Sarasvati and Lakshmi in marvellous multiplicity of form, according to the various appearances assumed by their lords, Brahmā, Vishnu and Mahādeva.

Chaupdi 55.

Each separate vision of Rāma was attended by all the gods and their wives, and by the whole animate creation with all its multitudinous species. But while the adoring gods appeared in diverse dresses, there was no diversity of form in Rāma. Though she saw many Rāmas, and with

him an oft-repeated Sita, it was always the same Rāma, the same Lakshman, and the same Sita. Sati was awe-stricken as she gazed; with fluttering heart and unconscious frame she closed her eyes and sink upon the ground. When again she looked up, she saw nothing, and oft bowing her head at Rāma's feet, she returned to the spot where Mahādeva was waiting for her.

Dohā 65.

When she drew near, he smiled and ask if all were well, saying,—'Tell me now the whole truth, how did you put him to the test?'

Chaupāī 56.

Sati remembered the glory of the lord and in her awe concealed the truth from Siva, saying: 'O sir, I tried no test, but like you simply made obeisance. I was confident that what you said could not be false.' Then Saukara perceived by contemplation and understood all that Sati had done, and bowed to the might of Rāma's delusive power, which had been sent forth to put a lying speech into Sati's mouth. 'The will of heaven and fate are strong'; thus he reflected, in great distress of mind; 'as Sati has taken Sita's form, if now I treat her as my wife, my past devotion will be all cancelled, and it will be a sin to me.'

Dohā 66.

My love is too great to be forgotten, yet to indulge it is criminal.' He uttered not a word aloud, but in his heart was sore distress.

Chaupāī 57.

At last, having bowed his head at Rāma's feet and meditated on his name, he thus resolved and made a vow in his mind,—'So long as Sati remains as she is now, I will never touch her.' With this firm determination he turned homewards, repeating his Rāma rosary, and as he went there was a jubilant cry in the heaven,—'Glory to thee, Mahādeva, for thy staunch devotion; who other but thou, O lord most strong in faith, would make such a vow?' Sati was troubled when she heard the heavenly voice and tremblingly asked Siva,—'Tell me, O true and gracious lord, what was the vow?' But though she asked once and again he told her not.

Dohd 67.

Then she guessed of herself,—‘The all-wise has discovered it all, though I attempted to deceive him; silly and senseless woman that I am.’

Sorathd 7.

Water and milk if mixed together are both sold as milk; but see how like the onion is to that of lovers; the introduction of a drop of acid, or of a lie, at once causes a separation.

Chauḍi 58.

Deep in thought and reflecting on what she had done, no words could express her infinite sorrow, and she kept saying to herself,—‘The gracious but impenetrable Siva has not openly mentioned my offence, but my lord has abandoned me.’ Thus disturbed in soul by Sankara’s sternness and thinking of her sin, she could say nothing, but all the more smouldered within like a furnace. When Mahādeva saw her so sorrowful, he began to amuse her with pleasant tales, relating various legends all the way till he came to Kailās. Then recalling his vow, he seated himself under a fig-tree in the attitude of contemplation and by an immediate control of all his members passed into a long and unbroken trance¹.

Dohd 68.

There Sati dwelt in Kailās, sorrowing grievously; not a soul knew her secret, but each day that she passed was like an age.

Chauḍi 59.

Ever growing more sick at heart, “When shall I emerge from this sea of trouble? I who put a slight upon Rāma and took my husband’s word to be a lie. The Creator has repaid me and has done as I deserved. Now, O God, think not thus within thyself that I can live without Sankara.

¹ Literally translated, the above passage would stand thus:—“Viśhā-keto, perceiving that Sati was distressed, began to amuse her with pleasant tales, relating various legends all the way till Viśvavāth arrived at Kailās. Then recalling his vow, Sambhu seated himself under a fig-tree in the attitude of contemplation and by an immediate control of all his members Sankara passed into a long and unbroken trance.” As the use of many different names, Viśha-keto, Viśvavāth, Sambhu, and Sankara—all to designate the same person, viz., Mahādeva—is likely to perplex an English reader, I have in this and similar passages omitted them and simply substituted the personal pronoun.

The anguish of my heart is beyond words; but I take comfort when I remember Itāma, whom men call the lord of compassion, and whom the Vedas hymn as remover of distress. Him I supplicate with folded hands. May this body of mine be speedily dissolved. As my love for Siva is unfeigned in thought, word and deed, and as his word cannot fail.

Dōd 69.

Do thou, O impartial lord, hear my prayer and speedily devise a plan by which I may die without pain and avoid this intolerable calamity."

Chāupdi 60.

Thus sorrowing and weighed down by grievous and unutterable pain, the royal lady had passed 87,000 years, when the immortal Sambhu awoke from his trance and began to repeat Itāma's name. Then Sati perceived that he had returned to consciousness and went and bowed herself at his feet. He gave her a seat in his presence and began reciting the divine praises. Now at that time Daksha was reigning, and the Creator seeing him to be thoroughly fit had made him a king of kings. But when he had obtained great dominion he waxed exceeding proud. Never was a man born into the world whom kingship did not intoxicate.

Dōd 70.

By the priests' suggestion all began preparing a great sacrifice for Daksha, and the gods who accept oblations were all courteously invited to attend.

Chāupdi 61.

Kinnars, serpents, saints, Gandharvas, all the gods and their wives, except Vishnu, Brahmā and Mahādeva, proceeded thither in their chariots. Sati saw the strangely beautiful procession going through the sky, with the heavenly nymphs singing so melodiously that any saint's meditation would be broken by the sound of it, and she asked Siva its reason; whereupon he explained. Then was she glad when she heard of her father's sacrifice and thought,—"If my lord will allow me, I will make it an excuse for going to stay a few days with him." It was such sore pain to leave her lord, that she long dare not speak, remembering her transgression; but at last with soft and timid voice, overflowing with modesty and affection, she said:—

Dohd 71.

'There is great rejoicing at my father's house ; with my gracious lord's permission I will dateously go and see it.'

Chaupdi 62.

Said he,— 'It would please me well ; but, there is a difficulty, as you have not been invited. Daksha has summoned all his other daughters, but has left you out on account of his quarrel with me, for he took offence at my behaviour in Brahmá's court, and that is the reason he slights me to-day. If you go without being asked, there will be loss of temper and honour. One may go, no doubt, without an invitation to the house of a friend, or master, or father, or confessor ; but no good can result from going where an enemy is present.' Thus Sambhu warned her over and over again ; but fate was too strong, she would not be convinced. Said the lord,— 'To go unasked is not right, as I take it.'

Dohd 72.

When Mahádeva saw that no amount of talking would make her stay, he appointed his chief ministers as her escort and allowed her to depart.

Chaupdi 63.

When Bhaváni came to her father's house, from fear of Daksha no one greeted her ; only her mother met her kindly and her sisters received her with a smile. Daksha uttered not a word of salutation and turned with rage to see her. When Sati went to look at the sacrifice, she could nowhere find anything for Sambhu ; then Sankara's words came back into her mind, and her heart so burned within her at the slight upon her lord, that the former pain she had felt was not to be compared to her present emotion. There are grievous pains in the world, but nothing so bad as a family slight. The more she thought of it, the more furious she grew, though her mother tried hard to pacify her.

Dohd 73.

This insult to Siva could not be borne ; her soul refused to be pacified ; and thrusting away from her the shrinking crowd, she cried, in wild accents :—

Chaupdi 64.

"Hear all ye elders of the assembly, who have talked over this slight upon Sankara. Speedily shalt ye reap your

due reward, and death shall my father run it. Whenever blasphemy is spoken against the saints, or Sambhu, or Vishnu, the ordinance is either to tear out the blasphemer's tongue, if it is in your power, or else to close your ears and run away. The universal spirit, the great lord, Purāṇi, the father of the world, the friend of all, he it is whom my beloved father has reviled. Therefore this body of mine, begotten of his seed, I hasten to shun him, and impress on my soul the image of him who bears the moon as his crest and a bull as his device.' As she thus spoke, the flames consumed her body; a great cry of lamentation went up from the whole assembly.

Dohā 74.

When Sambhu's attendants heard of Sati's death, they began to destroy all the sacrificial offerings; but the great saint Bhṛigu, seeing the destruction, came and saved them.

Chaupāī 65.

When Sambhu got the news he sent Bīrbhadra in his wrath, who went and scattered the sacrifice and requited all the gods as they deserved. Dakṣa's act is famous throughout the world as an example of hostility to Sambhu; and as the story is so well-known, I have told it in brief. Sati at her death asked this boon of Hari, that in every successive birth she might show her love to Śiva. On this account she was born in the form of Pārvatī, as the daughter of King Himālaya. From the time that she entered the house of the monarch of mountains, it was pervaded by fortune and prosperity, and hermits made their homes all about it, in fit places assigned them by the king.

Dohā 75.

Strange trees of many kinds, with never-falling flowers and fruits, appeared on the beautiful hills, and mines of jewels discovered themselves.

Chaupāī 66.

All the rivers flowed with the purest water; birds, deer and bees were all equally joyous; every animal forgot its instinctive antipathies and dwelt lovingly on the mountain, which was as glorified by Girijā's coming as a man is glorified by the spirit of faith. Every day was some new delight in the king's palace, and Brāhmā and all the gods vied in singing its praises. On hearing the news, Nārada went to

visit the mountain king, who received him with high honour and bathed his feet and led him to a throne. The queen too bowed her head before him and sprinkled the whole house with the water sanctified by his use. Then the king told all his good fortune and summoned his daughter also to the presence and said :—

Dohā 76.

"Thou who knowest all time, past, present, or future, and who hast traversed the whole universe, tell me, best of saints, after well considering the matter, what there is good and what bad about my daughter."

Chaupāi 67.

The saint replied with a smile, in soft but profound words,—“Your daughter is a mine of perfection, beautiful, amiable and intelligent, whether she be called Umā, or Ambikā, or Bhavāni; a maiden with every quality that endears a wife to a husband. Firm as a rock her good fortune, and in her parents are blessed; she shall be worshipped throughout the whole world, and in her service shall be fruition of every desire. Through her name woman shall be enabled to walk the path of wifely duty, though it be like the edge of sword. Such, O king, are thy daughter's merits; but you have now to bear two or three drawbacks. A person who has neither beauty nor dignity, without father or mother, an ascetic with no thought for any one.

Dohā 77.

A mendicant recluse with matted hair, a celibate with naked body and hideous accoutrements—such a one shall be her lord, as I read by the lines on her palm.”

Chaupāi 68.

When the father and mother heard the saint's words, and knew they must be true, they became sad; but Umā rejoiced; nor did Nārada even understand, for all seemed affected alike, though the cause was different¹. All Girijā's attendants, and she herself and her father and her mother Maina, were trembling and had their eyes full of tears; But Umā cherished the saint's words in her heart, saying, —“They cannot be false;” and her love for Siva's lotus feet revived; though the doubt remained, how difficult to find

¹ That is to say, they all shed tears, but the parents wept for sorrow and Uma for joy.

him ! But as it was no fitting time for a di-
 suppressed her emotion and went back to the
 her playmates. They and the parents were dis-
 thought of the saint's infallible utterance, and
 with an effort, cried aloud,—“ O sir, tell me what
 to devise.”

Dohd 78.

Said the saint,—“ Hear, O Himavant, what
 written on the forehead, nor god nor demon, nor
 nor saint, is able to efface.

Chaupdi 69.

Yet one mode of escape I will tell you, what
 help of heaven may avail. Umā's bridegroom
 fallibly be such a one as I have described to you
 the bad points that I have enumerated I find to ex-
 If a marriage with him can be brought about, every
 account his vices as virtues. Though Hari take
 for his couch, the wise hold it no fault in him
 fire and the sun devour anything they come across
 therefore calls them blind ; though its stream dis-
 place pure and is another sullied, no one would
 Ganges impure. The powerful, my friend, are
 faultless, like the sun, fire, or the Ganges.

Dohd 79.

The fool who in the pride of knowledge presume
 them, saying ‘ it is the same for a man as for a god
 be cast into hell for as long as the world lasts’.

Chaupdi 70.

Though they know that wine is made with
 water, yet saints will never taste it ; but the Gang-

1 A similar doctrine is inculcated in the Xth Book of the
 Purāna : “ The transgression of virtue and the daring acts which
 needed in superior beings must not be charged as faults against the
 persons. Let no one but a superior being ever even in thought
 same. Seeing, then, that the saints are uncontrollable and act as if
 how can there be any constraint upon the Supreme, when he has
 assumed a body ” Granted these reasonable limitations which
 mix it, with its tendency to exaggeration, was unfortunately ap-
 pect, the sentiment is essentially true and is remembered by Cath-
 arics. Thus Cardinal Newman writes,—“ It never surprises me
 thing unusual in the devotion of a saint. Such men are on a
 different from our own, and we cannot understand them. I hold
 an important canon in the lives of the saints, according to the word
 apostle.—The spiritual man judges all things, and he himself is
 not judged. This is the highest of all wisdom without comparison.”

wherever found, is always pure ; and herein is seen the difference between mastery and subjection¹. The lord Sambhu is all-powerful and an alliance with him is in every way auspicious. But it is hard to propitiate him ; yet if penance is undergone, he is quickly satisfied. If then, your daughter will practise penance, Tripurāri will be able to erase the lines of fate ; and though there may be many bridegrooms in the world, the only one for her is Siva, and none else. He answers prayer, relieves the distress of the faithful, is full of compassion and a delight to his servants ; unless he is propitiated, no one will attain his heart's desire, though he practise infinite penance and authority."

Dohā 80.

So saying, and with his thoughts fixed on Ilari. Nārada gave his blessing to the king and added,—' Now fear not, all will turn out well.'

Chauṛī 71.

Having thus spoken, the saint returned to Brāhmā's court. Hear now the end of the story how it came about. Meina finding her husband alone said to him,—" My lord, I do not understand the saint's meaning. If the bridegroom and his position and family are unobjectionable and such as befit your daughter, then conclude the marriage ; but if not let her remain a maiden ; for, my lord Umā is as dear to me as life. If she does not get a husband worthy of her, every one will say the mountain-king is himself a mere block. Remember this, and so marry her that there may be no heart-burning hereafter." With these words she laid her head at his feet. The king affectionately replied,—" Sooner shall fire break out in the moon than Nārada's word be gained."

Dohā 81.

Put away all anxiety, my dear, and fix your thoughts on the good God who has created Pārvatī and who will protect her.

Chauṛī 72.

Now, if you have any love for your child, go and thus almonish her,—' Penance is the means of approach to Siva, and there is no other way of escaping sorrow. Nārada's

¹ The meaning is, wine, though made of Ganges water is still impure but the Ganges itself is always pure, even though wine may have been poured into it.

words are pregnant and full of meaning ; Mahádeva is in fact beautiful and accomplished ; recognize this truth and doubt not ; he is in every way irreproachable.' " When she heard her husband's words she was glad of heart and at once rose and went where Uma was. On seeing the girl her eyes filled with tears, and she affectionately took her in her lap and again and again pressed her to her bosom ; but could not say a word for the choking in her throat. Then the mother of the universe, the all-wise Bhaváoi, her mother's delight, said softly :—

Dohá 82.

" Listen, mother, to the vision I am about to tell you ; a fair and lovely Bráhmaṇ prince has thus instructed me :—

Chaupdi 73.

Go, mountain-maid, and practise penance, reflecting that Nárad's words are infallibly true. Your parents, too, are pleased with the idea, for penance is full of peace and puts an end to pain and sin. By the virtue of penance the Creator made the world ; by the virtue of penance Vishnu redeems the world ; by virtue of penance Sambhu destroys it. It is by the virtue of penance that the Great Serpent supports the burden of the earth, and in short the whole creation, Bhaváni, depends upon penance ; do you then practise." On hearing these words her mother was astounded, and sent for the king and declared to him the vision. Then, after consoling her parents in every possible way, Umá in gladness of heart commenced her penance ; while they and all their loving dependants grew sad of face, nor could speak a word

Dohá 83.

Then came Vedasiras and instructed them all ; and when they had heard of Párvati's glory they were comforted.

Chaupdi 74.

But Umá, cherishing in her heart the feet of her dear lord went into the forest and began her penance. Though her delicate frame was little fit for such austerities, she abandoned all food and became absorbed in prayer, her devotion so growing day by day that all bodily wants were forgotten, and her soul was wholly given to penance. For

1 Vedasiras, a son of Marikandeya and, Mordhanya was, by his wife Itvari, the Progenitor of the Bhárgava Bráhmaṇs.

a thousand years she ate only roots and fruits; for a hundred years she lived on vegetables; for some days her only sustenance was water and air, and on some she maintained a yet more absolute fast. For three thousand years she ate only dry leaves of the *bel*¹ tree that had fallen to the ground, and at last abstained even from dry leaves, whence she acquired the name of *aparna* ('the leafless'). At the sight of her emaciated frame, Brahmá's deep voice resounded through the heavens,—

Dohá 84.

"Hear, daughter of the mountain knig! your desire is accomplished; cease all these intolerable afflictions: Tripurári will soon be yours.

Chaupái 75.

Though there have been many saints, both resolute and wise, not one, Bhaváni, has performed such penance as this: submit now to my commands, knowing them to be ever true and ever good. When your father comes to call you, cease to resist and go home with him; and when the seven *asgas* meet you, know this to be the test of the heavenly predilection." When she heard Brahmá's voice thus speaking from on high, Girijá thrilled with delight. Now with her we have done for a time, while we turn to Sambho. From the day when Sítí's spirit left the body he became a rigid ascetic, ever telling his beads in Ráma's name, and attending the public recitations in his honour:

Dohá 85.

Even he, Siva, the pure intelligence, the abode of bliss, exempt from lust, frenzy and delusion, wanders about on earth with his heart fixed on Hari, the joy of the whole world.

Chaupái 76.

Now instructing saints in wisdom, now expounding Ráma's praises and though himself the all-wise and passionless lord got, yet saddened by the sadness of a bereaved disciple. In this way many ages passed, while his love for Ráma daily increased. Then the generous and merciful god full of grace and benignity, seeing his steadfastness and affection, and the unchangeable stamp of devotion on his soul, became manifest in all his glory and lauded him

¹ The *bel* tree (*Ficus Varmelou*) is specially sacred to Siva.

highly, for none other had ever accomplished as
In diverse ways he instructed him, telling him
birth and of her virtuous deeds, all at full length
infinite compassion.

Dohd 86.

"Now, Siva, if you have any love for me, I
request: go and marry the mountain-maid and do
you."

Chaupdi 77.

Said Siva,—*"Though it is not what I approve,
a master speaks he must not be gainsaid. I
bow to your order, for obedience is the highest de
man would prosper, he must do, without thinki
told by his parents, or his confessor, or his superio
in every way my benefactor, and I bow to your co
The lord was pleased when he heard Sankara's repl
of faith, knowledge, and religious feeling, an
"Hara, your vow has been kept: attend now
have told you. So saying he vanished, but I
remained impressed in Sankara's soul. Then
seven Rishis to visit him, and he addressed the
pleasant wise:—*

Dohd 87.

"Go to Párvatī and make trial of her love,
send her father to fetch her home and remove
doubts."

Chaupdi 78.

When the Rishis saw Gauri, she seemed to t
Penance personified, and they cried,—*Hear, O
of the mountain! Why practise such grievous se
fication? Whom do you worship and what do you
Tell us the whole secret truly."* When Bhavānī hea
speech, she replied in strangely moving terms,—*"I
shrink from telling my secret, for you will smile at
when you hear it; but my soul obstinately set an
to hear instruction, though I am like one balling
upon the water, or as one who would fly without
relying only on the truth of Nārada's prophecy.
saints, the extent of my madness. I long for the an
of the mountain."*

Dohd 88.

The Rishis smiled on hearing her speech, and said :—
 "You are a true daughter of the parent rock ; but tell me
 who has ever listened to Nārada's advice and had a home ?

Chaupdi 79.

"Did he not advise Daksha's sons, and they never saw
 their father's house again ? It was he, too, who ruined Chitra-
 keta's family, and also Hiranya kashipu's.¹ Whoever listens
 to Nārada's advice, be it man or woman, is certain to be-
 come a homeless beggar. Seemingly pious, but deceitful
 at heart, he would make every one like himself. And now
 you are led away by his words, and are longing to marry
 a very outcast, a worthless, shameless, tattered wretch, with
 a necklace of serpents and skulls, and without either family
 or house or even clothes. Tell me now—what pleasure is
 to be had from such a bridegroom as this ? Better forget
 the ravings of the impostor. For he married Sati only
 because other people suggested it, and soon abandoned her
 and left her to die.

Dohd 89.

And now he never gives her a thought, but goes
 about a-begging, and eats and sleeps at his ease. What

¹ It was by Nārada's advice that the sons of Daksha were dissuaded
 from multiplying their race and scattered themselves all over the world in
 the hope of acquiring knowledge. Not one of them ever returned, and the
 unhappy father, thus deserted by all his children, denounced as a curse upon
 Nārada that he, too, should always be a homeless wanderer on the face of
 the earth.

King Chitraketa was childless, though he had a thousand wives. At
 last, by the blessing of a saint, one of them bore him a son ; but when
 it was a year old they all conspired together and poisoned it. The king
 was weeping sorely with the dead child in his arms, when Nārada
 came and after much persuasion consented to restore it to life. It at
 once sat up and began to speak, saying that in a former state of ex-
 istence it had been a king, who had retired from the world into a
 hermitage. There one day a woman in charity gave him a cake of fuel,
 which he put on the fire without perceiving that there were in it a
 thousand little gits. These innocent creatures all perished in the flames,
 but were born again in a more exalted position as Chitraketa's wives ;
 while the woman who gave the fuel, and the hermit who used it, be-
 came the mother and the child, whom inexorable fate had thus punish-
 ed for their former sinful inadvertence. After finishing this explanation
 the child again fell back dead, and Chitraketa, giving up all hope of
 an heir, abandoned the throne and began a course of penance.

When Kayādu, the wife of demon-king Hiranya kashipu, was about to
 bring forth, she received instruction from the sage Nārada, whose words
 reached even to the care of the child in her womb. Accordingly from
 the moment he was born he devoted himself to the service of Vishnu,
 and thus provoked his jealous father to the acts of persecution which
 resulted in his own destruction and the extinction of his royal line.

respectable woman could ever stay with such a confirmed solitary?

Chaupdi 80.

To-day if you will hear my words, I have thought of an excellent bridegroom for you, so beautiful and honourable so pleasant and amiable, that even the Veda hymns his praise—the faultless and all-perfect lord of Lakshmi, who reigns at Vaikuntha. He is the husband that I will bring you." On hearing this Bhavāni smiled and replied,—“You said true that I inherit a rock-nature, and would sooner die than yield. Gold, again, is another product of the rock that cannot be changed by any amount of burning. Nor will I change my faith in Nārada's word: whether my house be full or desolate, I fear not: whoever doubts the word of his spiritual adviser must never dream of obtaining either happiness or riches.

Dohā 90.

Mahādeva is full of faults, while Vishnu is all-perfect; but the heart concerns itself only about the object it happens to fancy.

Chaupdi 81.

If, reverend sirs, I had met you sooner, I would have submitted to your advice; but now that I have given my life for Sambhu, it is too late to weigh his merits and defects. If you are firmly resolved upon making a match, you need not stand idle; the world is full of young men and maidens: but as for me, though I hold out for a million lives, I will either wed Sambhu or remain a virgin. I will not forget Nārada's admonition, even though Mahādeva himself and again told me to do so. I, who am styled the mother of the world, fall at your feet and bid you return home; your time is lost." When the sages beheld her devotion, they cried—"Glory, glory, glory, to the great mother Bhavāni.

Dohā 91.

United as Mayā to the god Siva, the parents of the universe!" then bowing the head at her feet and thrilling with rapture they left.

Chaupdi 82.

And sent King Himavant, and with many entreaties brought Girijā back. When they returned to Siva and told

him Umā's whole history, he was delighted to hear of her affection, and they went gladly home. Then the all-wise Sambhu, firmly directing his intention, began a meditation on Rāma. Now at that time was a demon Tāraka, of gigantic strength of arm and high renown, who had subdued the sovereigns of every region and robbed the gods of all their happiness. Knowing neither age nor death, he was invincible; and the powers of heaven were vanquished in innumerable battles. At last they all went and cried to the Creator, and he seeing them so dismayed.

Dohā 92.

Re-assured them, saying,—“the demon shall die when a son is born of the seed of Sambhu, who shall conquer him in fight.

Chaupdi 83.

Having heard what I say, devise a plan by which such a lord may arise and assist you. After Sati quitted the body at Dakṣa's sacrifice, she was born again as the daughter of the Himālaya, and has been practising penance in the hope of obtaining Sambhu to husband. He, on the other hand, has left all and sits absorbed in contemplation. Though it will be a difficult business, yet list to what I propose. Send Kāma, the god of love, to Siva to agitate his soul, and then I will approach with bowed head and arrange the marriage, and in this way your object will be attained.” All exclaimed that the plan was good, and heartily applauded it. Then came the god with the five arrows and the fish-standard.

Dohā 93.

And they told him their distress. He heard, and after reflecting a little replied with a smile,—“Sambhu's displeasures will work me no good,

Chaupdi 84.

Yet I will do you this service. The scriptures say charity is the highest of virtues, and one who gives his life for another is ever the praise of the saints.” So saying he bowed, and took his leave, he and his attendant, with his bow of flowers in his hand. And as he went he thought within himself, —“Siva's displeasure will surely be my death.” Therefore he hastened to exhibit his power, and for a time

1 Kāmadeva's attendant is Riturāja, or Basanta, the spring season.

reduced to subjection the whole world. If Love is provoked, the stepping-stones of the law are swept away in a moment; religious vows and obligations, self-control, ceremonial observances, knowledge and philosophy, virtuous practices, prayer, penance, self-mortification, the whole spiritual army, is panic-stricken and put to flight.

Chhand 3.

Virtue's grand force is routed in panic and dismay,
And in dark nooks of holy books her champions skulk away.
Great god of fate! in this dread state what saving power is nigh?
'Gainst man's one heart Love's fivefold dart wins easy victory.

Dohd 94.

Every, creature in the world, animate or inanimate,
male or female, forgot natural restraint and became sub-
ject to love.

Chaupai 83.

In every heart was a craving for love: the tree bent its
boughs to kiss the creeper; the overflowing river ran into
the arms of ocean; lakes and ponds effected a meeting.
And when such was the case with inanimate creation, what
need to speak of man? Beasts on land and birds in the air,
under the influence of love, were unmindful of time and
season; all were agitated and blind with desire, and the
swan regarded neither night nor day¹. Gods, demons, men,
kinaras, serpents, ghosts, witches, goblins and imps were
all at once enslaved by love; even saints and hermits, sages
and ascetics, became again sensual under his influence.

Chhand 4.

When saints and hermits own his sway, why speak of self and thrall,
God's whole creation, recreant grown, where love was all in all,
Each jewel dame, each amorous swain, found heaven in love's embrace,
Two hours sped past, love still at old fast and I reigned in Brahma's place.

Sorathid 8.

Nona is so bold but love steals his heart, and only they
whom Itāma protects can then escape.

Chaupai 86.

For two hours this triumph lasted, till Kāmadēva drew
nigh to Nambhu. On seeing him Love trembled, and the
whole world returned to itself. Every living creature at once

¹ The male and female shakras (swans, or rather Brahman ducks) are doomed for ever to eternal separation, and are said to pass the night on the opposite banks of a river, vainly endeavouring to reach each other by swim. During Love's brief triumph the curse was for once removed.

grew calm, as when a drunkard recovers from his drunkenness. When Love looked at Siva, the invincible and unapproachable god, he feared; then returned shame too strong for words and, resolved upon death, he formed his plan of attack. Forthwith lusty Spring stepped forth, and every tree broke into blossom; wood and grove, lake and pond, every quarter of the heaven, gladdened and overflowed as it were with love, and even the dearest soul quickened at the sight.

Chhand 5.

At love's touch the dead were quickened, blossomed all the wood so dark,
While a breeze soft, cool and fragrant, fanned the love-kindled spark,
Laughed the lake with many a lotus, hum the bees with drowsy sound,
Swans and parrots chattered gaily, gladly dance the nymphs round

Dohā 95.

Though he tried every trick and manifold device, yet
he and his army were defeated; Siva's unbroken trance
still continued, and Love grew furious.

Chaupāi 87.

Seeing a mango tree with spreading boughs, he in his
folly climbed up into it; then fitted a shaft to his flowery
bow, and in his great passion taking aim and drawing the
string home to the ear, he let fly and lodged the five arrows
in his breast. Then the trance was broken and Sambha
awoke. In the lord's soul was great agitation; he opened
his eyes, and looking all round saw Kāmadeva in the mango
tree. At his wrath the three worlds trembled. Then
Siva unclosed his third eye, and by its flash Kāmadeva was
reduced to ashes. A confused cry went up through the
universe from the gods in their dismay, from the demons
in exultation; the rich were sad when they remembered
love's delights, while saints and hermits felt relieved of a
thorn.¹

Chhand 6.

The saints were freed from torment : but Rati swooned for woe,
And in sad guise with weeping eyes at Siva's throne fell low,
Sore wailing and lamenting her dear lord's hapless fate :
Till quick to pardon spoke the god in words compassionate :

Dohā 98.

"Henceforth, Rati, your husband's name shall be called
Anang (the bodiless), and thus etherealized he shall

¹ With this whole narrative compare that in the *Kumārā Sambhava* of Kālidāsa.

pervade all things. But hear how you will again hereafter.

Chaupdi 88.

When Krishna becomes incarnate in the family to relieve the world of its burdens, your husband born again as his son (Pradyumna); this my word fail " On hearing this prophecy of Sankara's, Ra I now turn to another part of my story. When and the other gods heard these tidings they first Viakuntha, and thence, with Vishnu, Brahma's rest, into the presence of the merciful Siva, as them separately sang his praises. Then the power whose crest is the moon and whose standard said,—“Tell me, ye immortals, why ye have Said Brahma,—“ My lord, you can read our heart ordered I speak.

Dohd 97.

In the mind of all the gods is one idea. I love-smitten, and we would fain with our own eye marriage.

Chaupdi 89.

O destroyer of the pride of love, let us feast on this glad event. In granting a husband to Ra Kāmadeva had been consumed you have done well of compassion, in punishment remembering me great have ever an easy temper. Accept now the minable penance that Pārvati has endured.” On Brahma's speech and perceiving its purport, he ex joyfully, “So be it !” Then the gods sounded their drums and rained down flowers, and cried,—“ Victory to the King of heaven !” Then, perceiving the proper time, the seven sages came and were desired by Brahma in the Himālaya where first they Bhavāni and addressed her in mild but deceptive terms.

Dohd 98.

“ You would not listen to us, but rather took N advice ; now again is your vow proved vain, for the love has been consumed by Mahādeva.”

Chaupdi 90.

Bhavāni replied with a smile,—“ O wisest of sages have said well. Your words—‘Love has been con-

by Mahādeva¹—imply a belief that aforesaid Sambho was liable to change. But I know him to be from everlasting an ecstatic, faultless, loveless, passionless: and if, knowing him to be such as he is, I have served him devotedly in heart, word and deed, so gracious a lord (he assured, O sages) will bring my vow to accomplishment. Your saying that Hara has destroyed Love betrays great want of judgment. Fire, my friend, has an unalterable nature, and ice cannot exist near it; brought near it must inevitably perish; and so must Love in the presence of Mahādeva.¹

Dohā 99.

On hearing this speech and seeing her love and confidence the sages were delighted and bowed the head before her, and went to King Himāchal.

Chaupai 91.

And told him the whole history. When he heard of Love's annihilation he was much distressed, but was again comforted when told of Rati's promised husband. After pondering on the majesty of Sambho, he reverently summoned the wise men, and at once had the day fixed according to Vedic prescription, selecting an auspicious date, and planet and hour. Then he gave the letter to the seven sages, humbly falling at their feet, and they took it to Brahmā, who could not contain himself for joy on reading it, but at once proclaimed it aloud. The whole company of heaven was delighted: there was music and a shower of flowers, and in every quarter festive preparations were commenced.

Dohā 100.

All the gods began adorning the different vehicles on which they ride abroad, the Muses sang for joy, and all was bliss and happiness.

Chaupai 92.

Siva's attendants began to dress their lord, arranging his serpent-crest and crown of matted locks; with snakes for his ear-rings and bracelets of snakes for his wrists; his body smeared with ashes, and a lion's skin about his loins;

¹ The line thus translated stands in the original *An Maṇḍakha Mahesha ko vai*. There is an entirely different reading in some copies *jimi Sampathini paachh gonai*, 'like a Sampathini lost his wings'; Sampathini was the brother of Jātya, and in his pride flew so high into the heaven that his wings were consumed by the heat of the sun. See Book IV, *dohā* 27.

the moon on his brow, the lovely Ganges on the crown
his head, his eyes three in number, and a serpent for
Brahmanical cord; his throat black with poison; a wall
of dead men's skulls about his breast. In such ghastly
attire was arrayed the great god Siva. With trident
in hand he advanced riding on a bull, while the drums
and instruments of music were played. The celestial
deities all smiled to see him, and said, "The work
no bride worthy of such a lover." Vishnu and Brahma
and all the company of heaven followed in the procession,
each on his own carriage. "The gods make a fine sight,
but still the procession is not worthy of the bridegroom."

Itold 101.

So cried Vishnu with a smile and then commanded
the heavenly warriors—"March separately, each one in
his own retinue."

Chaudi 93.

Otherwise on going into a strange city they will laugh
and say what a sorry procession for such a bridegroom.
The gods smiled to hear this speech, and marched separately,
each at the head of his own followers. Mahadev
smiled too, not understanding Hari's joke, but taking it
as a most friendly suggestion, and sent Bhairavi to bring
his attendants. On receiving Siva's order they all came
and bowed the head at his lotus feet. Then Siva laughed
to see the host in their motley attire, riding every kind
of vehicle; some with monstrous heads, some with no head
at all; some with many hands and feet, and some with
none; some with great eyes, some with no eyes; some very
stout, some very slim.

Chhand 7.

All, stout or slim, or foul or trim, in gruesome panoply,
With skulls for wine-cups filled with blood, from which they quaff
with glee;
With head of dog, or ass, or hog, a host no tongue can tell,
Ghosts, goblins, witches, every kind denizens of hell.

Sorathd 9.

All the demons went singing and dancing with wonderful
contortions, such as never were seen, and uttering all
sorts of strange cries.

Chaudi 94.

Like bridegroom, like procession—an extraordinary
sight as it went along the road. There King Himach

erected a canopy more splendid than words can tell; and every hill in the world, small and great, more than man can count, and every wood and sea, river, stream and lake, all were invited to attend; and assuming forms of exquisite beauty, with all their retinue, male and female they flocked to the palace singing songs of gladness. First of all the king had built a number of guest-houses, and so tastefully arranged them, that, after a glance at the beauty of the city, the Creator of the world seemed a contemptible architect.

Chhand 8.

Little seemed the world's Creator, and his skill of nothing worth.
Lake and fountain, grove and garden, shone more fair than aught on earth,
Wreaths and arches, flags and banners, made each house a goodly show;
Gallant youth and lovely maidens set a snoot's heart all aglow.

Dohd 102.

The city in which the great mother had taken birth surpassed description; joy, prosperity and abundance were ever on the increase.

Chaupai 95.

When it was known that the marriage procession was close at hand, the stir in the city and the brilliancy of the decorations grew more and more. With numerous carriages and all due equipment the heralds started for the formal reception. When they saw the army of gods they were glad of heart, and yet more so when they beheld Hari. But when they perceived Siva's familiars, every beast they rode started back in affright. Grown men summoned up courage to stand, but the children all ran for their lives straight back home, and when their parents questioned them could only reply trembling all over,—"What can we say? it is beyond telling; it is no marriage procession, but the army of Death; the bridegroom, a maniac, mounted on a bull; with snakes and skulls and ashes to adorn him.

Chhand 9.

Skulls and snakes and streaks of ashes, matted locks and body bare,
Witches, imps, and frightful goblins, and appalling ghosts are there.
Happy men who see such horrors not die at once of fright!
So from house to house they babble on Uma's wedding night!

Dohd 103.

The fathers and mothers smiled, for they recognised Siva's familiars, and reassured the children in every possible way, saying,—"Do not be afraid; there is no cause for fear."

Chaupdi 96.

The heralds brought in the procession at them all pleasant quarters. And Maina, having an elegant sacrificial lamp, and incense water in bowl, proceeded gladly to move it round over while her attendants sang festive songs. When his terrible attire, the women feared greatly and the house all of a tremble. Mahādava advanced to her room and Maina, sorely grieved at heart, daughter, and in the most loving manner took his lap, while her lotus eyes overflowed with tears,—that the Creator should have made you so beautiful then give you such a raving fool for a bridegroom

Chhand 10.

How can God send such a raving groom for such a lovely bride?
What a thorn bush is our wishing-tree, the fruit for which we
From mountain-top, to sea or fire, I'll cast me down with life.
Welcome disgrace, so they be gone, this wedding ne'er shall

Dohd 104.

All the ladies were in distress when they saw the mad, who in her deep affection for her daughter weep and make great lamentation,—

Chaupdi 97.

“What harm had I done to Nārada that he should make my home desolate and give Umā such advice, to penance for the sake of a mad bridegroom? In game he is fancy free and passionless, an ascetic who wants money, nor house, nor wife, and therefore in doing another's home he has neither shame nor compunction. What does a barren woman know of the pangs of birth?” When Bhavāni saw her mother's distress answered thus placidly and discreetly,—“Be not so to my mother, with these thoughts, for God's plans are terrible. If fate decrees me a mad husband, it should any one be blamed? Can you blot out the writing of the Creator? Then refrain from all reproaches.

Chhand 11.

Cease from profitless reproaches, nor in vain bemoan my fate,
I must go whereso'er my destined joys and sorrows for me wait.”
Hearing Umā's pious answer, all her ladies felt surprise.
Much they talked of God's injustice, while the tears bedewed their

Dohd 105.

At that time came Nárada, and with him the sages (for they had heard the news), and at once betook themselves to the king's palace.

Chaupdi 98.

Then Nárada instructed them all, and recited in full the past history, saying,—“Hear, O Maina! my words are true; your daughter is Bhaváni, the mother of the world, the everlasting female energy; without birth or beginning; Sambha's inseparable half; the creator, supporter, and destroyer of the universe; who at will assumes the semblance of human form. First she was born in Daksha's house, Sati by name, of excellent beauty. Then as Sati she married Sankara, and her story is famous throughout the world, how once, with Siva, she met the son of Raghva's loins line (i.e., Ráma), and in her infatuation was not obedient to Siva, but was beguiled into assuming the form of Síta.

Chhand 12.

For the crime of this assumption she was widowed many a day,
Till in the fire before her sins her sins were burnt away.
Now born your daughter, for her lord in penitence she stayed;
And Siva ayn shall be her lord; know this, oor be dismayed.”

Dohd 106.

On hearing Nárada's explanation the sadness of all was dispersed, and in a moment his words were spread from house to house throughout the city.

Chaupdi 99.

Then Maina and Himavant were glad and fell again and again at Párvati's feet. All the people of the city, whatever their age, men and women alike, were equally delighted. Songs of joy began to sound in the streets; golden vases were displayed; meats were dressed in various ways according to the rules of gastronomic science. But the banquet table in the palace inhabited by the great mother Bhaváni was altogether beyond description. The marriage guests—Vishnu, Brahma and all the heavenly orders—were courteously entreated and took their seats line after line. Then the skilful servers began to serve and the women, when they found the gods were sat down, began to jest and banter in pleasant strain.

Cikand 13.

In pleasant strain with dark forests they hint at love's delight ;
 Unarm'd with the song, the gale all long, are heard the waning night,
 With growing east each jovial guest prolongs the festive hour
 At last they rose, each to find an and broke his separate bow.

Dohd 107.

Again the sages came and reminded Himavnt of the marriage ; and he, seeing the time was fit, sent and summoned all the gods,

Chaupdi 100.

Whom he courteously addressed, and assigned to each an appropriate seat. An altar was prepared according to Vedic ritual, while the women chanted festal strains ; and a divinely beautiful throne was erected, the handiwork of a god, beyond description. Then Siva, after bowing to the Brahmans, took his seat, remembering in his heart his own lord, Rāma. Then the sages sent for Umā, who was brought in by her handmaids, richly adorned. All the gods beholding her beauty were enraptured. What poet in the world could describe such loveliness ! The divinities who recognized in her the universal mother, the spouse of Mahādeva, adored her in their inmost soul—Bhavāni, the crown of beauty—whose praises would still be beyond me even though I had a myriad tongues.

Cikand 14.

A myriad tongues were all too few to sing her matchless grace :
 When gods and muses shrink abashed, for Tuls's rhyme what place ?
 With downcast eyes the glorious dame passed up the hall, and fell,
 Bee-like, at Siva's lotus feet, the lord she loved as well.

Dohd 108.

At the injunction of the priests, both Sambhu and Bhavāni paid divine honours to Ganes. And let no one be perplexed on hearing this, but know well that they are gods from everlasting.

Chaupdi 101.

The whole marriage ceremony was performed by the priests in accordance with Vedic ritual, and the father, with *kusa* grass in his hand, took the bride and gave her to Siva. When the two had joined hands, all the gods were glad of heart ; the chief priests uttered the scriptural formulae, and the cry went up of " Glory, glory, glory to Sankara ! " all kinds of music began to play, and flowers were rained down from heaven. Thus was accomplished the marriage of Hara

and Girijā amidst general rejoicing. The dowry given defies description—men-servants and maid-servants, horses, carriages, elephants, cows, raiment, jewellery, things of all sorts, and wagonloads of grain and golden vessels.

Chhand 15.

Thus great and more the dowry's store that King Himāchal brought,
Yet falling low at Siva's feet he cried that all was nought
The gracious lord cheered his sad wife in every way most meet,
Then Blains came, most loving dame, and clasped his lotus feet.

Dohd 109.

"Umā, my lord, is dear to me as my own soul; take her as one of your servants, and pardon all her offences: this is the boon I beg of your favour."

Chaupdi 102.

After Sambhu had in every possible way reassured his wife's mother, she bowed herself at his feet and went home, there called for Umā, and taking her into her lap gave her this excellent instruction,—“Be ever obedient to Sankara; to say ‘My lord and my god’ is the sum of all wisely duty.” At these words her eyes filled with tears, and again and again she pressed her daughter to her bosom,—“Why has God created women in the world, seeing that she is always in a state of subjection, and never can even dream of happiness?” Though utterly distracted by motherly love, she knew it was no time to display it, and restrained herself. Running to her again and again, and falling on the ground to clasp her feet, in a transport of affection beyond all words, Bhavāni said adieu to all her companions, and then again went and clung to her mother's breast.

Chhand 16.

Still clinging to her mother's breast she cheered her weeping train,
Then with her handmaids sought her spouse, yet oft looked back again
Midst beggar's blessing, richly bought, forth rode the royal pair
The glad gods rained down flowers, and sounds of music filled the air

Dohd 110.

Then went Himavanti most lovingly to escort them, till with many words of consolation Mahādeva bid him return.

Chaupdi 103.

Then he came speedily to the palace, called all the hills and lakes, entreated them courteously with words and gifts, and allowed them to depart. They proceeded each to his own realm, and Sambhu arrived at Kailāsa. How shall I

tell its delights when thus occupied by Hrishna and Bhavāni, the father and mother of the world, and their attendants? They began to indulge in sport and dalliance, and every day some new pleasure. Thus a length of time was passed and the six-headed child (Kartikēya) was born, who vanquished in battle the demon Tāraka. His birth is sung by all the sacred books, and his deeds are known throughout the world.

Chānd 17.

All the world knows the story of the birth and the glory of Mahādeva's
 His be-let son,
 And this is the cause why as be-let I pass on the greenish deeds he
 hath done
 Man or mal, who shall tell, or sing tale and well, how Siva took Līlā to
 wife,
 Shall be happily well, and, with blessings be-let, live as ever all the
 days of his life

Dohā 111.

The amorous doings of Girijā and her beloved are an ocean-like depth that not even the Veda can sound; how then can an ignorant clown such as Tolsi Dās succeed in describing them?

Chāupdi 101.

When the sainted Bharadvāja had heard all this pleasant and delectable history of Samba's doings, he was delighted and longed to hear yet more. With overflowing eyes and every limb thrilling, he was so mastered by love that his tongue could not utter a word. On seeing his condition the great sage was pleased,—“Blessed is thy birth, to whom Gauri's lord is dear as life. He who loves not Siva's lotus feet can never dream of pleasing Rāma: a guileless love for Siva's feet is the surest sign of faith in Rāma. For who is so faithful to Rāma as Siva, who for no fault thus left his wife Sati and made a vow, the pledge of unswerving fidelity? And whom does Rāma hold more dear than Siva?

Dohā 112.

I have begun by telling you of Siva's deeds, knowing well your secret, that you are a true servant of Rāma, without any variableness.

Chāupdi 103.

I understand your character and disposition; listen therefore while I proceed to recount Rāma's adventures. I

cannot say how glad I am at this meeting with you to-day. Though Rāma's deeds are beyond measure, and not a myriad serpent kings could tell them all, yet I repeat the tale as it has been revealed, after fixing my thoughts on the god with bow in hand, who is the lord of the queen of speech. For Sarasvatī is as it were but a puppet, and Rāma the manager who plays the hidden strings. When he finds a true believer, he graciously sets her to dance in the courtyard of the poet's fancy. To him, the merciful. Raghonāth, I bow before commencing the recital of his glory. Of all mountains the most beautiful was Kailās, since Siva and Umā had made it their home :—

Dohā 113.

Saints, hermits, ascetics, gods, *linnaraz*, sages, and all pious souls came there to dwell and adore Mahādeva, the root of all good.

Chaupdi 106.

But enemies of Hari and Hara, who had no love for virtue, could never even in a dream find their way to the place. On this mountain was an enormous *bar* tree, which no time nor season could rob of its beauty ; ever stirred by soft, cool, fragrant breezes and a shade from the hottest sun ; the *Vitap* tree famous in sacred song as Mahādeva's favourite haunt. Once on a time the lord had gone under it, and in an excess of delight spread with his own hands his tiger-skin on the ground and there sat at ease ; his body as fair in hue as the jasmine or the moon, his arms of great length, a hermit's cloth wrapt about his loins, his feet like lotus blossoms, and his toe-nails like gleams of light to dispel the darkness of faithful souls ; his face more splendid than the moon in autumn : and his decorations, serpents and streaks of ashes.

Dohā 114.

What his twisted coils of hair for a crown ; with the Gauges springing from his head ; with full-orbed eyes like the lotus, and with the crescent moon on his brow ; the dark-throated god shone forth in all his brilliancy.

Chaupdi 107.

So sat the enemy of Love, as it were Quietism embodied. Then Pārvati, who is the great mother Bhavānī, approached, seeing her time. In recognition of her love he received

most consciously and enthroned her on his left side. Youngly she sat beside him and recalled her former life; and reckoning on his augmented attachment she spoke in vain to bear the salutary tale,—“O lord of the world by lord Purāṇi, your greatness is known throughout all three worlds: things moving or motionless, serpents, men and gods, all do homage to your lotus feet.

Dohd 115.

You are the lord of all power and of all knowledge; the centre of art and science; the great storehouse of meditation, of wisdom and of asceticism; and your nama is as the tree of life to the afflicted.

Chaupdi 108.

If, O blissful being, I have found favour in your sight, and you knew me to be your own devoted slave, then, my lord, disperse my ignorance by reciting to me the story of Rāma. How can he who dwells beneath the tree of paradise know aught of sorrow that is born of want? Consider, O moon-crowned god, and relieve my mind of this perplexity. The saints, who preach salvation, declare that Rāma is the unrosted god; Seshaśāg. Sarasvatī, the Veda, the Purāṇas, all sing his praises; you too, night and day, great conqueror of Love, reverently repeat his name. Is this Rāma the son of the King of Avadh, or some other uncreated, passionless, invisible Being?

Dohd 116.

If a king's son, and so distressed by the loss of his wife, then how the Supreme God? When I compare his acts that I see with the eulogies that I hear, my mind is completely distracted.

Chaupdi 109.

Instruct me, my lord, with regard to him who is the passionless, all-pervading, omnipresent god. Be not wroth at my ignorance, but take steps to remove it. In the wood, though I was too awe-stricken to tell you, I beheld the majesty of Rāma, yet my mind was so dull that I did not understand, and I reaped a just reward. Again to-day I am in doubt, and with clasped hands I beg of you to compassionate me: be not angry, nor say you have been taught already; the past is past; my infatuation is gone, and I have a hearty longing to hear the sacred story of Rāma's virtuous

deeds Declare it, O glory of the serpent king, great lord of heaven.

Dohá 117.

Laying my head in the dust, I worship your feet, and with folded hands entreat you to tell me all Raghobar's excellent glory, as extracted from scripture and philosophy.

Chaupdi 110.

Though a woman is not entitled to initiation, yet I am in a special degree your servant ; further, the saints do not forbid mystic instruction to a woman in great distress, and it is in extreme distress that I call upon you, heavenly king, for an account of Râma. First, weigh well and declare to me the cause why the invisible Brahman assumed a visible body. Then, my lord, tell me of his incarnation and his pretty actions when a child, and how he wadded Jânakî, and for what fault he left his father's kingdom, and what he did when living in the woods, and how he slew Râvan, and how he amused himself when he recovered the throne ; tell me all about him, most amiable Sankara.

Dohá 118.

Then tell me, gracious lord, of his marvellous acts, and how with all his subjects the jewel of Raghu's line proceeded to his own abode.

Chaupdi 111.

Next tell me, my lord what it all means ; explaining to me in full detail what is the intelligence that so absorbs the wisest saints ; what is faith, and wisdom, and supreme knowledge and detachment from the world. Tell me also, O lord of purest understanding, the many other mysteries connected with Râma ; and if there be anything which I have omitted to ask, be kind enough not to suppress it. You, as the Vedas say, are the great teacher of the three worlds ; what can other poor creatures know ? " When Siva heard Umâ's winning and guileless speech he was glad ; the whole of Râma's acts thronged in upon his soul, his eyes were bedewed with tears and his very limbs thrilled with rapture ; for the vision of Râma filled his heart, and his ecstatic joy was beyond measure.

Dohá 119.

For a brief space Mahâdeva was lost in contemplation ; then recovered himself and began with great joy to tell the tale of Râma.

Chauḍi 112.

"Not to distinguish between the false and the true is like mistaking a rope for a snake ; while as a dream vanishes away on awaking, so is it with those who look well and make sure. I reverence the child Rāma, most easy of access to all who repeat his name. Come to me, O home of bliss and bane of woe, as when thou usedst to sport in Dasarath's courtyard." After thus paying homage to Rāma, Tripurāri began his mellifluous recital,—“ All blessings on thee, O daughter of the mountain-king, there is no such benefactor as thou art. Thou hast asked for Rāma's history as potent as the Ganges to sanctify the world ; and it is on the world's account that thou hast asked, being thyself full of love for Rāma's feet.

Dohā 120.

By the blessing of Rāma, O Pārvatī, not even in sleep can doubt, error, delusion, or distress enter into your mind ; this I know well :

Chauḍi 113.

But you have so ordered your certainty as to benefit all who speak or hear. For the ears that hear not Rāma's name are mere snake-holes ; the eyes that have not seen his true vision are like the false eyes in a peacock's tail ; the heads that have not bowed at the feet of Hari's priest are of no more worth than bitter pumpkins. They whose heart is not inspired with faith in Hari are mere animated corpses ; those who sing not his praises are like croaking frogs ; and hard and impenetrable as a thunderbolt is their breast who hear his deeds and take no delight in them. Listen O Girijā, to the deeds of Rāma, which are to gods a delight and to demons a delusion ?

Dohā 121.

Who is the good man that will not listen to the story of Rāma, which is like the heavenly cow, that fulfils every desire of the gods who tend it.

Chauḍi 121.

The story of Rāma is like a fair pair of cymbals to frighten away the birds of doubt, or like an axe at the root of the tree of sin ; listen reverently, O daughter of the mountain-king. How sweet is the name of Rāma, and his ways and his deeds ; his lives and his actions are declared by the

scriptures to be beyond number. And as there is no end to Rāma, so the legends about him and his glory are endless : yet, seeing the greatness of your love, I will attempt to tell them to the best of my ability and as the scriptures have revealed. Your inquiries, Uṃā, are most becoming and profitable, such as the saints approve, and I too am pleased to hear : but there was one thing I did not like, though you spoke under the influence of a delusion ; for you said,—‘ Is there some other Rāma whom the Vedas sing, and whom sages love to contemplate ? ’

Uṃā 122.

This is what is said by the vile wretches whom the demon of delusion has in his clutch : heretics, who are the enemies of Hari and know no difference between truth and falsehood.

Chauḍi 113.

Ignorant, unlearned and blind reproaches ; the mirror of whose mind is clouded by a film of sensuality ; lustful, treacherous and desperately perverse, who have never even in a dream attained to a vision of true faith. They utter doctrines repugnant to the Veda, with no understanding of loss or gain ; their glass is dim, their eyes are naught : how then can such hapless wights see the beauty of Rāma ? Unable to distinguish between the material and immaterial, they jabber many lying words, and under Hari's delusive influence go utterly astray in the world : for whom no words are too strong. Windy, devilish, drunken, they can utter nothing to the purpose, and are so intoxicated with a strong delusion that no one should give ear to their ravings.

Sorathā 10.

Being thus assured in your heart, discard all doubt and fall in adoration at Rāma's feet. Listen, O daughter of the mountain-king, and the sun of my words shall disperse all the mists from your soul.

Chauḍi 116.

There is no difference between the material and the immaterial : so declare saints and sages, the Veda and the Purāṇas. The formless, invisible and uncreated Immaterial, out of love for the faithful, becomes materialized. How can this be ? In the same way as water is crystallized into ice. But how can Ice be subject to sensual delusion whose very name is like the sun to disperse the darkness of error ? In

without feet¹, he hears without ears, and works in manifold ways, yet without hands. Without a mouth he enjoys all tastes, and without a voice is the aptest of speakers; he can see without eyes, touch without limbs, and without a nose catch every scent. His actions are thus in every way supernatural, and his greatness is utterly beyond description.

Dohā 125.

He whom Scripture and Philosophy have thus sung, and whom the saints love to contemplate; even the Lord God; he is the son of Dasarath, the beneficent King of Kosala.

Chaupāī 119.

By the power of his name I exalt to the regions of the blest any creature whom I see dying at Kāśī; he is the sovereign of all creation, animate and inanimate, my lord Raghubar, who reads all hearts. By repeating his name the most abandoned of sinners cancels the accumulated crimes of many previous existences; and by those who devoutly meditate upon him the ocean of life is as easily crossed as a puddle in the road. Rāma, O Bhavāni, is the Supreme Spirit, and the error to which you gave utterance on this point was most improper. Such doubt, when entertained in the heart, destroys knowledge, sobriety and every virtue." On hearing Siva's luminous exposition, the whole structure of heresy fell to pieces; her love and devotion to Raghupati grew strong, and her sore incredulity passed away.

Dohā 126.

Again and again, clasping her lord's lotus feet and suppliantly folding her hands, her whole soul overflowing with affection, Girijā thus spoke and said,—

Chaupāī 120.

"My grievous delusion, like the feverish heat of autumn, has yielded to the moon-like spell of your voice. In your compassion you have removed all my doubt, and I now understand the very Rāma. By my lord's mercy my distress is all gone, and I am made glad by his favour. Now regarding me as your own immediate servant, though I am but a poor ignorant woman, if I have really found grace

¹ None hath beheld him, none,
Seen above other gods and shapes of things.
Swift without feet and flying without wings.

—Srinabharā.

our sight, reply to those my former questions. If Râma the invisible and immortal God, without parts and passions, and whose temple is the heart, why did he take form of a man? Declare and explain this to me." On hearing Umâ's modest speech, and perceiving her sincere desire to be instructed in Râma's history,

Dohâ 127.

The all-wise Sankara, the destroyer of Kâmsdeva, was of heart, and with many words of praise was thus desirous to speak,—

Sorathâ 11—13.

"Listen, Bhavâni, while I recite in auspicious strains the Râm-charit-mânas, or pure lake of Râma's deeds, as of Bhusundi¹ declared it in the hearing of Garur, the king of birds. First I will relate the manner of their exalted converse, after which you shall hear of Râma's incarnation and his all-glorious and endless deeds. Hari's virtues and powers are infinite, and his history and his manifestation beyond number or measure; I tell them as best I can; listen, O fair dame, with respect.

Chaupâi 121.

"Listen, Girijâ, to the grateful tale of Hari's great and holy deeds as they have been recorded in the scriptures. The manner of Hari's incarnation is not to be dogmatically defined; to my mind, Bhavâni, Râma is beyond the grasp of intellect or soul, or speech; yet, as saints and sages, the Veda and Upanishads have partly and to the extent of their capacity discussed the matter, so I, fair dame, will now declare to you the cause as I understand it. Whenever virtue decays, evil spirits, waxing strong in pride, work iniquity that cannot be told, to the confusion of Brâhmanas, cows, gods, earth-itself, the compassionate Lord assumes some new form; relieves the distress of the faithful;

Dohâ 128.

He destroys the evil spirits; reinstates the gods; maintains the way of salvation; and diffuses the brightness of his

¹ Lâka-bhusundi, originally a Sudra of Ayodhya, was by virtue of his residence at that holy place and the intercession of a saint of Ujjain born again a Brâhman. His exclusive devotion to Râma could not suffer him to neglect the Rishi Lomas when he made Brahma the theme of his discourse. The sage was so annoyed that he changed him for a time into a crow. His story is told at length in Book VII.

glory throughout the world. Such are the motives of Rāma's incarnations.

Chaupdi 122.

Singing his glory, the saints escape the waves of life, and it is for their sake only that the Compassionate assumes a body. The causes of Rāma's incarnations have been many and various, each more wonderful than the other. I will relate now or two of his previous births, if, Bhavāni, you are prepared to give me your devout attention. Hari had once two loving door-keepers, the famous Jaya and Bijaya: both brothers, in consequence of a Brahman's curse, were born again in the form of the malignant demons Hiranya-kasipa and Hiranyāksha, who became celebrated throughout the world as the terrors of the pride of the king of heaven. Incarnate as a Boar, he triumphed in battle over the first illustrious hero and destroyed him, and again, in the Narsinh avatar, slew the second; the fame of the faithful Prahlād is widespread.

Dohā 129.

Then the evil spirits went and took birth as the bold and powerful warriors Kumbha-karn and Rāvan, who, as all the world knows, subdued even the gods.

Chaupdi 123

Though killed by the deity, they did not attain to salvation, for the Brahman had doomed them to three births. They then were once the cause why the cherisher of the faithful assumed a body, and at that time his parents Kasyapa and Aditi were incarnate as Dasarath and Kānsalya of glorious memory. Thus it was that in that age of the world he descended from heaven and wrought saving deeds on earth. In another age, seeing the gods distressed and waging ineffectual battle with Jalandhar, Sambho warred against him times without number, but could not subdue the valiant giant, for the exceeding virtue of his wife protected him against Pūracī's every attack.

Dohā 130.

By a stratagem the Lord broke her vow and affected the will of the gods. When she discovered the deception, then in her wrath she cursed him.

Chaupdi 124.

And Hari did according to her curse; for though the Lord God, he is full of playfulness and of mercy. So Jalandhar

as born as Rāvan, and being killed in battle by Rāma tained to high glory. This then was the cause of one birth and the reason why Rāma then assumed a human form. Each *avatār* has its legend, which the poets have sung in various ways and according to tradition. "On one occasion it was Śarad's curse that caused him to become incarnate." At this saying Girijā was astounded,— "Nārada is a wise saint and a story of Viṣṇu's: what was his reason for uttering a curse? What offence had Lakṣmī's lord committed? Tell me the whole story, Parāri; it is passing strange that a saint should be subject to passion."

Dohd 131.

Then answered Mahādeva with a smile,— "There is neither wise nor fool, man is ever such as Raghupati will have him to be."

Swatid 14.

Trising the glory of Rāma; listen devoutly, O Bharadvāja; and do thou, O Tulsī, put away the intoxication of pride and worship Raghunāth, the destroyer of death.

Charyadi 123.

In the Himalaya mountains is a very sacred cave close to the holy Ganges. Seeing this pure and delightful hermitage, the divine sage Nārada was greatly pleased; and as he gazed upon the beauty of the rocks and the forest glades he was filled with love to God, and as he thought upon that the curse was broken and his spotless soul fell all at once into a trance. When the king of heaven saw the sage's state he feared, and in terms of high respect addressed him thus to Kamadeva,— "Go, I beg, with your assistant," He then, the god of love, went very gladly, but in Indra's mind was great alarm, for he thought,— "The event would subvert me of my kingdom." All the world over, a gallant or a miser is as much afraid of interference as is a thorough sage.

1. 1. 4 132

Like a well-to-do king, on seeing a lion sent away he is not very much alarmed, for fear it should be taken from him, as was Indra to his phantom-son.

1. 1. 4 132

Chauṛī 126.

When Love reached the hermitage, his deceptive power created to false spring. All the trees broke out into many-coloured blossoms, there was a murmuring of cuckoos and a humming of bees. A delightful air, soft, cool and fragrant, sprung up, fanning the flame of desire; while Rambhā and the other heavenly nymphs, all well skilled in the art of love, began singing songs in every variety of measure and disporting themselves in the dance with waving hands. When Love saw himself so well supported, he was glad and again manifested his creative power in diverse ways; but his devices had no effect upon the saint; and guilty Love began to tremble for himself. Who dare trespass on his bounds who has the great Rāmāpati for a guardian?

Dohā 133.

In dire dismay both Kāmadeva and his accomplices confessed themselves defeated, and went and clasped the holy man's feet, addressing him in accents of the deepest humility.

Chauṛī 127.

There was no anger in Nārada's soul, who in friendly terms replied to Kāmadeva and reassured him. Then, bowing the head at his feet and accepting his commands, they both retired, the god and his companion; and repairing to Indra's court there related all their own doings and the saint's clemency. As they listened to the tale all were astonished, and bowing the head to Hari extolled the saint. Then went Nārada to Śiva, greatly proud of his victory over Love, and told him all Love's doings. In acknowledgment of his affection Mahadeva gave him good advice,—"O great saint, again and again I beg of you never to repeat to Hari this story that you have now told me; should it happen to be brought forward, keep it as dark as possible."

Dohā 134.

Good as the advice was, it did not please Nārada. O Bharadvāja, listen to the strange recital and see the strength of Hari's will.

Chauṛī 128.

What Rāma wills to have done is done, and there is no one who can alter it. As Śambhu's words did not please

the saint, he went straight to Brahmā's court, and, to the accompaniment of the famous lute that he had in his hand, sang right through the excellent song of Hari's praises. Then he passed on to the milky ocean, where abides Vishnu, the glory of revelation. The Lord ran to meet him in great joy, and side by side they sat together. Said the sovereign of the universe with a smile,—'Reverend sir, 'tis long since you last did me this honour.' Then Nārada declared all Love's doings, though Siva had beforehand cautioned him; the deceptive power of Raghupati is so strong that there is no man living who can resist it.

Dohd 135.

Then spoke the great god, with an austere look, but in flattering terms,—'Self-delusion and the intoxicating arrogance of love shall perish at the remembrance of your doings!'

Chaupdi 129.

Know, O saint, that infatuation prevails in a soul that is devoid of wisdom and self-control; but what pain can Love cause to one so steadfast in asceticism as yourself?'' Said Nārada in his pride,—'It is all your favour, my Lord.' The Compassionate saw into his heart and thought within himself,—'Pride like a huge tree has sprouted in his soul: I must at once tear it up by the roots; ever to relieve my servants is the vow that I have made. I will surely contrive some sportive device on behalf of the saint.' Then Nārada bowed his head at Hari's feet and took his leave, swelling with pride; while Vishnu gave orders to the spirit of delusion. Listen now to his strange contrivance.

Dohd 136.

He constructed on the road a city a hundred leagues in circumference, with everything more perfect than even in Vishnu's own capital,

Chaupdi 130.

And inhabited by such graceful men and women that you would take them all to be incarnations of Kāmadeva and

1 Siva's speech is so ambiguously worded that it really conveys a censure, while Nārada interprets it as a compliment. The hidden meaning is: Hereafter when you reflect upon this incident and all its consequences, you will take a lesson by it and be more humble, remembering your weakness; but the more obvious meaning of the words and that to which Nārada took them in: By meditating on your triumph over Love, other men will triumph too.

Reli. The king of the city, by name Sita-nidhi, had horses, elephants and troops beyond number; his royal pomp like that of a hundred Indras; himself a centre of power, policy and magnificence. His daughter Vira-mohani was so beautiful that even Lakshmi would be put to the blush and by Hari's deusive power was in every way so exquisite that no words could describe her. As the princess was selecting a husband, kings beyond number came as suitors. The saint, too, came to the fairy city and began making inquiries of the people. When he had heard all that was going on, he proceeded to the palace, where the king most respectfully gave him a seat,

Dohd 137.

And then brought his daughter for him to see, saying,—
'Tell me, good sir, after consideration, all that is good or bad about her.'

Chaupdi 131.

When Nárad saw her beauty, he forgot his vow of chastity and continued long gazing upon her. Her features quite fascinated him; yet he would not in words express his heart's delight. "Her bridegroom must be one of the immortals, invincible in battle, revered by all creation; such a one most Sita-nidhi's daughter wed." But, though he calculated her fortune thus correctly, he kept it to himself, and after saying something or other to the king, to the effect that his daughter would be of good fortune, he went away full of anxiety, considering,—"What scheme can I devise now, so as to make her marry me? No time is this for prayers or penance; good God, how am I to get the girl?"

Dohd 138.

I must on this occasion make myself exceedingly charming and beautiful, so that the princess may be pleased when she sees me and give me the wreath of victory.

Chaupdi 132.

I will ask Hari for the gift of beauty; in going to him there will be much delay; but I have no other such friend, and this is an opportunity for him to help me." So he offered up a fervent prayer and the merciful Lord appeared to him in a vision. The saint's eyes brightened at the sight and he rejoiced in heart, saying,—"My object will be accomplished." He then with the utmost humility told his tale,

and added,—“O, my Lord, be gracious and assist me. Bestow on me beauty equal to your own ; for in no other way can I get possession of her. Make haste to accomplish my success ; for lo, I am your slave.” When the Compassionate saw the mighty influence of the deception he had wrought, he smiled to himself :

Dohā 139.

“Hear, O Nārada ; I will assuredly bring about your highest good—that and naught else ; nor shall my words prove vain.

Chaupāī 133.

If a sick man in the weariness of disease ask for what will harm, mark me, holy ascetic, the physician will not grant it. In the same way will I act as is best for you.” So saying the Lord vanished. The saint was so demented by the power of the delusion that he did not understand Hari's hidden meaning, but hastened at once to the spot where the marriage arena had been prepared. The Rājās were seated rank upon rank, each with his retinue in grand attire. The saint thought joyfully within himself,—“My beauty is such that she will never leave me to wed another.” But the merciful God, the saint's true friend, had made him hideous beyond all description. Every one recognized him as Nārada and bowed the head, knowing nothing of what had taken place.

Dohā 140.

Now there were there two of Siva's attendants who knew the whole secret. Dressed like Brahmins, they seemed to be spectators of the show, walking here and there and looking about.

Chaupāī 134.

Both went and sat down in the same group with the saint so proud of his beauty ; and in their Brahmanical attire they attracted no notice. They say in jest so that Nārada might hear,—“Hari has given this man such excellent beauty that the princess will be charmed with his appearance and will certainly wed him, taking him for Hari himself.” The saint was so utterly subjugated by passion that Sambhar's servants could laugh and jeer as they liked, and though he heard their mockery, his intellect was too bewildered to understand it. No one perceived the transformation save

only the princess, who, on beholding him just as he was with his monkey face and deformed body, was quite disgusted at the sight,

Dohá 141.

And with her handmaids glided like a swan through the long line of kings with the wreath of victory in her lotus hands.

Chaupdi 135.

She would not let her eyes rest for a moment on the spot where Nárada was sitting in his pride. The saint in his society kept fidgetting about, and Siva's attendants smiled to see the state he was in. Then entered the Compassionate, in form as a king, and gladly the princess cast on him the garland. Thus Lakshmi's lord carried off the bride, to the despair of the assembled kings. The saint was much disturbed; in his infatuation his reason was quite gone, like a diamond dropt out of a hole in a bag. Then Siva's attendants said with a smile,—‘Get a glass and look at yourself’; and having so said both ran away in great alarm. The saint looked at his reflection in the water. When he saw himself, he was furious and cursed them with a grievous curse:

Dohá 142.

‘Go false and guilty pair, and take birth as demons of the night. Be this your reward for mocking me; mock again a saint, if you dare.’

Chaupdi 136.

Looking again in the water he saw himself in his proper form; yet still he was not content at heart, but his lip quivered with rage, and in haste he betook himself to Vishnu. ‘Shall I curse him or kill myself, seeing that he has made a mock of me throughout the world?’ On the way the conqueror of demons met him, and with him Ráma and the princess. With a smile and in gentle tones he said,—‘Where goes the saint, like one distracted?’ On hearing these words, his anger rose, and infatuation utterly mastered his reason,—“You never could bear to look upon another's prosperity; your envy and deceit are notorious; at the churning of the ocean you drove Siva mad and made the gods quaff the poisoned cup.

Chaupdi 139.

Siva's two followers saw him on the road rejoicing and in his right mind. In great alarm they drew near, and clasping his feet made their supplication: "O great saint we are not Brahmas, but servants of Mahādeva, and have reaped the fruit of our great sin: in your mercy remove the curse." Said the compassionate Nārād,—“You must both be born as demons of vast power, majesty and strength; but when you have subdued the universe by the might of your arm, Vishnu shall take upon him human form, and dying in battle at his hands you shall attain to salvation, nor ever be born again.” After bowing their head at his feet, both went their way and in due course were born as demons.

Dohd 146.

In one age this was the reason why the lord became incarnate, to gladden the gods, to comfort the saints, and to ease earth of its burdens.

Chaupdi 140.

Thus Hari's births and actions are many and various, but all of them glorious and beneficent. In every age he has manifested himself and wrought many excellent works; and on each occasion great saints have sung his acts in holy strains of choicest verse, relating marvellous histories of diverse kinds, which the wise hear without any amazement. For as Hari is without end, so are there endless verses about him, which are heard and repeated by scripture and the faithful. The delightful adventures of Rāmachandra could not all be sung in a myriad ages. This story that I have now told, Bhavānī shows how Hari's deceptive power can infatuate even saints and sages. He, the lord, is sportive, gracious to suppliants, accessible to his servants, and a remover of all sorrow.

Sorathd 15.

There is neither god, man, nor saint whom unreality has not infatuated. Reflect upon this and worship the great master of the unreal.

Chaupdi 141.

Hear, O daughter of the Himālay, a second reason, which I will proceed to relate at full length, why the uncreated, the passionless, the incomparable Brahm became King of Kosala. The lord, whom you saw roaming in the

forest with his brother in hermit's attire ; at whose doings, Bhavānī, you in Sati's form lost your sense, and still to this day have a touch of disease ; the recital of his adventures will heal all your sickness. All his sportive acts in that incarnation I am now about to tell as best I can." O Bharadvāja, on hearing Sankara thus speak, the modest and affectionate Umā smiled for joy, while her lord continued,—“ the cause of the incarnation.”

Dohd 147.

I am now about to explain (listen, great saint, with attention to the delightful story of Rāma, which can cleanse all the stains of the world and bring man to heaven).

Chauḍī 142.

Manu, the son of the self-existing, had to wife Satarūpa, and of them were born the whole human race ; even to this day the fame of their virtue and conjugal fidelity is celebrated in the scriptures. Their son was King Uttānspāda, who begot Hari's faithful client Dhruva. The younger son, by name Priya-vrata, is mentioned with praise both by the Vedas and Purāṇas. Their daughter, Devshuti, became the devoted wife of Saint Kardama, and in her womb the eternal Lord God, in his mercy and compassion, planted Kapila, the author of the Sāṅkhya philosophy, the divine exponent of the theory of entities. This Manu reigned a long while, keeping all God's commandments.

Sorathā 16.

But in a palace complete detachment from the senses is impracticable. Old age came upon him, and he thought with grief,—“ My life has been spent without any true devotion to Hari.”

Chauḍī 143.

Then perforce he resigned the throne to his son, and with his queen repaired to the forest, to Naimishā, famous among all holy places as specially sacred and liberal of success. Glad of heart. King Manu sought the spot where dwelt the company of saints and sages ; and as the resolute pair passed along the way they seemed incarnations of Wisdom and Faith. On reaching the bank of the Gomati, they bathed with delight in the clear stream ; and there the inspired saints and sages came to meet them, recognizing in the king a champion of religion. Devoutly they took them to visit

each different shrine, and with wasted body, clad in hermit's robes, they are ever in the assembly of the faithful listening to the Purāṇas.

Dohā 148.

Devotly repeating the twelve-lettered charm¹, and with their whole soul directed to the lotus feet of Vāsudevā.

Chaupāī 144.

Meditating on the Supreme Brahm, they live on leaves and fruits and roots. Then doing penance as before Hari, they gave up roots and fruits for water only. In heart an endless craving,—“O that we might see with our eyes the very God, without parts or passions; without beginning or end; whom the preachers of salvation contemplate; whom the Vedas define as the unutterable; the pure spirit, without attributes and beyond all comparison; as part of whom are produced in various forms the lords Sambhu, Brahmā, and Viṣṇu. Yet so great a god submits to his own servants, and for their sake assumes in sport a body. If this be true, as the scriptures have declared, our desire will of a surty be accomplished.”

Dohā 149.

In this way they spent six thousand years living only on water; and then seven thousand, living only on air.

Chaupāī 145.

For ten thousand years they gave up even this and remained both standing on one leg. Now Brahma, Hari and Hara saw this interminable penance and repeatedly came near to Manu and tempted him, saying,—‘Ask your boon’; but for all their persuasion he was too steadfast to move. Though his body was reduced to a skeleton, there was not the least pain in his soul. Then the omniscient lord knew that the king and queen were his servants and had this single object in practising such austerities. A solemn voice full of ambrosial grace sounded in the sky, saying: Ask, ask; a voice so blithe that it would wake the dead. As it dropped upon the ears of their soul, their bodies became again as comely and stout as if they had only that day left their home.

¹ The twelve-lettered charm is *Om Namo Bhagavate Vasudevaya*.

Dohd 150.

As the ambrosial voice rung in their ears, their body quivered and thrilled; and falling on the ground in an irrepressible transport of love Manu thus spoke,—

Chaupdi 146.

"Hearken, O thou that art as the tree of paradise or the sacred cow to thy servants; the dust on whose feet is ever worshipped by Brahmā, Hari and Hara; accessible to the faithful; bounteous of all good; protector of suppliants; lord of all creation; if, O friend of the friendless, I have found favour in thy sight, then in thy mercy grant me this boon: Let me with mine own eyes behold thee in that form in which thou dwellest in Siva's breast, which the saints desire to see; the swan in the lake of Rhusundi's soul; the sum and the negation of all attributes; the theme of the Veda: do me this grace, O thou that healest the woes of every suppliant." This gentle, submissive and affectionate speech of the wedded pair went to the heart of the generous and merciful god; and the sovereign of the universe manifested himself,

Dohd 151.

In hue as the lotus or the sapphires; dark as a rain-cloud; of such lustrous form that a myriad Loves could not be compared to it,

Chaupdi 147.

With a face perfect in beauty like the autumnal moon; with lovely cheeks and chin and dimpled neck, red lips and gleaming teeth, and a nose and smile more radiant than a moonbeam; eyes bright as a lotus bud and a glance to fascinate the heart; brows surpassing Love's bow; on the forehead a sectarian mark and glistening star; golden fish in his ears and a bright crown on his head; crisp curling hair like a swarm of bees; on his breast the Srivatsa jewel and a long wreath of sweet wild flowers, and jewelled adornments about his neck; a waist like a lion, a comely Brāhmanical thread, and exquisite clasps upon his arms, long and round as an elephant's trunk; with a quiver at his side and bow and arrow in his hand;

Dohd 152.

His yellow apparel more lustrous than the lightning; his body charmingly dimpled, and his navel like a bee hovering over the dark wave of the Jamunā;

Chaupdi 148.

His feet beautiful beyond description, lotus haunt of the bee-like souls of the saints. On his left side shines in equal glory the Primal Energy, queen of beauty, mother of the world ; of whose members are born countless Umás and Rámas and Bráhmanis, all alike perfect ; by the play of whose eyebrows a world flashes into existence, even Sítá, enthroned at Ráma's side. As Mann and Satarúpa beheld this vision of Hari in all his beauty, gazing fixedly with open eyes, they adored his incomparable magnificence, nor could be satiated with the sight. Overcome with delight and transported out of themselves, they fell flat on the ground, clasping his feet in their hands. But the gracious lord putting his lotus hand upon their heads quickly raised them up,

Dohá 153.

And again said,—“Be assured that you have found favour with me : ask whatever boon you will, the largest gift you can think of.”

Chaupdi 149.

On hearing the lord's words they clasped their hands in prayer, and taking courage thus spoke in timid accents, —“O lord, we have seen your lotus feet, and our every object has been accomplished. Yet one longing remains, and I know not whether to describe it as easy or difficult of attainment. It is easy, my master, for you to give ; not so far as my meanness is concerned, it is difficult. Like a beggar who has found the wishing-tree, but trembles to ask for too good fortune, not realizing its full power, so my heart is troubled by doubt. O my god, you read all hearts and know what I wish ; grant my desire.”—“O king, fear not, but ask of me ; there is nothing I would not give you.”

Dohá 154.

“O gracious lord, I will declare honestly the crowning boon ; for what concealment can there be ? I would have a son like you.”

Chaupdi 150.

On seeing his love and hearing his sincere words, said the Compassionate, “So be it.” “Where can I go to find your equal ?” “I myself, O king, will be born as your

son." Then seeing Satarûpa with her hands still clasped,—"O lady, ask whatever boon you please." "O my lord, the boon my husband has wisely asked is what I too should most desire. But it is great presumption; though in your clemency you have confirmed it. You are father of all the gods, the lord of the world, the supreme spirit, the omniscient; and therefore my mind doubts; and yet the Lord's words cannot fail. O my god, the bliss that is enjoyed and the future state that is attained by your own servants—

Dohâ 135.

In your mercy grant to me even that bliss, that state, that devotion, that love to your feet, that knowledge, and that existence."

Chaupai 151.

Hearing this modest and deeply touching petition, the Compassionate gently replied:—"Fear not; whatever your mind desires that I have granted. O mother, your supernatural wisdom by my favour shall never fail." Then again spoke Manu, bowing at his feet,—"I too have another petition, my lord. Is there any one who will not call me fool for devoting myself to your feet simply on account of a son? As a snake's hood without a jewel, or a fish without water, so is my life dependent upon you.' Begging this boon, he remained clasping his feet till the All-merciful said,—"Be it so: now, as I order, go and dwell at Indra's capital.

Sorathâ 18.

There, father, enjoy yourself freely; and again, when some time has passed, be born as the King of Avadh, and I will be your son.

Chaurâi 152.

Voluntarily assuming human guise, I will manifest myself in your house, father, and, with every element of my divinity incarnate will do great deeds for the consolation of my people. Blessed are they who listen reverently; quitting the vain conceits of self they shall pass over the ocean of life. Even the Primal Energy, by whom the visible world was created, that self-same shadow of me here present, shall also become incarnate. I will accomplish your desire; true is my promise, true, ay, I true." Again and again thus saying, the compassionate lord vanished

out of sight, and the wedded pair, full of faith in the All-merciful, stayed for a while at the hermitage, and then, when their time was come, passed painlessly out of the body and took up their abode in Amaravati, the city of the immortals.

Dohā 156.

Such was the pious legend which Siva related to Umā. Harken now, O Bhāradvāja, to yet another motive for Rāma's incarnation.

Chaupdi 153.

Listen, great saint, to the holy and hoary tale as it was repeated by Sambhu to Girijā. There is a world-famous country called Kekaya, and Satya-ketu was its king. A champion of religion; a storehouse of good policy; great in glory, magnificence, virtue and power. He had two gallant sons, staunch in fight, endowed with every good quality. The elder and the heir to the kingdom was named Pratāpabhānu, and the other Ari-mardan, of unequalled strength of arm and like a rock to stand the brunt of battle. The sympathy between brother and brother was perfect, and their mutual affection without either flaw or disguise. To the elder son the king resigned the realm, and withdrew into the wood to devote himself to religion.

Dohā 157.

When Pratāpabhānu became king, proclamation was made throughout all the land: Under a sovereign so skilled in sacred lore not a speck of sin will be allowed anywhere.

Chaupdi 154.

The prime minister, Dharma-ruchi, a second Sakra², was as devoted to the king as he was wise. With a prudent counsellor, valiant kinsmen, himself a glorious leader in war, with a countless host of horse and foot, and chariots and elephants, and fighting men beyond number, all eager for the fray, the king might well rejoice as he inspected his army 'mid the clash of tumultuous music.

¹ I read this couplet as follows: *Bādhā ādikh param bādā, aśāś. dāh-ādhā-vijāśa prāś*: the preultimate or table of nouns being lengthened *metri gratia*. Such a license is of frequent occurrence, but in this particular instance it appears to have troubled the copyists, who have made various substitutions all more or less injurious to the sense.

² The regent of the planet Sukra (Venus) is the preceptor of the Daityas, or Titans.

ing selected an auspicious day, he marched forth
 a special force, bent on universal conquest. In all his
 erous battles, wherever they took place, the pride of
 s was abased; all the seven continents were reduced
 ne might of his arm, and their princes escaped only
 yment of tribute. At that time Pratápabhānu became
 ole monarch of the whole round world.

Dohā 158.

aving thus subdued the universe by the might of his
 he re-entered his capital and devoted himself in turn
 siness, duty, love and religion.

Chauṛī 155.

he grateful earth, invigorated by Pratápabhānu's
 became a very Kāmadhenu, and all his subjects, both
 and women, happy and free from all annoy, grew in
 e and beauty. The minister Dharma-ruchi, devoted
 nt of Hari, lovingly instructed his lord in state policy ;
 id the king ever fail in due reverence either to his
 al teacher, or the gods, or the saints, or his departed
 ors, or the Brāhmins. All the duties which are
 ed upon kings in the Veda he carefully and gladly
 med; every day he made large offerings and heard
 riptures read, both the Veda and the Purāṇas; and
 nstructed many baths and wells and tanks, flower
 ne and beautiful orchards, handsome monasteries
 mples, and also restored every ancient shrine.

Dohā 159.

r every single sacrifice enjoined in the scriptures or
 rāṇas the king in his zeal performed a thousand.

Chauṛī 156

his heart there was no aiming after advantage, but
 as his supreme knowledge and intelligence that he
 ed to God the whole merit of all his thoughts, words,
 ions. One day he mounted his gallant steed and
 with his retinue equipt for the chase, into a dense
 of the Vinthyaśāli mountains and killed many deer.
 As he ranged the wood, he spied a wild boar, show-
 d the foliage like fisher with the moon in his clutch;
 too large to be contained in his mouth, though his
 ll not suffer him to entirely devour it. The
 as bear with its splendid tusks, as I have described

them, and its vast limbs of immeasurable bulk, growled when he heard the tramp of the horse: it, too, at the sight started and pricked up its ears.

Dohd 160.

On seeing the huge boar, resembling some purple mountain-peak, the horse started aside, and it was only by much spurring and persuasion that the king could prevent it from breaking away.

Chaupdi 157.

When it saw the horse coming on with speed, the beast took to flight swift as the wind, keeping close to the ground as it went, and ever regarding the shaft which the king had at once fitted to his bow. Taking steady aim he let it fly; but the boar saved himself by his williness, and rushed on now well in sight, and now altogether hidden, while the king in much excitement follow closely on his track. At length it reached a dense thicket impenetrable by horse or elephant. Though alone in the wood and distressed by his exertions, still the king would not abandon the chase; till the boar seeing him so determined slunk away into a deep cave. When the king perceived that there was no getting near him, he was quite awl, and moreover he had lost his way in this hunt through so great a forest.

Dohd 161.

Hungry and thirsty and exhausted with fatigue the king and his horse kept searching in much distress for a stream or pond, and were half dead for want of water.

Chaupdi 158.

As he wandered through the forest, he spied a hermitage where dwelt a king in disguise of a holy man. He had been deploied of his kingdom by Pratāpabānu, and had left his army on the field of battle, knowing that his adversary's star was in the ascendant and his own in the decline. Too proud to meet the king, too much mortified to go home, nursing the rage in his heart, he like a beggar, though a prince, took up his abode in the wood in the garb of an anchorite. He at once recognized King Pratāpabānu as he drew near; but the latter was too tired to recognize him, and looking only at his dress took him to be a holy man, and alighting from his horse saluted him; he was, however, too astute to declare his name.

Dohd 162.

Seeing the king to be faint with thirst, he pointed out to him a fine pond, where he bathed and drank, both he and his horse, with much gladness.

Chaupdi 159.

All his weariness passed away and he was quite happy again. The hermit took him to his cell and, as the sun had now set, showed him where he might rest; but yet enquired of him in courteous tones,—“Who may you be, and why, thus young and beautiful, do you risk your life by roaming alone in the forest? You have all the marks of a great sovereign and at the sight of you I am quite moved.” “Know then, reverend sir, that I am the minister of King Pratāpābhānu; in pursuit of the chase I have lost my way, and by great good fortune have been brought into your presence. To get a sight of you was no easy matter, and I am satisfied that something good is about to befall me.” Said the hermit,—“My son, it is now dusk, and your city is seventy leagues away.

Dohd 163-4.

The night is dark, the forest dense, and the road not easy to find. Tarry then here for to-day and start to-morrow at dawn.” Says Tulsī—Fate is furthered in its own way; either you go to meet it, or itself comes and carries you off.

Chaupdi 160.

“Very well, my lord, I obey your command;” and on saying the king tied up his horse to a tree and came and sat down. With many flattering speeches he bowed at his feet, extolling his own good fortune, and at last in modest and winning terms put the question,—“Regarding you, my lord, as a father, I make bold and beg of you to look upon me as your son and servant and to declare to me your name.” Now the king did not recognize him, but he recognized the king, and was as false and crafty as the king was honest: moreover, being an enemy, and at the same time both a warrior by caste and of royal birth, he was bent on accomplishing his own ends, whether by fraud or by right. In his enmity he was grieved to see the king's prosperity, and his heart within him burned as with the fire of a furnace; but on hearing the prince's

simple words he controlled his resentment and was glad at heart,

Dohd 165.

And uttered yet another smooth but false and artful speech,
—"My name is now Bhikhári, a homeless beggar."

Chauḍi 161.

Said the king,—"Philosophers like you, with whom all self-consciousness has been extinguished, ever conceal their own personality, and are in every way blessed, though their outer garb be wretched. Therefore the saints proclaim aloud in men's ears that it is the poor whom Hari holds most dear. A poor and homeless beggar, such as you are, is an anxiety to Brabmá and Siva; at all events, I prostrate myself at your feet and beg of you to grant me your grace." When he saw the king's simple affection he waxed all the more confident, and won him over in every way, using words with a still greater show of friendliness,—"Hearken, O king, while I relate the truth of the matter. I have for a long time dwelt here,

Dohd 166.

And till now neither has any one come to me, nor have I spoken to any one; for worldly honour is like a fire, and penance a forest for it to consume."

Sorathd 19.

Says Tulsi:—Fools are deceived by fair appearances, but not wise men: though a peacock is fair to look upon and its voice is pleasant,¹ yet it devours the snake.

Chauḍi 162.

"Therefore I have retired in the world, and, save Hari, have no care whatever. The Lord knows everything without being told; so what is to be gained by conciliating the world? But you are so good and sensible that I cannot but love you in return for the faith and confidence you have placed in me; and if I were to send you away, my son, it would be a very grievous sin on my part." The more the

1 The quavering voice of a snake is to be heard pleasant to itself, but it may be so to others, also, as much as the singing of a bird. The following is

"*Snake's intention is to devour the serpent and bird
Yet heard its music where grows the snake
And only there grows the bird to be their mate*"

hermit talked of his detachment from the world, the more trustful grew the king; till at last the false anchorite, seeing him completely in his power, said,—“My name, brother, is Ektanu” (*one body*). The king bowed and asked further,—“Tell me, I pray, the meaning of this name, for surely I am your servant.”

Dohd 161.

“At the first dawn of creation my birth took place, and my name was Ektanu, for this reason that I have never taken any other body.

Chaupdi 163.

“Marvel not in your mind, my son; for nothing is too difficult for penance. By the power of penance the Creator created the world; by the power of penance Vishnu is the great redeemer; by the power of penance Siva works destruction; and to penance there is nothing in the world impossible.” The king, as he listened, was charmed, for he commenced relating old-world stories: many legends of pious deeds and holy lives; examples of asceticism and divine wisdom; tales of the birth, preservation, and destruction of the world, and innumerable other marvellous narratives. The king, as he listened, yielded completely to his influence, and proceeded to tell him his true name. Said the hermit,—“O king, I knew you; though you tried to practise a trick upon me, took it quite in good part.

Sorathd 20.

“Hear, O king; it is a political maxim that on some occasions a king should not declare his name; and when I observed your excellent sagacity I conceived a great affection for you.

Chaupdi 164.

“Your name is Pratâpabhânu, and your father is king Satyaketu. O sir, a spiritual man knows everything, there is no need of another’s telling. Ah, my son, when I beheld your natural goodness, your faith and trustfulness, and your knowledge of state-craft, there sprung up an affection for you in my soul, and I told you my own story as you asked me. Now I am well pleased with you; doubt not, but ask whatever you will.” On hearing these fair words the king was delighted, and clasping his feet entreated

him suppliantly,—“O merciful saint, by the sight of you the four objects of human desire have all come within my grasp. Yet, as I see my lord so gracious, I will ask an impossible boon and be happy for ever.

Dohā 168.

May I die of old age, free from bodily pain; may I never be conquered in battle: may earth rid of every foe be all under my sole sway, and may my empire last for a hundred ages.”

Chaupāī 165.

Said the anchorite,—“O king, so be it; there is, however, one difficulty; hear it. The age shall bow down before you, with the sole exception of the Brāhmins. By the virtue of penance a Brahman is ever powerful, and there is none who can deliver from his wrath. If you can reduce them to your will, Brahmā, Vishnu and Mahādeva will also be at your command. Not against a Brāhman might is of no avail: with both arms raised to heaven I tell you this solemn truth. Hearken, O king, if you escape a Brāhman's curse, your destruction shall never be.” On bearing his promise the king was glad,—“Then, my lord, my destruction will never be; by your favour, most gracious sir, I shall be prosperous for all time.”

Dohā 169.

“Amen,” said the false hermit, and added with crafty intent,—“If you let any one know of your losing your way and your meeting with me, that will not be my fault.

Chaupāī 166.

“For I warn you, sir, that it is most inexpedient to repeat the matter: if it come to a third pair of ears, I tell you true it will be your ruin. If you divulge this secret, or if a Brāhman curse you, you are undone, O Pratāpabāhu. When Hari and Hara are wroth, wretched man has no other way of escape.” “True, my lord,” said the king, clasping his feet; “who can deliver from the wrath of a Brāhman or a spiritual director? The guru can save from Brahmā's anger, but if the guru himself be wroth, there is none in the world that can save. If I do not follow your advice, I have not the slightest doubt that I shall perish; but my soul is disturbed by one fear; the curse of a Brāhman is something most terrible.

Dohd 170.

"Of your great goodness, tell me in what way I can win over the Bráhmans; for except you, my gracious lord I have no other friend."

Chaupdi 167.

"Hearken, O king, there are diverse expedients among men, but hard to put in practice and of doubtful issue. There is, however, one very simple plan, though even this involves a difficulty. Its contrivance depends upon me, and for me to go to your capital is out of the question; for in this day from the time I was born I have never entered house or village. If I do not go, it will be a misfortune for you; and thus I am in a dilemma." The king replied in gentle tones,—"It is, my lord, a maxim of scripture that the great show kindness to the small; thus mountains ever bear tiny grasses on their head; the fathomless ocean bears on its front the floating foam, and earth on its head bears the dust."

Dohd 171.

Thus saying and embracing his feet, the king cried,—
"Be gracious, O my lord, ever pitiful to the faithful in distress, and take this trouble on my behalf."

Chaupdi 168.

Perceiving that the king was altogether under his influence, the hermit, the arch-deceiver, said,—
"Hearken, O king; I tell you truly there is nothing in the world I cannot do, and as you show yourself in thought, word and action to be devoted to me, I will assuredly accomplish your object for you. The power of magical devices, penance and spells works only when secrecy is maintained. If, O king, I act as cook and serve, without any one knowing me, whoever tastes the food so prepared shall become amenable to your orders; and, further, any one who eats in their house will, I tell you, be in your power. Go now and carry out this scheme: make a vow for a whole year,

Dohd 172.

and every day entertain a new set of a hundred thousand Bráhmans with their families; while I, as long as the vow lasts, will provide the daily banquet.

Chaupdi 169.

"In this way, O king, there will be very little trouble, and all the Bráhmans will be in your power. They again will perform sacrificial services, and thus the gods, too, will be easily won over. And I will give you a sign. I will not come in this dress, but by my delusive power I will bring away your family priest, and by the virtue of penance will make him look like myself and keep him here for the year; while I in his form will manage everything for you. The night is far gone, so now take rest; on the third day we will meet again. While you are asleep I, by my penitential power, will convey you home, both you and your horse.

Dohá 173.

"I will then come in the form I have told you, and you will recognize me when I call you on one side and remind you of all this."

Chaupdi 170.

The king, as ordered, retired to his couch, while the arch-deceiver took his wonted seat. Deep sleep came upon the weary king; but what sleep for the other, distraught with care? Then came the demon Kálskein, who was the boar that had led the king astray, a great friend of the hermit king, and skilled in manifold ways of deceit. He had a hundred sons and ten brothers, unmatched in villainy, the torment of the gods; but they had all before this been killed in battle by the king, who saw the distress they had caused to the Bráhmans, saints and powers of heaven. The wretch, nursing this old quarrel, combined with the hermit king in devising a plot for the destruction of his enemy. The prince, overmastered by fate, knew nothing of it.

Dohá 174.

A powerful foe, even though surprised alone, is not to be lightly regarded; to this day Háhu, though he has nothing left but his head, is able to sunny both sun and moon.

Chaupdi 171.

When the hermit king saw his ally, he rose in great joy to meet him, and told his friend the whole story. The demon was glad and said,—“Hear, O king, I am ready to settle your enemy if you will take my advice. Free yourself of all anxiety and sleep quietly here; without

taking any medicine God has cured your complaint, I will sweep away the enemy, root and branch, and in four days will be back again." Having thus cheered the hermit king, the arch-deceiver went away in his wrath, and conveyed to the palace Pratāpabāhu still asleep, both him and his horse; the king he put to bed beside his queen, and the horse he tied up in the stall,

Dohā 175.

Again he carried off the king's family priest, and by supernatural power depriving him of his senses, kept him in a cave in the mountain,

Chauḍī 172.

While he himself assumed the priests form and went and lay down on his sumptuous couch. At daybreak the king woke and was astonished to find himself at home. Much impressed with the hermit's power, he rose and went out unperceived by the queen, and mounting his horse rode off the wood without any of the people in the city knowing it. When it was noon he returned, and in every house there was rejoicing, with music and singing. When he saw the family priest, he looked at him in amazement, remembering the work in hand. The three days seemed like an age, so absorbed was he in expectation of the false hermit's coming. When the appointed time had come, the priest took the king and told him the whole plot.

Dohā 176.

The king was delighted to recognize the guru, and was too infatuated to have any sense left, but at once sent and invited a hundred thousand Brāhmins with their families.

Chauḍī 173.

The priest superintended the cooking, and in accordance with sacred prescription concocted the six tastes in the four different ways¹, preparing a most seductive banquet, with sauces and condiments more than any one could count. After dressing a great variety of meat, the wretch introduced into the dish some pieces of a Brāhman's flesh. He then summoned all the Brāhmins to the feast and washed their

1 The six tastes are the sweet, *madhura*; sour, *amla*; salt, *lasana*; pungent, *kāṣa*; bitter, *tikta*, and astringent, *kaṣṭhika*. The four ways in which food can be taken are *bhakṣya*, by mastication; *śleṣya*, by deglutition; *śaṣya*, by sucking, and *leṣya*, by lapping.

feet and politely showed them to their places. But directly they began to touch the food, a voice came from heaven,—“Up, up, all ye Bráhmans and return to your homes; though the loss be great, yet taste not the food; there is Bráhma's flesh in the dish.” Up rose all the holy men, believing the heavenly voice; while the king, distracted and out of his senses, over-mastered by fate, could not utter a word.

Dohá 177.

Then cried the Bráhmans in their wrath, regardless of what must follow,—“O foolish king, take birth in demon's form yourself and all your family.

Chaupdi 174.

“O noble prince, you invited all this Bráhmanical company here simply to destroy us; God has preserved our honour, and it is you and your race who are undone. You shall perish in the midst of four days, nor shall there be one left to offer libations to your ghost.” When the king heard the curse he was terror-stricken. Again a voice came from heaven,—“The Bráhmans have uttered this curse without due consideration, the king has committed no crime.” All the Bráhmans were astounded when they heard the heavenly voice. The king hastened to the kitchen; there he found neither food nor Bráhmans cook, and he turned away in deep thought, declared the whole history to the Bráhmans, and in his terror and distress threw himself upon the ground.

Doh 178.

“Though you, O king are guiltless, what is fated fails not; the past is unalterable; a Bráhma's curse is a terrible thing.”

Chaupdi 175.

So saying, all the Bráhmans went their way. When the people of the city heard the news, they were much vexed and abused Fate, who had begun upon a swan and ended in making crow. The demon conveyed the family priest to the palace and told the hermit all the tidings. Then the wretch despatched letters in all directions; a host of princes came in with their troops, and with blast of trumpets beleagured the city. Day after day there were battles of various kinds; all his champions fell in fight, after doing valorously, and the king with his brother bit

the dust. Not one of Satyaketu's family escaped, for a Bráhmán's curse can never fail of accomplishment. Triumphant over their foe, the chiefs refounded the city, and then, crowned with victory, returned to their own states.

Dohá 179.

Hearken, Bharadvāja, whoever incurs the anger of heaven, for him a grain of dust becomes vast as Mount Meru, a father like the angel of death, and every rope a snake.

Chaupdi 176.

Hearken, reverend sir ; in due time this Rája, with his family, was born as a demon with ten heads and twenty arms, a formidable hero, by name Rávan. The king's younger brother, Ari-mardan, became the valiant Kumbha-karn, while the minister Dharmaruchi became his half-brother, the world-famous Vibhishan, the all-wise votary of Vishnu. As for the king's sons and servants, they were born a fierce demon crew ; wretches, taking various shapes at will : wicked, monstrous and devoid of knowledge ; merciless, injurious, criminal—a torment to all creation beyond what words can tell.

Dohá 180.

Though born in the incomparably pure and holy family of Pálatya,¹ yet on account of the Bráhmán's curse all were of hateful mind.

Chaupdi 177.

The three brothers practised manifold penitential observances, severe beyond all description ; the Creator drew nigh to witness them, and said,—“ Son, I am well pleased, ask a boon.” The Ten-headed suppliantly clasped his feet and cried,—“ Hear, O lord of earth : I would die at the hand of none save man or monkey.” Brahmá and I granted him his boon, saying,—“ So be it ; you have done great penance.” Then the lord went to Kumbha-karn, and was astonished at his appearance,—“ If this wretch is always eating, the whole world will be laid waste.” So he sent Sarasvatí to turn his head, and he asked for six months' slumber.

¹ The patriarch Pálatya was the father of Vinita ; and the latter, by three handmaidens, who had been given him by Kúser, begot (1) Rávan and Kumbha-karn, (2) Vibhishan, and (3) Khara and Surpa-nakhá.

Dohā 181.

Then he went to Vibhishan and said,—“Son, ask a boon : ” and he asked for perfect love of God.

Chaupdi 178.

After granting these boons Brahmā departed, and they went home rejoicing. Now Maya had a daughter by name Mandodari, of exceeding beauty, a jewel of womankind, whom her father brought and made over to Rāvan, and she became the demon's head-queen. Delighted at having obtained so good a wife, he next went and married his two brothers. In the middle of the ocean is a three peaked mountain, by Brahmā's contrivance most difficult of access. Here the dāmon Maya had constructed a vast palace of gold and jewels, more beautiful and charming than Bhogavati, the city of the serpent kings, or Indra's capital Amaravati, and called it Lankā, a name famous throughout the world.

Dohā 182—83.

The deep ocean was its moat, washing its four sides ; and its massive walls were of gold, set with jewels in a way that defies description. In every age the Demon King, whom Hari predestines, lives there with his army, as a mighty and puissant chief.

Chaupdi 179.

There had dwelt great demon warriors, but all had been slain in battle by the gods ; and now by Indra's commission it was occupied by a million guards of Kuber's. Rāvan happened to hear of this, and at once marshalled his army and went and besieged the place. When the Yakshas saw the vast host of fierce warriors, they all fled for their lives. Thereupon Rāvan inspected the whole of the city, and was so highly pleased with it that all his trouble was forgotten. Seeing that it was not only a beautiful, but also a naturally impregnable, site, he fixed the capital there, and assigning quarters to his followers according to their several deserts, made them all quite happy. Upon one occasion he sallied forth against Kuber, and carried away his chariot of flowers as a trophy.

Dohā 184.

Again, from mere lightness of heart, he went and overthrew Kailās, and after thus testing the prowess of his men of war, waxed yet more jubilant than before.

Chaupdi 180.

His happiness and prosperity, the number of his sons, his army and his allies, his conquests, his might and his superior wisdom, all grew day by day more and more, in the same way as avarice grows with gain. Thus, too, his brother, the stalwart Kumbha-karn, was a champion without a match in the world. After drinking his fill he slept for six months, and at his waking the three worlds trembled. If he had taken a meal every day the whole world would soon have been stripped bare : so unspeakably staunch in fight was he that no other hero could be compared to him. His eldest son was Meghnád, who held the first place among the world's champions ; before whom none could stand in the battle ; who was ever harassing the city of heaven.

Dohd 185.

And many other demons were there, each by himself able to subdue the whole world, such as the hideous Kemukh, the danutless Akampan, Kulisa-radd with teeth like thunderbolts the fiery Dhumra-ketu, and the huge Atikáya ;

Chaupdi 181.

Taking form at will, skilled in every kind of fraud, without ever a thought of piety or pity. One day the Ten-headed was seated in court and reviewed his innumerable retainers, sons and grandsons, friends and servants, troops of demons, more than any one could count. On seeing the host, he swelled with pride, and in fierce tones said,—“ Hearken, all ye demon troops, the host of heaven are my enemies, nor dare to stand up in open fight, but flee away at the sight of my great army. There is one way of effecting their death, which I will declare ; now listen to it. Go ye and put a stop to all feasting of Bráhmans, to every sacrifice, oblation and funeral rite ;

Dohd 186.

The forthwith the faint and hungry gods will come out to meet me, and whether I slay them or let them go, they will be equally in my power.”

Chaupdi 182.

Again he called for Meghnád and exhorted him to yet greater courage and resentment,—“ The strong and warlike gods, who venture to confront you, you must vanquish and bring here in chains.” Up rose the son to perform his

father's commands. In this manner he ordered all, and himself sallied forth, club in hand. As he marched the earth shook, the heaven thundered, and pains of premature labour overtook the pregnant spouses of the gods. The gods themselves, on hearing of Rávan's wrathful approach, sought the caves of Mount Meru. As he approached in turn each of the eight quarters of the globe, he found it deserted by its guardian. Again and again he shouted the challenge to battle and vehemently scoffed at the gods, and mad with lust of blood traversed the whole universe in search of a foeman, nor could anywhere discover one.

An interpolation.

When Nárad met him, he said with a smile,—“Saint, where are the gods? show them to me.” Nárad was not pleased to hear of his villainy, and forthwith sent him to White Island. When he crossed the ocean and arrived on the other side, he saw a company of women, and said to them,—“Go tell your husbands that the king of the demons is here; then I will conquer them in battle and take you away to my own home.” On hearing this speech an ancient dame waxed wroth and ran and seized him by the feet and threw him up into the air; then after going a long way scorching and clawing, she gave him a good shake and pitched him with great violence into the middle of the sea.

Dohd 187.

Senseless, but by the Bráhma's blessing still alive, he sank down into hell; then with a roar sprang up again all unhurt, with a soul unmoved either by joy or sorrow.

Chaupdi 183.

After taking and pillaging the Nága's capital, the enemy of heaven passed on to Bál's realm. When the Dwarf heard of Rávan's coming and how he had scoffed at Nárad the gods' teacher, the lord infused his own strength into all the children playing in the streets, who ran and seized him and brought him into the town, while every man and woman in the place flocked to see the sight,—“Where on earth can heaven have brought such a creature from, with its twenty arms and ten heads?” Though the guards bound him and vexed him sore, he would rather die than tell his name; in the Dwarf's presence he was much confounded, and the Merciful then had him set at liberty. Off at once rushed the demon king without the least shame or hesitation.

Dohd 188—189.

Shameless, pitiless, and ever bent on mischief, the ten-headed miscreant thought to conquer Rāma. Harken, Bhāradvāja ; if God is wroth with a man, his diamonds turn to bits of glass that are not worth a cowry.

Chaupdi 184.

Whoso ever he found a stray god or Brāhman he brightened him into payment of ransom, and this is the way he went on day and night, the black-hearted ruffian. Then haste he came to Pampapur, the seat of the monkey-king Bāli, and beheld the beautiful lake that would charm the soul even of the greatest saint, where the monkey-king was absorbed in contemplation. He smiled to see the Ten-headed, and Rāvan shouted in a fury,—“ You wretched senseless, hypocritical ape, I no sooner heard your name than I came at once ; have done with your cowardice and meet me in battle.

Dohd 190.

Unless you can vanquish me in combat your meditation are vain,” said the demon king, gnashing his 320 teeth.

Chaupdi 185.

Said Bāli,—“ Away, I want no fighting ; be wise and take your ten heads home. Your valour, friend, is undisputed, for I hear of your victories all over the world.” But Bāli's reiterated advice had not the slightest effect ; and at last the monkey king sprang up in a rage and seized Rāvan and nipped him tight under his arms, and then forgot all about him for the space of ten months. One day as he raised his hands to offer a libation to the sun, Rāvan slipped out of his clutches and ran away. Next he went, being still without either shame or scruple, to where the thousand-armed Sahasrabhuj was sporting in the water.

Dohd 191.

Ocean was troubled at Rāvan's might : the court began to sick, and Sahasrabhuj cried in a rage,—“ What rival of mine is here to-day ? ”

Chaupdi 186.

Then he went and saw where Rāvan stood, by whose giant arms the water was agitated. Potent in artifice as in strength of limb, he with a loud cry seized the king of

Lankā and kept him tied up for some days in his stable—a sight of wonder for his wives. He was ashamed to tell his name, though the wise king was ever asking, and Rāmbhā and her companions danced about him and set a lighted torch to each of his ten heads. Then suiot Polastya came and set him free. Next he went and got cursed by Nala.

Dohā 192.

On the road he spied a most incomparably beautiful damsel, with sandal-wood and flowers and leaves in her hand, going to worship Tripurāri.

Chaupdi 187.

Urrasi was abashed at seeing him, but Rāvan addressed her in gentle tones,—‘Who are you lady, and where are you going?’ She was too much overcome with modesty to give him an answer. Being mad with lust, he took no heed, but seized her by the hand, though she was the wife of Kuber’s son. When he recognized her, there came upon him remorse and repentance for the evil deed, and much troubled at heart the king of Lankā returned to his capital. Urrasi went sadly to Alaka and told Nala-Kūvera. In great wrath he uttered this curse,—‘May the race of Rāvan perish.’ The curse went to Lankā where Rāvan was seated, and stood before him. He trembled with dismay at the sight.

Dohā 193.

Submitting to the curse, he thought within himself that he had never taken any tribute from the monks; so in a fury,

Chaupdi 188.

He sent four messengers to a holy man’s hermitage, who on seeing them forgot all about the Supreme Spirit and asked them of their welfare, saying,—‘Tell me, is all well with Lankā’s king?’ ‘Reverend sir, all is well with him, and he wants your tribute-money.’ On hearing this speech he was much alarmed, and forgetful of his vow began to think within himself,—‘It is ill going empty-handed to a court where justice is not, and where a pack of villaines are banded together.’ So he gave them a jar, which he had filled with blood taken from his own body,

1 Rāvan and Kuber were both sons, by different mothers, of one father, Visravas, and Urrasi was thus Rāvan’s niece by marriage. Hence in violating her he had been guilty not only of adultery but also of incest.

and made it over to the messengers, saying, —" Go tell the king,

Dohā 191.

If the jar is opened, death will come upon you and your family." The messengers in haste took the jar to the king's court at Lankā.

Chaupdi 189.

Rāvan was pleased at the sight of the jar, and the Messengers then told him what the saint had said. On hearing the curse his heart burned within him, and he said,— "Take the jar away to the north and carefully put it in the ground where no one can find it." They took it to Janak's dominions and there buried it in a field. There Jaak, preparing for a sacrifice, was driving a golden plough; the offspring of the saint's blood sprang up out of the furrow and was carried off by Garur. Her blessed name was at first Jānaki, but Nārad afterwards came and directed that it should be Sita", and explained all the circumstances as above related. The great saint then left; the messengers also returned to Lankā, and Lankā's lord, though worried in four places, still greatly troubled the gods.

(Here ends the interpolation).

The sun and moon; the wind; Varuna and Kuyar; fire, time and death, and every divine power; Kinnars, saints, men, gods and serpents, all were turned out of their course. From one end of earth to the other every living creature, whether male or female, was made subject to Rāvan. All in turn do his bidding and crouch suppliantly at his feet.

Dohā 195—196.

By his mighty arm he subdued the whole universe and left not a single soul independent, but acting on his own counsel exercised dominion over the whole round world. And many were the lovely dames he wadded after conquest, daughters of gods and Yakshas and Gandharvas and men and Kinnars and Nāgas.

Chaupdi 190.

Whatever he told Indrajit to do was done in less time than it took to tell; hear now how the other chiefs acted to whom he gave orders. The whole demon crew, villainous at heart and foul of aspect, the torment of heaven, were

1 The word *Sita* meaning 'a furrow.'

ready for any outrage, disguising themselves by the assumption of various forms and acting in every way contrary to the Veda, in order to eradicate religion. Wherever they find a cow or a Brâhman, they at once set fire to the city, town or village; pious observances are no longer anywhere in existence; no respect is paid either to scripture, or Brâhman, or spiritual instructor; there is no faith in Hari, no sacrifice, no prayer, nor alms-giving, and no one would ever dream of listening either to Veda or Purâna.

Chhand 18.

At a hint of prayer or of penance, of sacrifice, vigil or fast,
Not a moment's rest, but he hied on its quest, with a
vow it should be the last.

The world was sunk in lawlessness; all holy sounds
were banned;

To read a sacred text was death, or exile from the land,

Sorathâ 21.

The fearful oppression that the demons wrought is
beyond description: bent on mischief, there was no limit to
their evil-doing.

Chauyâdi 191.

The wicked all thrived; such as thieves and gamblers,
and those who coveted their neighbour's wife or goods, those
who honoured neither father and mother nor the gods, and
those who exacted service of better men than themselves.
For people who act in this way, Bhavâni, resemble demons.
Seeing the general persecution of religion, earth was terror-
stricken and dismayed,—'the weight of mountains, lakes
and seas is nothing so heavy as this one tyrant.' She saw
all faith perverted, and yet for fear of Râven could say
nothing. After some consideration she took the form of a
cow and went to the spot where the gods and saints were
gathered together, and with tears declared to them her
distress. There was no help to be had from any one of
them.

Chhand 19.

Gods and saints and heavenly minstrels, flocked they all
to Brâhman's throne;

With them Earth, a horned heifer, making sad and
piteous moan.

Pondered Brahmá in his wisdom,—'All vain is help
of mine,

But a lord immortal is thy Lord, be he my help and thine.'

Sorathá 22.

"Take courage, Earth," said Brahmá, "and remember
Hari; the Lord knows the distress of his servants, and
will put an end to this cruel oppression."

Chaupdi 192.

All the gods sat in counsel,—“Where can we find the
Lord and make our cry to him? Said one,—‘We must go to
Vaikunth’; said another,—‘His home is in the ocean. Nay,
this is the way of the Lord, he is ever manifest to a faithful
and loving soul.’ Now, Girijá, I too was in the assembly
and took occasion to say briefly,—“Hari is omnipresent
everywhere alike, but, as I well know, is revealed by love.
Tell me any place, time or quarter of the heaven where the
Lord is not. Present in all creation, animate or inanimate,
passionless and unbiased, he is revealed like fire by love.”
My words were approved by all, and Brahmá exclaimed,—
‘Well said, well said.’

Dohá 197.

The Creator was glad at heart and thrilled with delight,
while his eyes filled with tears, and clasping his immortal
hands he thus composedly and deliberately chanted his
praises:

Chhand 20—21.

“To the King of heaven be all glory given, refuge of
creation in distress and care,

Priests and kine befriending, hell’s brief triumph end-
ing, best beloved of Lakshmi, Ocean’s daughter fair.

Heaven and earth’s upholder, who, than all men bolder,
dares to scan the secret of thy strange mysterious
way?

Ever kind and loving, humble souls approving, may
thy gracious favour reach now to me, I pray.

Spirit all-pervading, fleshly sense evading, hail Minkond
immortal, lord of blissfulness supreme,

Ever pure and holy, whom the Queen of Folly has no
power to tangle in her world-deluding dream.

Glory, glory, glory theme of endless story, song by
 saints and sages in an ecstasy of love,
 Daily, nightly gazing on the sight amazing, source of
 every blessing, Hari, lord of heaven above.
 Triune incarnation, who at earth's creation, wert alone
 presiding, and other aid was none ;
 Though in prayer unable, and my faith unstable, O great
 sin-destroyer, hear our hapless moan.
 Life's alarms dispelling, all disasters quelling comfort of
 the faithful, be our succour now ;
 All the gods implore thee, falling low before thee, with
 unfeigned submission of body, soul and vow.
 Lord God Bhagavāna, Ved and eke Purāna, Śāradā and
 Śeshnāg, and all the saintly throng,
 Find the theme too spacious, only know thee gracious ;
 Hasten then to help us in our hour of wrong.
 In all grace excelling, Beauty's chosen dwelling, ark on
 life's dark ocean, home of all most sweet,
 Gods and saints and sages, now this tempest rages, fly in
 consternation to clasp thy lotus feet."

Dohā 198.

Beholding the alarm of the gods and Earth, and hearing
 this devout speech, a dread voice came from heaven that
 removed all their doubt and anxiety, —

Chaupdi 193.

" Fear not, Indra and ye saints and sages ; for your sake
 I am about to assume the form of a man, with every element
 of my divinity incarnate in the glorious Solar race. For the
 severe penance practiced by Kaśyapa and Aditi I granted
 them the full boon they asked. In the form of Dasarath and
 Kausalyā they shall take royal birth in the city of Kosalā.
 In their house shall become incarnate the four brothers, the
 pride of the family of Raghu. I will fulfil all that Nārada
 predicted, by myself descending from heaven with my
 eternal spouse, and will remove the whole of earth's burden.
 On hearing the heavenly voice in the air the gods turned
 and were consoled, and Brahmā exhorted Mother Earth
 who forgot her fears in hopefulness.

Dohd 193

Then Brahmā proceeded to his own realm after thus instructing the gods,—“Go and worship Hari upon earth in form as monkeys.”

Chaupdi 194.

The gods went every one to his own abode, and with Earth had rest. All the orders that Brahmā had given they executed gladly and without delay. Taking birth on earth as monkeys of incomparable strength and dignity, warriors with rocks and trees and claws for weapons, they confidently awaited Hari's coming, swarming in every mountain and forest and divided among themselves into orderly troops. I have told you of their noble acts, and now you must hear of what was doing meanwhile elsewhere. The king of Avadh was named Dasarath, the jewel of the line of Raghu, well skilled in the Vedas, virtuous and wise, a defender of the faith, a sincere votary of Vishnu.

Dohd 200.

Kaushalyā and his other loving queens were all of holy life, faithful and affectionate to their lord, and full of humble devotion to Hari's lotus feet.

Chaupdi 195.

One day the king was told that he had no son, and going in haste to his guru's abode fell at his feet with many entreaties and told him all his joys and sorrows. Vasishtha in reply comforted him in every way,—“Take courage, you will have four sons, who will be famous throughout the three worlds and rid the faithful of all their fears.” Then Vasishtha summoned Saint Sriegl to perform a sacrifice for the birth of a son. The saint devoutly offered the oblation, and the fire-god appeared with the offering in his hand and cried in gracious tones,—“I am pleased more than I can say; whatever Vasishtha has imagined in his heart is all granted for your good. Take this oblation, O king, and divide it to each proportion as is proper.

Dohd 201.

Then the fire-god vanished after telling them all of all that had to be done. The king was transported with ecstasy and could not contain himself for joy.

Chaupdi 196.

He at once sent for his loving wives, and Kausalyá and the others came. To Kausalyá he gave a half share, and of the remaining half he made two portions, one of which he offered to Kaikeyi; what remained he again divided into two, which he placed in the hands of Kausalyá and Kaikeyi, and they gave them to Sumitrá, to her great delight. In this manner all the queens became pregnant, and they grew glad of heart with exceeding joy. From the day that Hari was conceived in their womb the whole world was fulfilled with happiness and prosperity, and the queens shone resplendent in the palace, full of beauty, virtue and glory. Some little time was thus happily spent, till the day arrived for the Lord to be revealed.

Dohá 202.

Auspicious was the conjunction of the planets in an auspicious house; auspicious the moment; auspicious the day of the week and of the month; and full of delight was all creation, animate and inanimate, when Ráma, father of delights, was born.

Chaupdi 197.

On the ninth day of the sweet and holy month of Chait; in the bright lunar fortnight; under Abhijit, his favourite constellation; on a seasonable day neither hot nor cold, a holy time of rest for all; with soft, cool, fragrant breezes blowing; midst the delight of gods and heartfelt rapture of the saints; while the woods were full of blossoms as the hills with gems, and every river flowed a stream of nectar. When the Creator saw the time so fit, all the gods had their chariots equipped and came forth. The bright heaven was crowded with the host of them; troops of Gandharvas chanted heroic lays; flowers were rained down by handfals; the sky resounded with the beat of kettle-drums; serpents, saints and gods hymned his praises, and each in his own fashion tendered him service.

Dohá 203.

Thus weekly did all the gods return to their several abodes when the Lord was revealed, who is the abode of the world, and in whom all the world finds rest.

Chhand 24—27.

From Kausalýá's blessed womb the great god at last has
come, in response to a lost world's plaint,

And she gazes with what joy on the face of her dear b
that would rapture the soul of a saint.

A vision of delight, with his eyes so large and brig
and this body as a cloud dark and grand,

By the garland on his breast and his four arms confe
Kharári, with a weapon in each hand.

With fingers locked in prayer she cries,—“How may
dare, O lord god immortal, thy boundless praise to tel

Far above the world's confusion and reason's vain intri
sion, whom all the scriptures witness incomprehensible

Whom saints and holy sages have hymned through all th
ages, the fountain compassion, the source of ever
grace,

Who aye with Lakshmi reignest, thou, even thou, now
deignest to be my son and succour thy sore-tried chosen
race,

Though we know by revelation, heaven and earth and all
creation, in each hair upon thy body may be found,

In my arms thou sweetly drestest, O mystery supremest,
far beyond the comprehension of a sage the most pro
found.”

Smiled the lord at her devotion and would fain have set
in motion the magic that dazzles the crowd,

Telling all he had done and the triumphs he had won
that his mother of her son might be proud.

But hurriedly she cried,—“My soul is terrified by these
marvels, disperse them from my sight;

Let me see thee as a child, disporting free and wild, for
in this is my greatest delight.”

She spoke and he obeyed, and at once in fashion made
us an infant began to cry.

Know that all who sing this lay, and in faith to Hari
pray, shall in peace rest for ever when they die.

Dohd 204.

For the sake of Bráhmans, cows and gods and saints ha

took birth as a man, in a body formed at his own will, he who is beyond all form, or quality, or perception of the senses,

Chauḍi 198.

On hearing the delightful sound of a baby's cries, all the queens came greatly agitated; their glad handmaids ran hither and thither and all the people of the city were drowned in joy. When Dasarath knew he had a son born, his joy was like that of the blest in heaven; with his soul full of love and his body quivering with delight he sought to rise, but could not till he had collected himself,—“The lord, whose very name it is bliss to hear, has come to my house.” Thus rejoicing at heart the king sent for minstrels to play, and next summoned the *guru* Vasiṣṭha, who came to the court with a train of Brāhmanes. He went and gazed upon the peerless babe, but its beauty and grace were beyond words to tell.

Dohā 205.

Then after performing the *Nāndi-mukh Sṛaddhā*¹ he completed every caste observance, and the king made offerings to the Brāhmanes of gold, cows, plates and jewels.

Chauḍi 199.

The city was full of flags and banners and festal wreaths arranged in a manner that defies description. Showers of flowers from heaven and every soul was rapt in bliss. There was a concourse of troops of women who had come running in their ordinary dress just as they were at the time, with golden vases and salvera laden with things of good omen, singing as they entered the king's court. After passing their offerings round and round over the child's head, they strew them on the ground, and again and again throw themselves at his feet, while bards and minstrels, singing men and choristers chant the solemn praises of Raghunāth. Every one made an offering of all that he had, and no one kept what was given him; while musk, sandal and saffron were thrown about in such profusion that the streets were muddy with perfumes.

¹ The *Nāndi-mukh Sṛaddhā* is a commemorative offering to the Manes preliminary to any joyous occasion, such as initiation, marriage, &c., in which nine balls of meat are offered to the deceased father, grandfather, and great-grandfather; to the maternal grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great grandfather, and to the mother, paternal grandmother, and paternal great-grandmother. — *Max Müller*.

Dohā 206.

In every house there was music and the jubilant shout,—
 "fountain of joy has been revealed;" and all the men and
 women in the city were rejoicing everywhere.

Chauri 200.

Both Kaikeyi and Sumitra too gave birth to a lovely
 boy. At that time the joy, the suspiciousness, and the
 crowds were more than Sarasvati or the serpent king could
 describe. The city of Ayodhā was as resplendent as it were
 Night going to meet her lord. The sun, smothered at the
 vision, faded into twilight, where the dusky clouds of in-
 cense were shot through with red gleams of *aloe*: the piles
 of jewels in the temples were like stars, and the golden
 pinnacle of the palace as the gracious moon, while the
 murmuring sound of the muttered Veda in the house was
 like the evening song of garrulous birds. Gazing upon the
 spectacle the sun forgot himself, and a whole month passed
 without his knowing it.

Dohā 207.

The day was a month long, but the marvel was noticed
 of none—while the sun in his chariot stood still at gaze,
 how could there be any night?

There was not one who observed the strange event, and
 at least the sun set still chanting Rāma's praises. The gods,
 saints and Nāgas too, who had witnessed the spectacle,
 returned home, congratulating themselves on their good for-
 tune. I will even tell you of a deception I practised myself;
 Ilekhen, Girijā, for I know your steadfast faith. Kāka-
 bhāsudi and I were there together in human form, without
 any one knowing it. Full of rapture, love and delight, we
 roamed about the streets in ecstatic unconsciousness. Only
 one on whom rests the mercy of Rāma can attain to the
 knowledge of these acts of ours. At that time the king
 granted every one his heart's desire, whatever it might
 be that he had come for, bestowing on them elephants,
 carriages, horses, gold, cows, jewels and all sorts of apparel.

Dohā 208.

All were satisfied from their very heart and invoked
 blessings upon him, saying,—'May all the boys live long,'
 those lords of Tulsi Dās.

Chaupdi 202.

In this manner some days were spent, without any one taking thought of noon or night, till the king, knowing the time had come for naming the children, sent and called the wise seer, and after reverently greeting him thus spoke,—“Holy father, be pleased to declare the names open which you have secretly determined.” “Their names are many and wonderful; I will tell them, O king, to the best of my ability. The store-house of delights, the ocean of joy, by whose spray three worlds are gladdened, the very home of bliss, the Comforter of the universe, has for his name RAMA (‘delight’). The hearer and supporter of the world is named Bharat (‘the supporter’), while he whose very thought brings victory over the foe is celebrated in the Veda by his name Satrugna (‘destroyer of enemies’).”

Dohá 209.

For the auspicious, the beloved of Râma, the stay of the whole world, was reserved by Saint Vasishta the noble name of Lakshman (‘of auspicious appearance’).

Chaupdi 203.

After naming them the saint pondered in heart and said,—“O king, your four sons are the very Veda itself; the saint’s treasure; the believer’s all in all; the darling of Siva, who is delighted with their childish sports.” Even from his earliest days Lakshman knew his dear lord and devoted himself to Râma; while the affection of the two other brothers, Bharat and Satrugna, grew also as between master and servant. In both couples one was dark, the other fair; and their mother, as she gazed upon their loveliness, would break a blade of grass to avert the evil eye. Though all four were full of amiability, beauty and intellect, yet Râma was a higher joy; his kindness of heart was like the bright moon, which manifested itself in the radiance of a most winning smile; while now in the cradle, and now on her lap his mother fondled him and called him her own dear darling.

Doh 210.

The omnipresent god, who has neither passion nor quality, nor sensation of pleasure, and who is from everlasting, lay a babe in Kausalya’s arms, overcome by devout affection.

Chaupdi 204.

With all the beauty of a myriad loves ; dark of hue as the lotus or a heavy rain-cloud ; the glistening nails on his rosy feet like clustered pearls on the leaves of the lily ; the print of the thunderbolt, the flag and the elephant-goad distinctly to be seen ; the tinkling of his anklets enough to charm a saint ; with girdled waist and dimpled body and deep navel, such as no one could believe who had not seen ; with long arms covered with many jewels and lovely set of tiger's claws upon his breast ; with necklace of gems and sparkling amulet, and soul-ravishing print of the Bráhma's feet¹ with shell-marked neck and exquisite chin, and a face flushed with the beauty of all the loves ; with well-matched teeth and ruddy lips and nose and forehead-mark beyond description ; with beautiful ears and charming cheeks and lisping prattle most delightful to hear ; with eyes dark and full as the lotus, and heavy brows and a fair pendant on his forehead ; with lustrous curling hair that his mother was ever delighting to stroke ; with his body clothed in little yellow drawers, crawling on knees and hands upon the ground ; neither scripture nor Sashnág could do justice to his beauty, nor without a vision could any one imagine it.

Dohá 211.

The all-blissful god, who is above the reach of delusion and transcends all intellect, speech and perception of the senses, became subject to the strong love of his parents and sported like an innocent babe.

Chaupdi 205.

In this way Ráma, the father of the universe, showed himself the delight of the people of Kosala ; and they who love their god, O Bhaváni, show themselves like his earthly

¹ Ráma is here identified with Vishnu, of whom the following legend is told in the *Bhāgavat Purāna* :—The patriarch Bhrigu, being in doubt which of the three gods, Brahmā, Vishnu or Shiva, was the greatest, determined to put the matter to the test. He first went to Brahmā and entered his court without making any obeisance, an affront at which the god showed himself exceedingly indignant. He then went to Shiva and, treating him with alike want of respect, excited a yet more furious storm of passion. Lastly he went to Vaikunth, where finding Vishnu asleep in the embraces of his spouse Lakshmi, he struck him roughly on the breast with his foot to awaken him. The god started up, but seeing the saint, at once prostrated himself before him, and took and gently rubbed his foot with his hands, hoping it had not been hurt by striking against him. Thus Bhrigu learnt that in mercy and magnanimity, the highest attributes of the godhead, there was no other power that could be compared to Vishnu.

113

parents. But his enemies, though they struggle for ever, will never extricate themselves from the bonds of existence. The delusive power that has subdued all life, whether in animate or inanimate creation, trembles before the Lord, who with the play of his eyebrows forces it to dance like a puppet. If we leave such a Lord, whom else can we supplicate? Neither in thought, word nor deed be overwise; god is merciful only to those who pray. Thus the Lord sported us a child, to the delight of all the people of the city; and now his mother would take and dandle him in her arms, and now put him down and rock him in his cradle.

Dohd 212.

So lost in love that day and night succeeded one another unobserved, while in her fondness for her boy she kept singing to him nursery songs.

Chaurdi 206.

One day his mother, after washing and dressing him, put him to sleep in his cradle, and prepared an offering for presentation to her patron divinity. When the service was over and she had made her oblation, she returned to the place where she had dressed the food; but when she came there she beheld Rāma in the act of eating. In a great fright she ran to the nursery and there found the child again sleeping; but coming back once more she still saw the boy. Then she trembled and was much disturbed in mind, for she saw two children, one here and one there and was utterly bewildered; saying,—‘Are my senses at fault, or is this a miracle?’ When Rāma saw his mother’s distress, he broke out into a merry laugh.

Uchida 213.

And exhibited to her his whole marvellous form ; with a myriad worlds gleaming on each individual hair of his body ;

Chaupdi 207.

With unnumbered suns and moons, Sivas and Brahmā ;
with many mountains, rivers, oceans, lands and forests ;
with time, fate, merit, demerit nature and every power
there manifested, even though unknown by name. When
she beheld the awful vision she keo, with
hands, clasped in prayer ; for al ife which
Māya sets in motion and tho e. With

quivering body and speechless mouth she closed her eyes and bowed her head at his feet. Seeing his mother thus overpowered with amazement, Rāma again assumed the form of a child. But her terror felt her not, while she hymned his praises, saying,—‘I have regarded the great father as my own offspring.’ Again and again Hari exhorted his mother,—‘See my mother, that you tell this to no one ;’

Dohā 214.

And as often did Kausalyā meekly reply with clasped hands,—‘See you too, my lord, that the delusive power of yours never again visits me,’

Chaupdi 208.

Hari indulged in every kind of childish amusement, to the great delight of his attendants ; and after a little time all the brothers grew to be big boys, gladdening every one about them. Then the guru came to perform the tonsure and again the Brāhmanas received large offerings. The four lads ran about and divert themselves in all sorts of pretty ways ; and the lord, whose thoughts, works and acts transcend every human sense, plays in Dasarath’s court-yard. If the king when at dinner called him, he would not leave his playmates and come, till Kausalyā herself went for him, when he would toddle along with her as fast as he could. He whom the scripture declares to be incomprehensible, of whom Siva could find no end, is picked up by his mother and carried off in a pet, and his father with a smile takes him in his lap, though grimy all over with dust.

Dohā 215.

Quickly glancing here and there during the meal, as soon as he got a chance, he would run away with a scream of delight, stuffing his mouth full of rice and curds.

Chaupdi 209.

His pretty innocent childish sports have been sung by Sarasvatī Seshnāg Sambhu and the Vedas, and he whose soul does not warm to them has been brought into the world by God to no purpose. When the brothers were all grown up, the guru and their father and mother invested them with the sacred thread, and Rāma went to his guru’s house to study. In a short time he mastered all knowledge. The four Vedas are but the breath of his mouth, and for him to

study was a joke indeed. When they were proficient in scholarship and politeness and morality they began to practise all princely sports. With bow and arrow in hand they showed so fair that all creation was ravished at the sight, and as the brothers passed along the road every man and woman stopt to gaze at them.

Dohd 216.

Rāma was gracious to all ; and not a soul in Kosala, man or woman, young or old, but held him dearer than life.

Chaupdi 210.

Taking his brother with him as a companion, he would go to the forest to hunt ; there selecting for death the noblest game, he every day brought and showed it to the king ; and each beast, slain by his shaft, after death went straight to heaven. Taking his meals in company with his younger brother, ever obedient to his parents' commands, the gracious god omitted nothing that could please the people. He gave his mind to hear the Vedas and Purāṇas and then himself taught his brother. Rising at break of day, he first saluted his parents and the priest, and then, after obtaining their sanction, busied himself with work in the city. The king was glad of heart when he saw his mode of life.

Dohd 217.

The all-pervading, indivisible, passionless, eternal God, who is without attributes, or name, or form, performs many wonders for the sake of his faithful people.

Chaupdi 211.

I have now sung all these his doings ; hearken attentively to the remainder of my story. The great and wise saint Visvamitra had chosen a fair hermitage in the forest, where he gave himself up to prayer, sacrifice and meditation. The demons Maricha and Snāhu, on beholding the preparations for sacrifice, feared greatly and hastened to disturb them. The piously son of Gāndhī was pained and full of thought,— ' There is no killing these accursed demons without Hari.' Then he reflected,— " The Lord has become incarnate to relieve earth of its burdens. I have now an excuse for going to visit him and after entreaty made will bring back with me the two brothers. Now I will feast my eyes with the sight of him who is the abode of all knowledge, piety and goodness."

Dohd 218.

His manifold longing brooked no delay on the road, and after bathing in the stream of the Sarju he proceeded to the king's court.

Chaupdi 212.

When the Itijr heard of the saint's arrival, he went to meet him with a retinue of Brāhmans, and prostrating himself reverently on the ground before him took and seated him on his own throne : then lav'd his feet and offered him religious honours, saying,—“ There is no one so blest as I am to day ; and had various kinds of food prepared for him. The great saint was highly pleased. Next, the king brought his four sons into the presence. On seeing Rāma the saint forgot his detachment from the world and was enraptured with his lovely face as is the *chakor* with the full moon. Then said the glad king,—“ Reverend sir, this favour is unparalleled ; what is the cause of your coming ? Tell me, and I will not delay to accomplish it.” “ There is a crew of demons that trouble me, and I am come to you, O king, with a request. Let me have Raghonāth and his brothers ; the demons' death is all I desire.

Dohd 219.

Give them, O king, gh'dly, without any selfish folly ; for you it will be a meritorious and honourable act, and it will also turn out well for them.”

Chaupdi 213.

When the king heard this cruel request, his heart beat fast and all the brightness of his face grew dim,—“ In my old age I have begotten four sons ; O sir, you have spoken without consideration. Ask of me land, cattle, goods and treasure, and I will gladly give you all I have, at once. Nothing is dearer than the life of the body ; but even that I would give in a minute. All my sons are dear to me as my own soul and, O sir, I cannot spare you Rāma. What is this pretty little boy of mine against a fierce and terrible demon ? ” On hearing the king's word so fraught with love, the wise saint was glad of heart. Then Vasishtha much exhorted him, and the king's doubts were dispelled. Obediently he sent for the two boys and pressed them to his heart and fervently exclaimed,—“ My two boys are my very life ; but you, holy sir, are now their only father.”

Dohā 200.

The king consigned the boys to the saints, again and again blessing them. Then they went to their mother's apartment and bowed the head at her feet.

Sorathā 93.

Glad to relieve the saint of his alarm, the two lion-hearted heroes set forth, oceans of compassion, resolute of purpose, the whole world's champions.

Chaupdi 214.

Bright-eyed, broad-chested, long of arm, dark of hue as the lotus or the tamāl tree : with quiver at side pendent from a yellow sash, and in either hand arrows and a comely bow, so marched the two brothers, one dark, the other fair, the treasures that Visramitra had acquired,—“ I recognize the lord god Brāhmanya-deva¹ in the child who thus on my account has left his own father.” So thought the saint ; and as he went he pointed out Tārakā, who on hearing his voice rushed up in a fury. With a single arrow Hari took her life, but recognizing her submission gave her a place in his own heaven. Then the saint knew he had found his lord, but yet instructed him, the all-wise. As they travelled they felt neither hunger nor thirst ; such their incomparable strength of body and glorious vigour.

Dohā 122

After taking the Lord to his own hermitage, he made over to him every kind of weapon, and gave him herbs and roots and fruit to eat, knowing him to be ever gracious to men of holy life.

Chaupdi 215.

At daybreak Raghurāi said to him,—“ Go and make ready the sacrifice, and fear not.” The brotherhood began preparing the oblation, while he remained to guard the sacrificial fire. On hearing of this, the demon Mārīcha rushed up in a fury with his army to disturb the saint. Rāma smote him with a headless shaft, and he fell a hundred leagues the other side of ocean. Then he slew Subāhu with an arrow of fire, while his brother routed the whole demon host. When they had thus slain the demons and restored peace to the Brāhmins, the whole company of gods and

¹ Brāhmanya-deva is one of the epithets of Vishnu.

saints began to hymn their praise. There Itaghorai then stayed a few days and showed kindness to the hermit, who devoutly repeated to him many legends of the Purāṇas, though he knew them all before. Then the saint respectfully informed him, — "There is a sight, my lord, which is worth your going to see." When Itaghnāth heard of the order of the low, he gladly accompanied the noble sage. On the way he spied a hermitage without bird, deer, or any living creature near it, and observing a remarkable stone inquirer of the saint about it, who in reply gave him the whole history.

Dohd 222.

"Gantama's wife was by a curse turned into a hard rock, and is now longing for the dust of your lotus feet: O Itaghnāth, show mercy upon her."

Chhand 28-31.

At the touch so sweet of his hallowed feet, she awoke from
her long onrest,

And meekly adored her sovereign lord, awaiting his high
behest.

With speechless tongue, limbs all unstrung, and eyes that
streamed with tears,

She fell at his feet in rapture meet, for blest above all
her peers.

Then holder grown by the favour shown with a faith that
himself had given,

She dared to raise her hymn of praise,— "Great Spirit,
high lord of heaven,

Save me, O save, thy succour I crave, holy god, sinful
wretch though I be,

Rāvan's conquering foe, joy of all else below who toil
upon life's troubled sea.

Though the saint cursed me sore in the ill days of yore,
now I hold it a blessing most sweet,

For my own eyes have seen my Redeemer, and I ween
Siva only my rapture could mete.

Witless and weak, one only boon I seek; as the bee within
the lotus loves to stay,

May my soul upon thy feet, O my god, I thee entreat,
dwell in rapture never ending night and day:

Holy fect, the adoration of the lord of all creation, and source of the stream divine,

Which on Siva's head descended, this day have condescended to rest and on this vile head of mine."

Thus full of jubilestinn, with oft-renewed prostration, did Gautama's long lost bride,

With the boon she most had craved, thus graciously vouchsafed, return to her husband's side.

Dohá 223.

Thus the benevolent lord Hari is compassionate beyond our deserts, Worship him, says poor Tulsi Dás, and cease from all wrangling and hypocrisy.

Chaupái 216.

Râma and Lakshman accompanied the saint to the world-purifying Ganges. Both the lord and his younger brother reverently saluted it, and Râma was delighted beyond measure, as the son of Gédhi told him, the legend how the heavenly stream had come down upon earth. Then the Lord and the hermits performed their ablutions and the Brâhmanas received manifold gifts. The hermits' champion went on his way rejoicing, and quickly, drew near to the capital of Videha. When Râma beheld the beauty of the city, he and his brother were delighted at the many ponds and wells and rivers and streams, with water of ambrosial purity and jewelled flights of steps; where the hum of bees, drunk with nectar, made a delicious sound and birds of all kinds were softly cooing; as the lilies expanded their many-coloured petals, and a cool, soft, fragrant breeze was ever delightful.

Dohá 224.

On all four sides the city was bright with flower-gardens, orchards and groves, the haunt of innumerable birds and full of fruit and flowers and verdure.

Chaupái 217.

The beauty of the city is not to be told; wherever one went there was something to charm the soul. Handsome bazárs and gorgeous balconies all studded with jewels, as though the Creator had fashioned them with his own hand; thriving bankers and traders, very Kuvers of wealth, settling with all their various goods displayed; fine squares and beautiful streets, that were constantly sprinkled with fragrant waters; magnificent temples to all the gods, as bright as

if they had been painted by Kámadéva himself; all the people of the city, both men and women, prosperous, well-dressed, virtuous, pious, intelligent and accomplished. But Jansak's palace was such a masterpiece that the gods tired themselves with looking at it, and the mind was quite overcome by the sight of the Fort, for it seemed to have appropriated to itself all that was most beautiful in the world.

Dohá 225.

With glistening white walls and doors of gold with gem set in different devices, the exquisite mansion where Siu lived was far too lovely for words to describe.

Chaupáí 218.

All the city gates were most massive with panels of adamant, and were thronged with princes and their retinues of mimists, bards and heralds. The vast and well-built stables were at all hours of the day crowded with horses, elephants and chariots: and the ministers, generals and warriors all had residence in the same style as the king. Outside the city, by pool and stream, the multitudinous princes had pitched their different camps. On seeing a fine mango grove, a most agreeable and convenient spot, the descendant of Kusika exclaimed,—“This is just what I like, let us stay here, Raghuvár.” “Very well my lord,” answered the gracious god; and there they alighted with all their hermit train. When the king of Mithilá heard the news that the great saint Visvamitra was come—

Dohá 226.

Taking with him his ministers and many gallant fighting men and noble Bráhmaas and the chief of his kinsmen,¹ in this fashion the king went forth rejoicing to meet the prince of sages.

Chaupáí 219.

Bowing to the ground, he made obeisance, and the saint gladly gave him his blessing. Then the king respectfully saluted all the hermit train and congratulated himself on his good fortune. After making many inquiries as to his health and welfare, Visvamitra led the king to a seat, and at that very time arrived the two brothers who had gone to see the garden, one dark, the other fair, in

¹ The word is rendered, ‘the chief of his kinsmen,’ may also be taken to mean ‘his guru (‘Náráyaṇa’) and his kinsmen.’

childhood's tender bloom, the joy of all beholder's ravishing, the senses of the whole world. When Raghupati came, all rose and Visvamitra seated him by his side. All were charmed at the sight of the two brothers; their eyes filled with tears and their body thrilled with rapture, and the king especially was beside himself with joy¹ on beholding their sweet and lovely appearance.

Dohā 227.

Though feeling himself overpowered with love, the king discreetly restrained himself, and bowing his head at the saint's feet, said in suppressed accents choking with emotion—

Chaupāī 220.

"Tell me, my lord, who are these two lovely children. Are they the glory of a saintly family, or the bulwarks of a kingly line? or are they the twofold manifestation² of the Supreme Spirit, whom scripture declares to be unalterable. My mind, ordinarily free from worldly attachment, wearies itself with gazing upon them, as the *chakor* in gazing upon the moon. Therefore, sir, I beg you to tell me the truth and to conceal nothing. My love grows with looking, and my soul perforce is withdrawn from divine contemplation." Said the saint with a smile,— "You have spoken well, O king; your word is always true; there is not a living creature that does not love these boys." Rāma smiled to himself on hearing this. "They are the sons of Dasarath, the glory of the line of Raghu, and the king has sent them to help me.

Dohā 228.

Rāma and Lakshman by name, these two brothers, as strong as they are good and beautiful, with their companions, protected my sacrifice and vanquished all the demons in battle."

Chaupāī 221.

Said the king,— "O saint, when I behold your feet I cannot tell how richly I am rewarded for any former good deeds. And these pretty twins have conferred a happiness

1 This line, *Bhagavān Vidēha vidēha bāhukē*, contains a play upon words which cannot be preserved in a translation—a literal rendering would be: particular Vidēha (i. e., Janak, the king of Vidēha) became really vidēha (i. e., without a body).

2 The two manifestations are *nirguṇ* and *saguṇ*, the bodiless and the embodied.

upon you, the supremely happy. Their innocent mutual affection is indescribable in words ; a delight to the inmost soul. Hear me, sir, cried the king in his rapture, it is like the natural union between the universal soul and the soul of man." Again and again the king gazed upon the Lord with quivering body and heart bursting with emotion. Then with courteous phrase and bowed head he escorted the saint to the city and there assigned him apartments, which were bright and cheerful at all times of the day ; and finally, after further homage and proffers of service, the king took his leave and returned to the palace.

Dohd 229.

When Rāma and the hermita had taken food and rested a little, he went and sat down by his brother's side : now it still wanted an hour to sunset.

Chaupdi 222.

And Lakshman had at heart a great longing to go and see Janak's city ; but again, for fear of his brother and respect for the saint, he said nothing out loud, but was smiling to himself. Rāma understood what was passing in his mind and being ever considerate to his followers was glad and with a most modest and submissive smile, after begging permission of his *guru* to speak, said,—“Sir, Lakshman wishes to see the city, but out of respect for you is afraid to speak. If you will allow me, I will show him the place and quickly bring him back again.” The saint replied most affectionately,—“O Rāma how can you do aught but good the guardian of the bridge of religion, the loving benefactor of all faithful servants ?

Dohd 230.

Go, blessed pair of brothers, and see the city ; gladden the eyes of all the people by the sight of your beauty.”

Chaupdi 223.

After bowing at the saint's feet they went, these two brothers, the delight of the eyes of the whole world. When the children in the market-place saw their exceeding beauty their eyes and their very soul fastened greedily upon them. Clad in yellow apparel, with belt and quiver at their side with graceful bow and arrow in hand, a lovely pair, one dark, the other fair of hue, with sandalwood *tilak* to mark their complexion ; with lion-like waist and long arms, so erect adorned with strings of elephant pearls, with shapely

ears and joins eyes, and moonlike face to assuage the three kinds of pain ; with golden flowers for earrings, so beautiful as to steal the heart of every beholder ; with a bewitching glance and fair arched eyebrows, and a star on the forehead that seemed beauty's own stamp ;

Dohā 231.

With jaunty cap on comely head, with black curly locks the two brothers were all-beautiful from head to foot and exquisite in every part.

Chaupdi 224.

When the citizens heard that the princes were come to see the town, they all left their business and started off like beggars to pillage a treasury. When they beheld the easy grace of the two brothers they were glad indeed, and their eyes were rewarded. The maidens peeping from the windows of the houses at once fell in love with Rāma's beauty, and in smorous strain addressed one another,—“ They surpass in beauty a thousand loves : neither among gods, nor men, nor demons, nor serpents, nor deified animals has beauty such as theirs ever been heard of. As for Vishnu with his four arms, Brahmā with his four heads, and Parāvi with his five faces and wondrous attire, and all the other gods, there is not one in the whole universe whose beauty, my friend, can be compared to theirs.

Dohā 232.

Of tender age, the very home of beauty, equally lovely whether dark or fair, as though a myriad loves had been lavished on each individual limb of their body

Chaupdi 225.

Tell me, friend, is there any one in human form who would not be charmed at the sight of such beauty ? ” Said one in gentle loving tones,—“ Hear, my dear, what I have been told. This pretty pair of young cygnets are the two sons of King Dasarath. They have protected the sacrifice of Saint Viśvamitra and slain in battle the invincible demons. The lovely child with dark complexion and lotus eyes, who quelled the pride of Mārīcha and Subāha and bears the bow and arrows in his hand, is the sweet son of Kaushalyā, by name Rāma. The fair youth in gallant attire, who also has bow and arrows in hand and follows Rāma, is named Lakshman and is his younger brother. Sumitrā, you must know, is his mother.

Dohā 233.

After befriending the Brāhmins, and on the road setting free the sage's wife, the two brothers have come here to see the tournament." On hearing this all the ladies were delighted.

Chauṛī 226.

Said one, after regarding Rāma's beauty—"Here is bridegroom worthy of Jānaki. If the king does but see him he will abjure his vow and insist upon a marriage with them. Said another,—“The king knows who they are and he received both them and the saint, with all honour. He has not, however, gone back from his vow, but mastered by fate persists in his folly.” Said another,—“If God is good and is certain to reward every man according to his deserts, then here is the bridegroom Jānski will wed. About this, my dear, there can be no doubt. When such a union is brought about by destiny, every one will be satisfied. O friend, I am deeply moved by the thought that if this marriage takes place he will come again some time ;

Dohā 234.

Otherwise there is no chance of my seeing him ; it is only a long accumulation of merit in previous existences that is rewarded by such intercourse.”

Chauṛī 227.

Said another,—“Friend, you have spoken well ; this is a marriage that will please every one.” Said another,—“Siva's bow is hard to bend, and this dark lad is of delicate frame ; it is really a most unfair test.” Hearing this, another soft voiced maiden said,—“I have once and again heard say of them that though slight in appearance their strength is great. Touched by the dust of his lotus feet, the guilty Abalya attained salvation : and he will never rest till he has broken the bow ; this is a belief out of which I am no-how to be cheated. When the Creator fashioned Sita, he predestined for her this dark-complexioned bridegroom.” On hearing these words all were glad and softly exclaimed,—“May it indeed prove so.”

Dohā 235.

In their gladness of heart the bevy of fair-faced bright-eyed dames shower down flowers, and wherever the two brothers went there was all the joy of heaven.

Chaupāi 228.

Now they reached the eastern quarter of the city, where the lists had been prepared for the tournament. In the midst of a fair and spacious paved area a spotless altar had been gorgeously adorned, with a broad golden platform all around for the reception of the princes, and close behind another circular tier for the spectators, of somewhat greater height and elegantly decorated, where all the people of the city might come and sit. Close to this was another large and beautiful gallery of glistening white, painted in diverse colours, whence ladies might view the spectacles with due decorum, according to their family rank. The children politely show the two lords all the preparations, and with pleasant voice keep telling them what this is and that is; thus, in their affection, finding a pretext for frequently touching their lovely person: while they thrill all over with delight as again and again they gaze on the twin brothers.

Chaupāi 229.

When they perceived that Rāma was won by their devotion, they lovingly explain the different places, each according to his own fancy calling away the two brothers, who in their kindness are ever ready to come. Rāma shows Lakshman everything, still talking in light and merry tone: and he, in obedience to whose fiat Maya is a moment of time created the entire universe, out of compassion to his faithful people, feigns amazement at the sight of a tourney ground. When they had seen all the show, they returned to their guru in alarm at being so late: and he, by whose awe Terror itself is dismayed, thus manifests the transcendent virtue of devotion. With many kind and courteous phrases they reluctantly take leave of the children;

Dohā 237.

And meekly and submissively, with mingled awe and love, they bow the head at the guru's feet: nor sit down till they obtain his permission.

Chaupāi 230.

When it was dusk the saint gave the word, and all performed their evening devotions, and in the recital of sacred legends spent two watches of the solemn night. Then the saint retired to his couch, and the two brothers

began to shampoo his feet ; they whose lotus feet the holiest of men longing to behold practise all kinds of penance and meditation, even they, these two brothers, mastered by love, affectionately shampooed their master's lotus feet. At last when the saint had once ordered again and again, Rāma himself retired to rest, while Lakshman pressed his feet to his heart and reverently caressed them with emotions of exquisite delight. Again and again the Lord said,— 'Sleep my brother,' and at last he laid himself down, but with the divine feet still in his lap.

Dohā 238.

When the night was spent, at the first sound of cock-crow Lakshman arose ; and next, before the saint, woke the lord of the universe, the all-wise Rāma.

Chaupdi 231.

After performing all the customary acts of purification and going to bathe, they bowed before the guru, and by his permission went out to gather flowers, as befitted the time. As they went they spied a beautiful garden of the king's, where reigned perpetual Spring, planted with ornamental trees of every kind, and overhung with many coloured creepers, so rich in bud and fruit and flower that in its abundance it put to shame even the trees of paradise ; while the peacocks danced responsive to the music made by the feathered choir of *chātak*, *kōī* parrot and *chākor*. In the midst of the garden a lovely lake shone bright with jewelled steps of varied designed : its pure expanse gladdened with many-coloured lotuses and the cooing of water-birds and the hum of bees.

Dohā 239.

Both the lord and his brother were delighted at the sight of the lake and the garden. What a charming pleasure must that have been which pleased even Rāma.

Chaupdi 232.

After looking all about and asking leave of the gardeners they began in high glee to gather leaves and flowers. At that very time Sita too came there, having been sent by her mother to visit the shrine of Girijā. With her came all her young and lovely companions, singing glad songs. Now Girijā's shrine was close to the lake, beautiful beyond description, the delight of all beholders. When she and

her attendants had bathed in the pool, she approached the goddess with a glad heart and after adoration paid with much devotion begged of her a handsome and well-matched bridegroom. One of her attendant damsels, who had strayed away to look at the garden, chanced to see the two brothers and returned to Sita quite love-smitten.

Dohd 240.

When her companions observed what a state she was in, her body all in a tremble and her eyes full of tears, they asked in gentle tones,—‘Declare the cause of this rapture.’

Chaupdi 233.

“There have come to see the garden two princes of tender age and charming in every way; one dark of hue, the other fair, but how can I describe them? Voice is sightless and eyes are dumb.” All the damsels were delighted at her speech, and perceiving the intense longing in Sita’s bosom, one of them exclaimed,—“My dear, they must be the king’s sons, who, as I hear, arrived yesterday with the saint, who completely fascinated with their beauty and stole away the hearts of all the women in the city. Every one is talking of their loveliness; we really must see them; they are worth seeing.” These words were most grateful to Sita, whose eyes were restless with longing. With her kind friend to lead the way, she followed, nor did any one know that it was an old love.

Dohd 241.

Remembering Nérad’s words, she was filled with holy devotion, and anxiously turned her gaze on every side, like a startled fawn.

Chaupdi 234.

When he heard the sound of the golden bangles on her hands and feet, Râma thought within himself, and then said to Lakshman,—“Imagine Love triumphant over the whole world to be now sounding the kettledrum of victory.” So saying he again looked in that direction, and like the moon on the *chakor*, flashed Sita’s face upon his sight. His eyes became as immovably fixed as though Nimi, the winking god, had fled in confusion from his wonted post. Beholding her beauty he was enraptured; but his admiration was all within, and utterance failed him. As though the great Architect, after creating the world, had put before

it in visible form all the skill with which he had fashioned it ; or as if the Beautiful had been beautified into a temple of beauty and illuminated by a sudden flash of torchlight.— But all the similes of the poets are stale and hackneyed—where can I find any likeness to Janaki ;

Dohd 242.

Dwelling in heart on Sita's beauty and reflecting on I own good fortune, the pore-scented god thus addressed I brother in terms appropriate to the occasion,—

Chaurdi 235.

" Brother, this is the very daughter of king Janak in whom the tournament has been ordained. She has come with her attendants to worship Gauri, and a train of light marks her path through the garden. At the sight of her divine beauty, my ordinarily placid bosom is agitated—God alone knows the cause, but of a truth, brother, my luck side is throbbing as though for coming good fortune. I has always been a mark of the race of Raghu that they never set their heart on evil courses ; and thus I am confidently assured that all will be well ; for I have never even in a dream looked upon another man's wife so long after her. And rats, indeed, in the world are the men who neither turn their back upon the foe in battle nor cover their neighbour's wife, and from whom no beggar meets a rebuff."

Dohd 243.

Thus discoursing to his brother, and with his soul enamoured of Sita's beauty, like a bee sucking honey from a flower, he drank in the loveliness of her face.

Chaurdi 236.

Sita kept looking anxiously all round, in doubt as to where the princes had gone. Wherever fell her lawn-like glance, it seemed a rain of glistening lotus flowers. Then her companions pointed out to her under the shade of the creepers the two lovely youths, the one dark, the other fair of hue. Her eyes, on beholding their beauty, were filled with longing and with the gladness of one who has found a long-lost treasure. Wearied with gazing upon Rāma's charms, her eyelids forgot to wink, and her whole frame was fulfilled with desire, as is the partridge when it sees the autumnal moon. Receiving Rāma into her heart by

the pathway of vision, she craftily closed upon him the doors of her eyelids. When her companions saw her thus overcome, they were too much abashed to utter a word.

Dohd 244.

Then emerged the twin brothers from the shade of the arbour, like two spotless moons from a risen cloud.

Chaupdi 237.

Two gallant champions, the perfection of beauty, like a white lotus and a dark, with their hair parted like a raven's wing on their comely head, and here and there bedecked with bunches of flower-buds; their forehead bright with the tilak and beads of perspiration, and their graceful ears adorned with ornaments; with arched eyebrows and curly locks, and eyes bright as a lotus bud, with lovely chin and nose and cheeks, and a gracious smile enstaving every soul—such beauteous features as I could never describe; they would put to shame a myriad Loves. With a string of jewels on his breast, with exquisitely dimpled neck, and powerful arms, like the trunk of some young elephant in whom Kāmadēva had become incarnate; with the flowers and cup of leaves in his left hand, the dark prince, O my friend, is beautiful exceedingly.

Dohd 245

As her companions gazed upon the two glories of the Solar race, with their lion-like waist and bright yellow attire, very shodes of bliss and amiability, they lost all self-consciousness.

Chaupdi 238.

Yet one summoning up courage, grasped Sita by the hand and said,—“You can at any time meditate upon Gauri; why not now look at the princess?” Then the modest Sita unclosed her eyes and saw before her the two scions of Raghu. As she gazed on Rāma, all beautiful from head to foot, and remembered her father's vow, she was greatly agitated. When her companions saw her thus overcome they all cried as if in alarm,—“It is getting late;” and one added with a meaning smile,—“We must come again at this time to-morrow.” On hearing this clever hint Sita was abashed and said, as if in fear of her mother,—“It is late, indeed.” Then summoning up resolution, she fixed the image of Rāma in her heart and turned to go; but

again she thought how entirely it all depended upon her sire,

Dohá 246.

And under pretence of looking at a deer, or bird, or tree, again and again she turned her head, and each time that she beheld the beautiful Raghubir her love was augmented not a little.

Chaupdi 239.

The thought of Siva's unyielding bow made her wild and as she went she kept in her heart the image of the darkhued swain. When the Lord perceived that she was going, he drew in his heart with the indelible ink of love a charming sketch of her infinite beauty and virtue and blissful devotion. Again she sought Bhaváni's shrine, and after embracing her feet, thus prayed with clasped hands,—“Glory, glory, glory to thee, O daughter of the mountaineering, as fixed in thy gaze on Siva's face as is the partridge on the moon; O mother of Ganes and Kartikeya; great mother of the world; whose body is lustrous as the lightning; of whom there is neither beginning nor middle nor end; whose infinite majesty is a mystery even to the Veda; cause of the birth, continuance, and ultimate destruction of all being; suchentrass of the universe; delighting in thy own supremacy:

Dohá 247.

Among all faithful wives and true women, thy name, O mother, holds the first place; thy immeasurable grandeur is more than a thousand Sáradas and Seshnágs could tell.

Chaupdi 240.

The four-fold rewards of life are easy of attainment by thy servants, O granter of boons, beloved of Tripurárit; and all, O goddess, who adore thy lotus feet, are made happy, whether they be gods or men, or saints. Thou knowest well my heart's desire, for in the heart of man thou ever dwellest; there is no need that I declare it aloud to thee.” So saying, Sita embraced her feet. Bhaváol was moved by her humility and devotion; the image smiled and a garland dropt. Reverently Sita clasped to her bosom the divine gift, and Gaori herself with a heart full of joy thus spoke,—“Hearken, Sita; my blessing is effectual; your heart's desire shall be accomplished. Nárad's words

ere ever truth itself ; the bridegroom upon whom your soul is set shall, indeed, be yours.

Chhand 32.

The dark-complexioned youth, upon whose innate beauty your soul is set, shall indeed be yours. The All-merciful in his wisdom knows your loving disposition." On hearing Gauri pronounce this blessing, Sita and her companions were glad of heart, and in their delight (says Tulsī) returned again and again to the temple to adore the goddess.

Sorathā 24.

Finding Gauri so gracious, Sita was more glad of heart than words can tell ; and as an auspicious omen, her left side, the seat of good fortune, began to throb.

Chaupāī 241.

The two brothers returned to their guru, inwardly praising Sita's loveliness ; and Rāma related to him all that had taken place being simplicity itself and utterly devoid of all guile. The saint took the flowers and performed his devotions, and then imparted his blessing to the two brothers, saying,—“ May your desire be accomplished.” Rāma and Lakshman gladdened at the words. Then, after taking food, the silently sage began the recital of sacred legends. When the day was spent, they first asked his permission and then went out to perform their evening duties. The glorious moon was rising in the eastern sky, and its orb reminded them of Sita's lovely face ; but afterwards they thus reasoned within themselves,—“ The queen of night is not to be compared with Sita ;

Dohā 248.

For she was born of the restless Ocean, with poison for a brother, and by day she is dim and obscure, how then can such a poor feeble creature be matched with the lovely Sita.

Chaupāī 242.

She waxes and wanes, is the curse of love-sick maids, and is devoured by Rāhu whenever the appointed time comes round ; she causes anguish to the *chakra* and withers the lotus ; O moon, thou art full of faults. It is a great sin and highly improper to compare Janak's daughter to thee.” Thus, finding in the moon a pretext for extolling Sita's beauty, they returned to their guru, the night being now far advanced, and after bowing themselves

at his feet and obtaining his permission they retired to rest. When the night was over, Raghunāyak arose and, looking towards his brother, thus began to say,—“See, brother, the day has dawned to the delight of the lotus, the *chakras* and all mankind.” Then said Lakshman in gentle tones and with folded hands, declaring the glory of the Lord,—

Dohā 242.

“At the dawn of day the lily fades and the brightness of the stars is dimmed, so at the news of your coming all the princes waxed faint ;

Chaupāī 243.

For bright though they be as the planets, they cannot master the night-black bow. The lotus, the *chakras*, the bee, and every bird—all rejoice in night's defeat ; and so, O lord, all your votaries will be glad when the bow is broken. Soorias is no easy triumph over darkness : the constellations retire and light flashes open the world. O Raghorāi, the sun in its rising shows the chiefs in a figure the majesty of their lord, and your mighty arms are as it were the pass in the eastern moontide through which is manifested the spectacle of the broken bow.” The Lord smiled to hear his brother's speech. The All-pure then performed the daily rites of purification and bathed and, after observance of the prescribed ceremonies, presented himself before the guru and bowed his comely head at his feet. Then Janak summoned Satānand and sent him in haste to Visramitra. He came and declared his sovereign's message, and also called for the two brothers.

Dohā 250.

After reverently saluting Satānand, the Lord went and sat down by his guru, who said,—“Come, my son, Janak has sent for you.

Chaupāī 244.

You must go and see Sita's nuptials, and who is the happy man whom heaven will honour.” Said Lakshman,—“His will be the glory, my lord, upon whom your favour rests.” The saints were glad to hear this seemly speech, and all with much effusion gave their blessing. Then the gracious god, attended by all the saintly throng, sallied forth to witness the tournament. No sooner had they reached the arena than

the news spread all over the city, and every one put away his work and came thronging in, men and women, young and old, and even children in arms. When Jenak saw the enormous crowd he gave orders to his practised servitors,—"Go round at once to all the people and marshal them to their proper seats."

Doha 251.

With courteous phrase they respectfully seated them all both men and women, according to their respective rank, whether noble, burgher or churl.

Chaupdi 245.

Then stepped forth the two princes like beauty beautified, graceful and accomplished champions, one dark, the other fair, but both charming : resplendent in the assembly of princes like two full moons in a circle of stars. Every spectator seemed to see in them an embodiment of his own conception : the princes beheld a gallant warrior, as it were the Heroic incarnate : the wicked kings trembled at the sight of the Lord, as a visible presentiment of the Terrible ; the demons in their princely disguise thought they saw the image of Death : while the citizens regarded the twin brothers as the glory of manhood, a delight to the eyes.

Doha 252.

The women with joy of heart saw what each loved most, as it were a bright vision of the Erotic in utterly incomparable form.

Chaupdi 246.

By ages the Lord was seen in his divine majesty with many faces and hands and feet and eyes and heads. And how did he appear to Jenak's family group ? Like a noble kinsman and friend. The queen, no less than the king, regarded him with unspeakable love like a dear child : to mystics he shone forth as eternal Truth, the placid radiance of untroubled Quietism ; while to the pious the two brothers, appeared as their own benignant patron saint. But as for Sita, when she gazed on Rama, her love and joy were unspeakable ; if she could not utter the emotion of her heart, how can any poet declare it ? Thus according to the ruling passion of each individual spectator, were the Kusala princes seen by each.

Dohd 253.

Resplendent in the midst of the royal circle in their contrasted beauty, straling the eyes of the whole universe.

Chaupdi 247.

Both with such facile grace of form that a myriad Loves were all too mean a comparison: with beaming face, that would put to shame the autumnal moon, and irresistibly charming lotus eyes; with a glance an unspeakably winning that it would rob Love of all his pride; with rounded cheeks and ears adorned with pendulous gems; with beautiful chin and lips and sweet voice; with a smile more radiant than the light of the moon, and arched eyebrows and delicate nose; a broad forehead with glittering *talak*, and clustering locks with which no swarm of bees could vie; with yellow turban on their shapely head, dotted here and there with flower-buds; with exquisite neck, marked with a triple line, enclosing as it were the bliss of the three spheres of creation.

Dohd 254.

Adorned with a necklace of elephant pearls and a *tula* garland on their breast; with the shoulder of a bull and the gait of a lion, and long arms very models of strength.

Chaupdi 248.

By their side a quiver slung from a yellow brace; with arrows in hand and bow on their left shoulder; with a charming Bráhmancial cord, also of yellow tint, and, in short, beautiful from head to foot, beauty all over. Every one who saw them was made happy, nor could for a minute take his eyes off them. Janak, too, rejoiced to behold the two brothers. Then went he to the saint and embraced his feet, and differentially related to him all his past history, and showed the hermits the place marked out for the games. Whenever the two gallant princes turned, all men's eyes were dazzled; each saw in Ráma what he himself most admired, without understanding that it was a special miracle. The saint told the king the arrangements were perfect, and the king was thereby highly gratified.

1 The *kunjara-mani*, as it is here named, or more commonly *gajamukhā*, is a pearl supposed to be found in the projections on the forehead of an elephant.

Dohd 255.

There was one tier of seats bright, spacious and beautiful above all the rest, and here the Rájá seated the saint and the two brothers.

Chrupdi 249.

At the sight of the Lord all the chiefs grew sick at heart, like the stars at the rising of the full moon; for they felt inwardly assured that beyond all doubt Ráma would succeed in bending the bow; or even if he did not break the massy beam, that Sita would still bestow upon him the garland of victory. And so thinking, sir, they turned homewards, abandoning all glory of victory and pride of strength. There were other kings, blind and insolent fools, who mocked at such words and cried,—“To break the bow and win the bride is a difficulty¹, but unless it be broken how can the bride be won? Should Death himself for once come forth against us, him too would we conquer in battle for Sita's sake.” Hearing this there were other kings who smiled, good, pious and sensible men, and said,—

Soratha 25.

“Ráma will certainly marry Sita, to the discomfiture of those proud princes; for who can conquer in battle Dasarath's gallant sons?”

Chawpai 250.

Why thus scoff and throw away your lives to no purpose; imagined sweets stop no man's hunger. Listen to this my solemn warning: be inwardly assured that Sita is the mother, and Ráma the father of the universe, and feast your eyes to the full on their beauty. These two brothers, so lovely, so gracious, so full of every excellence, have their home in Sambhu's heart. Why, when you have a sea of ambrosia at hand, should you leave it to run upon your death in pursuit of a mirage? But do ye what seemeth you good: we have to-day reaped our life's reward.” So saying the good kings turned to gaze with affection on the picture of incomparable beauty; while in heaven the gods mounted their chariots to behold the spectacle, and showered down flowers and uttered songs of joy.

¹ The word *crupdi* in this line is explained in glossaries by *ardh* ‘unlathenable,’ as if from the root *pak*, to divide into. Rather, however, it seems to be for *crupadha* (as *akha* for *bradh*), meaning an impediment or difficulty.

Dohd 256.

Then seeing the fitness of the time, Janak sent and summoned Sita ; and obediently she came, with all her lovely and accomplished attendants.

Chauṛī 251.

Her beauty is not to be told : seeing that she is the mother of the world, the perfection of all grace and goodness, every comparison seems to me unworthy of her and appropriate only to mortal women. In describing Sita, to what can she be likened, or what can the poet name that will not rather do her dishonour ? If I should liken her to other women, where is there on earth any nymph so lovable ; or, if I look to the denizens of heaven, Sarasvati is a chatterer ; Bhavāni has only half a body ; Rati is in sore distress on account of her disaffected lord ; and as for Lakshmi, the twinbleth of poison and strong drink, how can Sita be compared to her ! Even though the ocean of embryos were the Beautiful, and the tortoise Grace, the rope being Fascination, and Mount Meru the amorous sentiment, while Love with his own lotus hand played the part of charmer :

Dohd 257.

Even then, though Lakshmi the source of all beauty and bliss, had thus been born, still the poet would shrink from saying that she could be compared to Sita.

Chauṛī 252.

She came, and with her attendant-maids, singing sweet-voiced songs : the mother of creation, of incomparable beauty ; her delicate frame veiled in a fair white robe, and with a profusion of brilliant and tasteful ornaments, with which her maidens had bedecked her every limb. When she set her foot within the lists, all beholders, men and women alike, were fascinated by her charms ; the gods in their delight sounded their kottledrums and rained down flowers midst the singing of the *aprarasas*. The wreath of victory sparkled in her hands as she cast a hurried glance on the assembled kings, with anxious heart looking for Rāma. Not a king but was love-smitten. But by the saint sat the two brothers and on them she fell with her greedy eyes as upon a rich treasure.

Dohd 258.

Shrinking into herself from awe of the reverend fathers and at the sight of vast assemblage, she turned her eyes upon her attendants, though at the same time she drew all Râma into her soul.

Chaupdi 253.

Not a man or woman, who beheld the beauty of Râma and the loveliness of Sita, could close his eyes for a second : but all thought with dismay of the king's vow and in their heart made application to Brahma,—“ O God, quickly remove Janak's obstinacy and make him right-minded as myself. Let the king have no hesitation about breaking his vow and giving Sita in marriage to Râma : the world will approve, and we all shall be pleased ; but obstinacy, if persisted in, will at the last be as a consuming fire in his bosom.” All were absorbed in the same ardent desire, saying,—“ The dark youth is the match for Sita.” Then Janak summoned the heralds, who as they came proclaimed his state and dignity, and bade them go and declare his vow. They went, but in their heart was little joy.

Dohd 259.

The heralds cried aloud,—“ Harken, all ye priests : we announce to you sovereign's vow, and with upraised hands call heaven to witness it.

Chaupdi 254.

Though your mighty arms be as the moon, yet Siva's famous bow is as terrible and unyielding as Râbn. When Râvas and Bânâsur saw it—albeit sturdy champions—they left and went their way. Here is now the great god's massy beam, and whoever in this royal assembly shall to-day bend it shall be renowned in heaven and earth and hell, and at once without hesitation shall receive in marriage the hand of the king's daughter.” When they heard the vow, all the kings were full of eagerness—insolent warriors, savage of soul—and girding up their loins they rose in haste, bowing their heads, ere they commenced, before their patron god. With flushed face and many a close look, they essay the divine bow : but though they put forth all their strength in a thousand different ways they cannot move it. Those, indeed, who had any sense at all did not go near it.

Dohā 260.

After straining at the bow—those foolish kings—without being able to stir it, they retire in confusion, as though it had gathered strength by in turn absorbing the force of each successive warrior.

Chaupdi 255.

Next ten thousand kings all at once attempted to raise it, but it was not to be moved and yielding as little as a virtuous wife at the words of a gallant. All the princes appeared as ridiculous as a hermit who has no religion. Their mighty glory and renown and heroisms were utterly wasted by the bow, and with much confusion of face and sadness of heart they went and took again each his own place in the assembly. When Janak saw the kings thus dismayed, he cried aloud as it were in anger,—“Hearing the vow that I had made, many kings have come from diverse realms, with gods and demigods in human form, stalwart heroes, staunch in fight.

Dohā 261.

A lovely bride, a grand triumph and splendid renown are the prize, but God, it seems, has not created the man who can break the bow and win it.

Chaupdi 256.

Tell me now who was dissatisfied with the guerdon or, refused to try his strength on Siva's bow, but set about lifting and breaking, ah, there was not one of you who could stir it even a grain's breadth from the ground. Now let no proud warrior wax wrath if I assert there is not a man left on earth. Give up all hope and turn your faces homeward: it is God's will that Sita is not to be married. If I break my vow, all my religious merit is gone; the girl must remain a maid; what can I do? Had I known, ah, that there were no men in the world, I would not have made myself a laughing-stock by recording such a vow. Every man and woman who heard Janak's words and looked at Jānaki were sad; but Lakshman was furious: his eyes flashed, his lips quivered and his brows were knit.

Dohā 262.

But for fear of his brother he could not speak, though the taunt pierced his heart like an arrow. Yet at last, low-

ing his head at Rāma's lotus feet, he thus spoke in dignified tones:—

Chaupdi 257.

"May there never be repeated in any assembly, where even the lowest of the family of Raghu is present, such a scandalous speech as that now uttered by Janak in the presence of the greatest of the clan. Hearken, thou son of the lotus-like solar race; I state the simple truth, without any vain boasting; if only I have thy permission, I will lift the round world with as much ease as marble, and will break it in pieces like an ill-baked potter's vessel, and tear up Mount Meru like a potsherd. Before thy infinite majesty, O my lord god what is this wretched old bow? Only give me an order and see what an exhibition I will make. I will take up the bow as though it were a lotus stalk, and will run a hundred leagues with it to convince you.

Dohā 263.

Inspired by thy presence, my lord, I will snap it like the stick of an umbrella; or if I swear by thy holy feet never to take bow in hand again."

Chaupdi 258.

As Lakshman thus spoke in his wrath, earth shook and its elephant supporters tottered; the whole assembly and all the kings were struck with terror; Sita was glad of heart and Janak was ashamed; while the saint and Rāma and all the hermits were enraptured and quivered all over with excitement. Then Rāma with a sign checked Lakshman, and lovingly made him sit beside him, while Visvamitra, perceiving the fitness of the time, spoke in gentle and affectionate tones,—“Up Rāma, break this bow of Siva's and relieve Janak, my son, of his affliction.” On hearing the guru's words he bowed his head at his feet, and without joy or sorrow in his soul rose and stood upright in all his native grace, lordly in gait as a young lion.

Dohā 264.

As Raghubar ascended the stage, like the sun climbing the mountains of the east, the hearts of the saints expanded like the lotus, and their eyes were glad as bees at the return of day.

Chaupdi 259.

The dark hopes of the kings vanished like the night, and like the scorried stars their vaunts waxed feeble: the arrogant shrivelled up like the lilies, and the false slunk away like the owls; saints and gods, like the *chakra*, were relieved of their distress and rained down flowers in token of homage. After affectionately reverencing the guro's feet and asking permission of the holy fathers, the lord of all creation quickly stepped forth, with the tread of a majestic elephant when inflamed with love. As he moved, every man and woman in the city quivered all over their body with delight, worshipping the spirits of their ancestors and the gods, and recalling their own past good deeds, saying,—“If my virtuous acts be of any avail, O father Gees, may Râma snap the bow as it were a lotus-stalk.”

Dohd 265.

After lovingly gazing upon Râma, Sita's mother had her attendants draw near, and thus spoke with affectionate anxiety,—

Chaupdi 260.

“Girls, every one is bent on seeing the show, and as for saying what would be for my good, there is no one who will tell the king plainly:—These are two mere boys; this excessive obstinacy for yours is wrong; Râvan and Bînâcar could not touch the bow, and the kings with all their pride were conquered by it; how then give it into the hands of these boy-princes? As well might a oystee carry off Blooot Meru. All the king's good sense is clean gone! Ah, girls, god's ways are inscrutable.” A sharp-witted maiden gently answered,—“O queen, the glorious are never to be lightly regarded. Consider the weakness of Agastya and the boundlessness of ocean; yet he drained it dry, and his fame has spread through the world. Again, the orb of the sun is small to look at, but—at its rising—darkness is expelled from heaven and earth and hell.

Dohd 266.

A charm is a very little thing, yet it overpowers Brahmi and Vishnu and Mahâdeva and all the gods; and a mere goad governs the mightiest and most furious elephant.

Chaupdi 261.

Love, too, though his bow and arrows are but of flowers, has brought the whole world under subjection. Fear not then lady, but hearken to me—Râma will assuredly break the bow." She took heart at these words of her attendant, her despondency ceased and her desire was enlarged. Then Sita with her eyes fixed on Râma, implored with anxious heart each god in turn, praying to them in her inward soul,—“Be gracious to me, O Mahâdeva and Bhavâni, and reward my service by kindly lightening the weight of the bow O divine Ganes, granter of boons, it is with a view to to-day that I have done your service. Hearken to my oft-repeated supplication, and reduce the weight of the bow to a mere trifle.”

Dohâ 267.

Oft glancing at Raghobir's form, and taking courage from her heaven-ward prayers, her eyes were filled with tears of love, and her whole body was in a tremor.

Chaupdi 262.

With fixed gaze she devoured his beauty, and then, as she remembered her father's vow, her soul was troubled—“Alas, my father, for your cruel resolve, made without any regard to good or evil consequences; not a minister but was afraid to give advice—the more the pity—in the great concourse of counsellors. Here is a bow as firm as adamant, and here a little dark-hued prince of tender frame. O god how can I maintain my faith?—Is it possible for a delicate iris flower to transpierce a diamond? The judgment of the whole assembly has gone astray; now, O bow of Sambhu, thou art the only hope left me; impart thy own heaviness to the crowd, and grow light thyself at once at the sight of Râma.” So great was the agitation of Sita's soul that an instant of time passed as slowly as an age.

Dohâ 268.

As she looks, now at the Lord, and now at the ground, her tremulous eyes so glisten, as it were love's two fish supporting themselves in the orb of the moon.

Chaupdi 263.

In her lotus mouth her bee-like voice lies bound; for modesty, like night, allows it not. In the corner of her eye stood a tear-drop, like a miser's buried hoard. Abashed

by the consciousness of extreme excitement, she yet summoned up courage and confidence,—“ If there is any t in me at all and I am really enamoured of Raghupati's feet, then the Lord God, who knoweth all men's hearts will make me Rāma's handmaid; for wherever there is affection of soul to soul, union will follow beyond a doubt. With her eyes fixed upon the lord she recorded this long vow; and he, the most merciful, comprehended it. After looking at Sita he cast a glance at the bow, as Gai might glance at a poor little snake.

Dohā 269.

When Lakshman perceived that the glory of his name had his eye fixed upon the bow, he thrilled with emotion, and striking the earth with his foot, cried thus aloud,—

Chauṛī 264.

“ Ye elephant warders, ye tortoise, serpent and boar, hold fast the earth with a will that it shake not, for Rāma is about to break the great bow; hearken to my order and be ready.” When Rāma drew near to the bow, the people all supplicated the gods by their past good deeds. The doubts and errors of the crowd, the arrogance of the foolish kings the proud pretensions of Parashram the terror of all the gods and saints, the distress of Sita, the regrets of Janak, the burning anguish of the queens, were all heaped together on the bow as on a raft, while Rāma's strength of arm was the boundless ocean that had to be crossed, and with no helmsman to essay it.

Dohā 270.

Rāma first looked at the crowd, who all stood dumb and still as statues; then the gracious Lord turned from them to Sita, and perceived her yet deeper concern;

Chauṛī 265.

Perceived her to be so terribly agitated that a moment of time seemed an age in passing. If a man die of thirst for want of water, when he is once dead, of what use to him is a lake of nectar? What good is the rain when the crop is dead? or what avails regret when a chance has once been lost? Thinking thus to himself as he gazed at Jānaki, the Lord was enraptured at the sight of her singular devotion, and after making a reverential obeisance to his guru, he took up the bow with most superlative ease; as he grasped it in

his hand, it gleamed like a flash of lightning; and again as he bent it, it seemed like the vault of heaven. Though all stood looking on, before any one could see, he had lifted it from the ground and raised it aloft and drawn it tight, and in a moment broken it in halves; the awful crash re-echoed through the world.

Chhand 33.

So awful a crash re-echoed through the world that the horses of the Son started from their course, the elephants of the four quarters groaned, earth shook, the great serpent, the bear and the tortoise tottered. Gods, demons and saints put their hands to their ears, and all began anxiously to consider the cause; but when they learnt that Rāma had broken the bow, they uttered shouts of Victory.

Sorath 26.

All the deluded crowd who had gone on board 'the Siva's bow' were drowned in the waves of Rāma's might.

Chaupai 266.

The Lord tossed upon the ground the two broken pieces of the bow, and at the sight the multitude rejoiced. Viśva-mitra's love, like the clear unfathomed depth of ocean, swelled to the highest tide of ecstasy under the full moon influence of Rāma's presence. There was a jubilant noise of music in the sky; the heavenly nymphs danced and sang; Brahmā and all the gods and deified sages and sages praised and blessed the hero and rained down wreaths of many-coloured flowers; the *kinaras* sang melodious strains; and the shout of 'Victory, Victory,' re-echoed throughout the world. The noise that followed the breaking of the bow defies description. Everywhere the people in their joy kept saying,—"Rāma has broken the great bow."

Dohā 271.

Bards, minstrels and rhapsodists raise their loud-voiced praises, and all the people lavish offerings of horses, elephants, money, jewels and raiment.

Chaupai 267.

There was a clash of cymbals, tabors, nunches, clarions, sackbuts, drums, kettledrums and all kinds of music; and in every place were choirs of women singing auspicious strains. The queen with her attendants was as glad as a parched rice-field at a fall of rain; Janak was as pleased

and free of care as a tired swimmer on reaching a shallow; the kings were as confounded at the breaking of the bow as a lamp is dimmed at dawn of day; but Sita's gladness can only be compared to that of the *chātaki*¹ on finding a rain-drop in October; while Lakshman fixed his eyes on Rāma as the *chakor* on the moon. The Sātānad gave the word and Sita advanced to Rāma.

Dohā 272.

Graceful in motion as a swan, and of infinite beauty in every limb; and with her came her fair and sprightly companions, who raise the glad marriage song.

Chaupāī 268.

Resplendent in their midst as the Queen of Love among the loves, she held in her lotus hand the fair wreath of victory, enriched as it were with the spoils of world-wide triumph. With modest air, but rapture in her soul, her interior devotion was withdrawn from sight. As she drew near and beheld Rāma's beauty, she stood motionless like a figure on the wall, till a watchful attendant roused her, saying.—'Lavest him with the ennobling wreath.' At the word she raised the wreath with both her hands, but was too much overcome by emotion to drop it; till as the lotus, flower and stalk, shrinks at the moonlight, so her hand and arm drooped to the glory of his moon-like face. At the sight of his beauty her handmaids break into song, while Sita let fall the wreath upon his breast.

Sorathā 27.

When the gods saw the wreath resting on his breast they showered down flowers; and the kings all shrunk into nothing, like lilies at the rising of the sun.

Chaupāī 269.

Both in the city and in heaven there were sounds of music; the bad were saddened, and the good were glad. Gods, kinnars, men, serpents and sages uttered blessings and shouts of victory. The heavenly nymphs danced and sung, and flowers fell in constant showers. In every place were Brāhmins muttering Vedic chants, and rhapsodists

¹ The *chātaki* (*Urculus melanoleucus*) is fabled never to drink, except it be such drops of rain as fall in the month of October, when the sun is in the same longitude as *Arcurus* (*Arcturus*), a time of the year when a shower is a very rare occurrence. The same precious drops if they fall into the sea, are transmuted into pearls, a belief to which allusion is made in page 11

reciting lays of praise. Earth, hell and heaven were pervaded with the glad news,—‘Râma has broken the bow and will wed Sita.’ The men and women of the city light votive t torches and, regardless of their substance, scatter gifts in profusion. Sita by Râma’s side was as resplendent as if Beauty and Love had met together. Her companions whisper,—‘Embrace your lord’s feet:’ but in excess of fear she dares not touch them.

Dohâ 273

She touches them not with her hands, remembering the fate of Qantama’s wife; and Râma smiled inwardly at this proof of her supernatural devotion.

Chauvâi 270.

Then, as they looked on Sita, the kings were inflamed with desire, and waxed wroth of soul—frantic degenerate fools—and sprung up—the wretches—and doosed their armour and began a general chorus of abuse,—“Come now, let us carry off Sita and overthrow and bind fast these two princes; though he has broken the bow, he has not yet gained his end; for who shall marry Sita while we still live? If the king give them any assistance, we will rout him in battle as well as the two brothers.” When the good kings heard these words they answered and put the whole assembly to shame,—“The glory of your might and greatness of your strength were disgraced for ever at the breaking of the bow. Is that the might of which ye now boast, or have ye since acquired something new? Was it not thus that ye reckoned afore, when God so blackened your faces?”

Dohâ 274

Cease from envy and arrogance and folly; least your eyes upon Râma; and be not like a moth in the fierce flame of Lakshman’s wrath.

Chauvâi 271.

Like a crow who would rob the king of the bird of an offering; or a rat who would spoil a lion; as a man who is passionate without cause and yet wishes for peace of mind; as a reviler of Siva who wishes for happiness and prosperity; as a greedy and covetous man who wishes for fair fame, and as a gallant who would have no scandal; as an enemy

1 The king of the birds—Garuḍa is here called *Garuḍa*, that is to say, the son of Vioṭa.

and free of care as a tired swimmer on reaching a shallow the kings were as confounded at the breaking of the bow as a lamp is dimmed at dawn of day; but Sita's gladness can only be compared to that of the *chātakī* on finding rain-drop in October; while Lakshman fixed his eyes on Rāma as the *chakar* on the moon. The Bstānand gave the word and Sita advanced to Rāma.

Dohā 272.

Graceful in motion as a swan, and of infinite beauty in every limb; and with her came her fair and sprightly companions, who raise the glad marriage song.

Chaupāī 268.

Resplendent in their midst as the Queen of Love among the loves, she held in her lotus hand the fair wreath of victory, enriched as it were with the spoils of world-wide triumph. With modest air, but rapture in her soul, her interior devotion was withdrawn from sight. As she drew near and beheld Rāma's beauty, she stood motionless like a figure on the wall, till a watchful attendant roused her, saying, — 'Invest him with the ennobling wreath.' At the word she raised the wreath with both her hands, but was too much overcome by emotion to drop it; till as the lotus flower and stalk, shrinks at the moonlight, so her hand and arm drooped in the glory of his moon-like face. At the sight of his beauty her handmaids break into song, while Sita let fall the wreath upon his breast.

Sorathā 27.

When the gods saw the wreath resting on his breast they showered down flowers; and the kings all shrunk into nothing, like lilies at the rising of the sun.

Chaupāī 269.

Both in the city and in heaven there were sounds of music; the bad were saddened, and the good were glad. Gods, kinnars, men, serpents and saints uttered blessings and shouts of victory. The heavenly nymphs danced and sung, and flowers fell in constant showers. In every place were Brāhmanas muttering Vedic texts, and rhapsodists

1 The *chātakī* (*Cuculus melanoleucus*) is fabled never to drink, except it be such drops of rain as fall in the month of October, when the sun is in the same longitude as Arcturus (*Sadā*), a time of the year when a shower is a very rare occurrence. The same precious drops if they fall into the sea, are transmuted into pearls, a belief to which allusion is made in page 11.

reciting lays of praise. Earth, hell and heaven were pervaded with the glad news,—‘Rāma has broken the bow and will wed Sita.’ The men and women of the city light votive torches and, regardless of their substance, scatter gifts in profusion. Sita by Rāma’s side was as resplendent as if Beauty and Love had met together. Her companions whisper,—‘Embrace your lord’s feet:’ but in excess of fear she dares not touch them.

Dohā 273.

She touches them not with her hands, remembering the fate of Gantama’s wife; and Rāma smiled inwardly at this proof of her supernatural devotion.

Chaupdi 270.

Then, as they looked on Sita, the kings were inflamed with desire, and waxed wroth of soul—frantic degenerate fools—and sprang up—the wretches—and donned their armour and began a general chorus of abuse,—“Come now, let us carry off Sita and overthrow and bind fast these two princes; though he has broken the bow, he has not yet gained his end; for who shall marry Sita while we still live? If the king give them any assistance, we will rout him in battle as well as the two brothers.” When the good kings heard these words they answered and put the whole assembly to shame,—“The glory of your might and greatness of your strength were disgraced for ever at the breaking of the bow. Is that the might of which ye now boast, or have ye since acquired something new? Was it not thus that ye reckoned afore, when God so blackened your faces?

Dohā 274

Cease from envy and arrogance and folly; feast your eyes upon Rāma; and be not like a moth in the fierce flame of Lakshman’s wrath.

Chaupdi 271.

Like a crow who would rob the king of the birds’ of an offering; or a rat who would spoil a lion; as a man who is passionate without cause and yet wishes for peace of mind; as a reviler of Siva who wishes for happiness and prosperity; as a greedy and covetous man who wishes for fair fame, and as a gallant who would have no scandal; as an enemy

1 The king of the birds—Garu—is here called *Vaśantdeva*, that is to say, the son of Vānta.

of God who wishes to be saved ; such is your desire, O ye kings." When Sita heard the tumult, she was afraid, and with her companions went away to the queen, while Rāma composedly joined the *guru*, talking to himself of Sita's affection. Sita and the queen were much distressed, saying " What is it God would have now ? " And at the sound of the voices of the kings they looked helplessly up at a down. For fear of Rāma Lakshman could not speak.

Dohd 275.

With fiery eyes and knitted brows he cast a furious look at the kings, like a lion's whelp watching to spring on a herd of wild elephants.

Chaupdi 272.

Seeing the tumult, the people were all distressed and joined in reproaching the kings. Then it was that the son of the lotus race of Bhṛigu (Parasurām) arrived, for he had heard of the breaking of the bow. At the sight of him the kings all cowered down, as a partridge shrieking beneath the swoop of a hawk. Of pallid hue and well bestreaked with ashes ; with the three horizontal lines sacred to Śiva conspicuous on his broad forehead ; with the hair on his head bound in a knot ; and his moon-like face flushed with the furnace fire of smouldering wrath ; with frowning brows and eyes inflamed with passion ; he casts a quick and furious glance around. With bull-like shoulders and mighty chest and arms ; with fair sacrificial cord and string of beads and deer-skin with an anchorite's dress about his loins and two quivers slung by his side ; with bow and arrows in hand, and his sharp axe upon his shoulder.

Dohd 276.

In his saintly attire and savage mien a figure beyond description, as though the Heroic had taken the form of a hermit ; so he drew near to the kings.

Chourai 273.

When they beheld his ghastly attire, they all rose in consternation, each mentioning his own and his father's name, and fell prostrate on the ground before him ; and even those on whom he cast a kindly glance thought their life had come to an end. Then came Janak and bowed his head and called for Sita also to pay him homage. He bestowed upon her his blessing, and her glad companions escorted her

back to her own apartments. Next came Visvāmitre to salute him, and placed the two boys at his feet, saying,—“These are Rāma and Lakshman, Dasarath's sons.” He admired the well-matched pair and blessed them, with his eyes long fixed upon Rāma's incomparable beauty, which would humble the pride even of Love himself.

Dohā 271.

Then he turned and said to Vidaha,—“Why all this crowd?” Asking as though he did not know, while his whole body was heaving with passion.

Chaupai 274.

Janak told him the whole history and the reason why the kings assembled. After hearing his reply he again looked away and spied the fragments of the bow lying on the ground. In a mighty passion he cried in furious tones,—“Tell me now, Janak, you fool who has broken the bow? Show him to me at once, or this very day I will overthrow the whole of your dominion.” In his excess of fear the king could give no answer: the wicked suitors were glad of heart; gods, saints, serpents and all the people of the city were full of anxiety and profound alarm; Sita's mother was lamenting,—“God has now undone all that had just been done so well;” and Sita when she heard of Bhṛigu-pati's character felt half a minute pass like an age.

Dohā 278.

Seeing the people's consternation and Jānak's anxiety, the imperturbable Itagubār thus spoke and said,—

Chaupai 275.

“My Lord, the bow has probably got broken by some one of your servants. What are your orders? Why not tell us?” At this the furious saint was yet more incensed and cried,—“A servant is one who does service, but he who does the deeds of an enemy must be fought. Harken, Rāma, whoever it was who broke Siva's bow is as much my enemy as was Sabasrabāhu. Separate him from among the assembly, or else every one of these kings shall be killed.” When Lakshman heard the saint's words, he smiled and said to him in a tone of contempt,—“O sir, I have broken many a bow as a child, and you were never before thus angry: why were you so fond of this bow in particular?” Parasurām replied in a fury,—

Dohd 279.

" Ah ! death-doomed prince, is there no stopping your toogue ? Would you compare to a common bow the great bow of Siva, that is famous throughout the world ? "

Chaupdi 276.

Said Lakshman with a smile,—“ I thought, holy sir, that all bows alike. What gain or what loss can there be in the breaking of a worn-out bow ? Hâma by mistake took it for a new one, and directly he touched it, it snapped in two : but it was no fault of his ; why then, reverend sir, be so angry for no cause ? ” He answered, with a glance at his axe,—“ Fool, have you never heard of my temper ? I do not slay you because, as I say, you are but a child. You in your folly take me for a mere recluse : and from my childhood an ascetic I am, but a fiery one and the terror of the whole Kshatriya race, as is known throughout the world. By the might of my arm I have made earth kingless, and time after time have bestowed her upon the Brâhmanas. See here, you king's son, the axe with which I lopped of Sahasrabâhu's thousand arms.

Dohd 280.

Do not bring distress upon your father and mother : my cruel axe has ripped up even unborn infants in the womb.”

Chaupdi 277.

Lakshman replied with a quiet smile,—“ Ah ! holy sir, you think yourself a great warrior indeed, and keep brandishing your axe before me, as if with a mere puff of breath you could blow away a mountain. But I am not a *kumhar* blossom that droops as soon as it sees a finger raised against it. When I perceived your axe and quiver and arrows, I spoke a little haughtily ; but now that I see by your Brâhmanical thread that you are of Bhrigu's line, say what you like and I will bear it patiently. In my family there is no waging battle against gods or Brâhmanas, or devotees, or cows ; for to kill them is a crime, and to be overcome by them a disgrace ; and therefore I must throw myself at your feet, even though you strike me. Your curse is as awful as a million thunderbolts, and your axe and bow and arrows are unnecessary.

Dohâ 281.

Pardon me, great and reverend sage, for anything improper that I said when I first saw you." The glory of Bhṛigu's race cried furiously in his deep toned voice,—

Chaupdi 278.

"Hearken, son of Kusika¹; this child is demented; a perverse and death doomed destroyer of his own house; a dark spot on the moon-like brightness of the Solar race; utterly ungovernable, senseless and reckless. Another moment and he shall be a mouthful in the jaws of death, and I loudly protest it is no fault of mine. Take him away, if you would save him, and teach him my glory and might and the fierceness of my temper." Said Lakshmao,—“So long as you live, father, who else can tell your fame so well? With your own mouth you have many times and in many ways declared your own doings. If you are not yet satisfied, tell them over again, and do not distress yourself beyond endurance by putting any restraint upon your passion. But if you are really a resolute and dauntless warrior, there is no honour to be got by abuse.

Dohâ 282.

Heroes perform valiant deeds in fight, but do not themselves publish them: cowards finding a foe before them in the battle talk very large, as you.

Chaupdi 279.

Now would terrify me with your repeated cries of Death." On hearing Lakshman's rude speech he closed his hand upon his terrible axe,—“After this let no man blame me; this sharp-tongued boy deserves his death. I have spared him long on account of his being a child, but now of a truth he is as good as dead.” Said Vivramitra,—“Pardon his offence; the wise regard not the faults or merits of children.” “I have axe in hand and am pitiless in my wrath; he is moreover guilty: and has injured my guru. Yet though this be my answer, I will still spare his life, though solely out of regard for you, Vivramitra. But for you I had cut him in pieces with my terrible axe, and thus easily have paid my guru his due.”

¹ The son, or father grandson, of Kusika is Vivramitra.

Dohd 283.

Said the son of Gádhi, smiling to himself,—"Everything looks green to the saint's eyes!; though Ráma has to-day broken the bow as though it were a stick of sugarcane, still he has not the sense to understand."

Chaupdi 280.

Said Lakshman,—"Is there any one, Father, ignorant of your honour? it is notorious throughout the world. You have well paid the debt you owed to your father and mother; but it was a great distress to you to be still debt to your guru. You have now transferred the account to me, but the interest by lapse of time has become very heavy. So you must bring forward the original credits and then, sir, I will at once open my purse." When he heard these bitter words he grasped his axe, and all the people cried—Alack, alack! "O Bhri-gu-bar, you still keep showing me your axe, but, regicide as you are, I only spare you on account of your being a Bráhma. You have never yet met a real staunch fighting man, and, most reverend sir, you are a great man only in your own house." They all called out,—How very wrong; and Ráma gave Lakshman a sign to be quiet.

Dohd 284.

Lakshman's words were like oil on the fire of Bhri-gupati's wrath; till, seeing the flame increase, Ráma quenched it with the flood of admonition,—

Chaupdi 281.

"My lord, have compassion on a child, and wreak not your wrath on such an unweaned infant: if he had any idea of your glorious power, how could he be so foolish as

1 The allusion is to a popular saying,—*'A man who loses his eyesight in the month of Sawan thinks everything is always green.'* *Harar*, 'green,' may also be taken as two words *Har* and *ar*, 'an enemy to Vishnu,' a light in which it would be the height of folly for Parasuram to regard Ráma, since Ráma was himself an incarnation of Vishnu, as also was Parasuram. The double interpretation was probably intended by the poet.

2 Every Hindu is said to be in debt by nature to three persons, viz., his father, his mother and his guru. The two first debts had been paid by Parasuram in a notable fashion; for he had restored his mother Kenuka to life again after he had first cut off her head in obedience to his father Jamvi-agni's order; and again when his father had been slain by Sabara-báhu, he avenged him by the slaughter of the whole Káshtriya race. It now remained for him to satisfy his guru, Mahádeva, for the outrage Ráma had done him in breaking his bow.

to put himself on an equality with you? When a child commits any naughtiness, its guru and father and mother are in raptures at it. Have pity then on the boy, who is really one of your clients; for thus it becometh a saint, so patient and wise as you are." On hearing Itama's words he cooled down a little but again Lakshman said something with a smile, and seeing him smile he flushed all over with rage.—"Itama, your brother is too wicked; though fair in outward hue, he is black at heart, and it is not mother's milk but poison that his lips have sucked. Perverse by nature, he neither takes after you nor regards me."

Dohā 285.

Said Lakshman with a smile,—“Hearken, O saint, passion is the root of sin; those who are under its influence do seemingly things and set themselves against every one.

Chauṛī 282.

I am one of your followers, reverend sir; put away your wrath and show mercy upon me. Anger will not mend the broken bow; pray sit down, you must be tired of standing. If you were so very fond of it, devise a plan for getting it mended and call in some skilful workman.” Janak was frightened at Lakshman's words,—“Be quiet; such frowardness is not right.” The citizens all shook and trembled: to think so small a boy could be so naughty. As Bhṛīgupati heard his fearless words his whole body was on fire with rage, and he became quite helpless, and in a tone of entreaty cried to Itama,—“See if you can manage this little brother of yours; so fair without and foul within; he resembles a golden jar full of poison.”

Dohā 286.

At this Lakshman smiled, but Itama gave him a look of reproof and submissively approached the guru, putting away all petulance of speech.

Chauṛī 283.

Clasping his two hands together and speaking in most modest, gentle and placid tones, he said,—“Hearken, my lord, you were born a sage; pay no heed then to the words of a child. Boys are like gnats: no wise man will ever trouble himself about them. Nor is it he who has done the mischief; I, my lord, am the offender. Be pleased, your

reverence, to visit everything on me, your servant, whether it be favour or anger, or death or bonds. Tell me quickly the means, O king of saints, by which your passion may be assuaged." Said the saint,—“O Rāma, how can my passion be assuaged? Your brother has to-day set me at naught, and yet I have not struck off his head with my axe: what then have I done in anger?”

Dohā 287.

When they heard of the fierce doings of my axe, the proudest queans were seized with untimely pains of labour; my axe is still here, and yet I see this princeling, my enemy, alive.

Chaupāī 284.

My hand moves not, though passion consumes my breast my regicide axe has become blunted. Fate is against me; my nature is changed: for when was I ever pitiful before? To-day by heaven's will I have suffered intolerable pain." On hearing this, the son of Samitra smiled and bowed his head,—“Even your pity is like a blast of wind and the words you speak would strip a tree of its blossoms. If a saint's body is thus parched even by pity, God help him when he is angry.” “See now, Janak, keep this child away; he is bent in his folly on visiting the realms of death. Why do you not at once take him out of my sight, this little prince; so small to look at and yet so wicked?” Lakshman laughed and said to the saint,—“Shut your eyes and you will see nothing.”

Dohā 288.

Then said Para-nrām in tones of fury to Rāma,—“Wretch, after breaking Siva's bow do you now teach me?”

Chaupāī 285.

It is at your suggestion your brother utters these sarcasms, and your humility and folded hands are a mockery. Give me my satisfaction in combat, or forswear your name of Rāma. Your enemy of Siva, have done with and your brother too.” Flushed with passion he raised his axe on high, but Rāma only smiled and bowed,—“Though the fault is Lakshman's your wrath is against me: it is sometimes a great mistake to be good and upright; for every one is afraid of the crooked, in the same way as Rāhu does not attack the crescent moon. Cease, O great

saint, from your wrath." Said Rāma,—“Your axe is in your hand and my head is in front of you; do anything, sir, that will tend to pacify you, for I am your servant.

Dohā 289.

And how can a servant fight his master? O holy Brāhman, restrain your wrath; whatever the boy may have said, after looking at your dress, he meant no harm by it.

Chauṛī 286.

For seeing you equipt with axe and bow and arrows, the child took you for a knight and challenged you; for though he knew your name, he did not recognize your person, and answered you according to your lineage. If you had come as a Religious, he would have put the dust of your Holiness's feet upon his head. Forgive the mistake of one who did not know you; a Brāhman's heart should be all mercy. What equality, my lord, can there be between you and me? We are as far apart as head and feet. I am called simply Rāma. You have the long name of 'Rāma of the axe.' I have only one string to my bow, while you have all the holy nine.¹ In every way I am your inferior; as a Brāhman, pardon my offence."

Dohā 290.

Again and again did Rāma intreat his namesake, addressing him by his titles of 'Saint' and 'Holy Brāhman,' till Bhṛigupati exclaimed in his rage:—You are as perverse as your brother.

Chauṛī 287.

You persist in taking me for a Brāhman; I will tell you now what kind of a Brāhman I am. My bow is my sacrificial ladle, my arrow the oblation, and my wrath the blazing fire; armies fully equipt with horses and chariots and elephants and footmen are the fuel, and mighty kings are the victims for oblation whom I have cut in pieces with this axe; thus have I celebrated countless sacrifices of war all over the world. To you my glory is unknown, and you address me contemptuously, taking me for a mere Brāhman. Now that you have broken the bow, your pride has increased enormously, and you put yourself forward in your

¹ Gaṇ, which is the name for a bowstring, means also virtue; and the cardinal virtues are said to be nine in number, though the list is a variable one.

arrogance as universal conqueror," Said Râma :—" O saint, think before you speak ; your anger is excessive ; my fault is a trifling one. The old bow broke at a touch. What reason have I to be proud ?

Dohâ 291.

Hear the truth, O Bhṛiguṇath ; you say I set you at nought when I treat you with the respect due to a Brâhman ; but is there any warrior to whom I would bow my head in fear ?

Châupâi 288.

Any god, demon, king or warrior, whether my equal in strength or my superior, who will challenge me to combat, him would I gladly meet, or even Death himself. For one who is born of warrior caste and yet shirks the battle is a disgrace to his lineage and a contemptible wretch. I stote what is only a characteristic of my race and make no idle boast ; there is not a descendant of Raghu who would fear to meet in battle even Death himself ; but so great is the power of Brâhmaṇical descent that he fears you, who fears nought else." On hearing this calm and profound speech of Râmo's, the eyes of the soul of the axe-bearer were opened :—" O Râma, take and draw this bow of Vishṇu's and let my doubts be ended." As he gave it, the bow strung itself of its own accord ; then was Parasurâma amazed of heart.

Dohâ 292.

He acknowledged the power of Râma ; his whole frame quivered with excitement ; and his heart bursting with love, he thus spake with clasped hands :—

Châupâi 289.

"Glory to the Son of the lotus race of Raghu, to the fire that consumes the serried ranks of the demons ; glory to the friend of gods, Brâhmaṇs and kine ; glory to the dispeller of the delusions induced by pride, ignorance and passion ; glory to him whose piety, amiability, and compassion are fathomless as ocean ; glory to him who is unrivalled in the art of speech, the rewarder of service, the all-beautiful of form, more gracious of person than a myriad Leves. How can I with one tongue declare his praise, who is as it were the divine swan in the hyperboreal lake of Mahâdeva's soul ? In my ignorance I have said

much that was unseemly ; hut pardon me, yet twin brothers, mercy's shrine." Still repeating as he went :—' Glory, glory, glory, to the mighty Rāma,' Bhṛiguṣati withdrew to the forest to practice penance. The wicked kings wore self-dismayed and trembled, and fled—the cowards—to all directions, without a word.

Dohā 293.

The gods sounded their kettledrums and rained down flowers on the Lord ; and all the people of the city rejoiced, now that the thorn of fear and error had been extracted from their heart.

Chāupdi 290.

There was a tumultuous clash of instruments of music and a display of all things pleasant and auspicious. Troops of fair faced, bright-eyed maidens joined in song with voices of exquisite melody. Janak's delight was beyond description, as that of a born beggar who has found a treasure ; and Sita relieved of her fears, was as glad as a young partridge at the rising of the moon. The king made obeisance before Vīśvāmitra, saying :—" It is by my lord's favour that Rāma has broken the bow. These two brothers have gained me my purpose ; tell me now, reverend sir, what is becomes me to do." Said the saint :—" Harken, wise king ; the marriage was dependent on the bow, and took effect directly the bow broke ; this is well known to every one, whether god, man or Nāga.

Dohā 294.

Still, go and perform according to family usage whatever practices are prescribed in the Veda, after consultation with the Brāhmanas and elders and your own guru ;

Chāupdi 291.

And despatch a herald to Avadh to invite king Dasarath" The princes responded gladly :—" 'Tis well, gracious sir," and sent a messenger to Avadh that very moment. Then he summoned all the burghers, who came every one of them, and humbly bowing before him received the order :—" Decorate all the markets and streets and temples and shrines in all four quarters of the city." They returned in joy, each to his own house. Then he called up his own servants and instructed them :—" Have all kinds of pavilions made and erected." They obeyed in all gladness and

sent word to the different artificers who were skillful in the construction of canopies and triumphal arches; and they, after invoking Brahmā, set to work and made pillars of gold in the shape of pinnate trees,

Dohd 295.

With leaves and fruit of emeralds and ruby flowers; such a gorgeous show that the Creator was quite disconcerted at the sight.

Chauḍi 292.

The rods all encrusted with emeralds, and so like in form and colour¹, that no one could tell them from real, with betel leaves fashioned in gold so bright and glistening that no one could look at them. Then they worked up the leaves into wreaths, with strings of beautiful pearls inserted here and there, and after much cutting and graving and in laying made lotuses of mosaic with rubies, emeralds, diamonds and turquoises. Doves, too, they made and birds of varied plumage, which buzzed and whistled to the rustling breeze; and on the pillars they sculptured figures of the gods all standing erect with things of good omen in their hands. Squares were drawn on the ground and filled in with diverse devices made of elephant pearls² of exquisite beauty.

Dohd 296.

There were also made most lovely mango-boughs of graven sapphires with blossoms of gold, while clusters of emerald fruit glistened on silken cords.

Chauḍi 293.

Next they made charming festoons as it were Love's own nooses and many golden vases with silken flags and banners and waving *chauris* and elegant lamps all studded with gems. It is impossible to describe the various pavilions and in particular the one intended for the royal bride; what poet would have the hardihood to attempt its description? while the canopy for Rāma, the bridegroom, the

¹ Another reading, instead of *sa-raṣ, sa-bhara*, is *saral sa-parna*, 'straight and knotted.'

² For *śindūra*, 'an elephant,' another reading is *sindur*, 'vermillion,' but this cannot be correct, since the *śauris* or squares, to which reference is here made, are always marked out with some white material, ordinarily flour, though in a king's palace strings of pearls might be substituted.

centre of all beauty and perfection, flashed its radiance through all three worlds. In every house throughout the city there was the same splendour as in Janak's palace; say one who then saw Tishat there was nothing in the fourteen spheres¹ to compare with it, and the prosperous appearance of the very meanest house was enough to fascinate even the king of heaven.

Dohā 297.

For the magnificence of the city wherein dwelt the goddess Lakshmi, in disguise as a woman, was more than even Śāradī or Śeshnāg could tell

Chaupdi 294

When the heralds arrived at Rāma's sacred birthplace, they rejoiced to see the beauty of the city. At the royal gate they sent in word, and King Dasarath at once summoned them to his presence. With a profound salutation they delivered the letter, and the king in his joy rose to receive it. As he read it his eyes filled with tears, his body quivered all over, and his heart seemed bursting. With Rāma and Lakshman in his soul and their dear letter in his hand, he could not utter a word either good or bad. At last, taking courage, he read the letter, and all the court rejoiced to hear the certain news. Now Bharat was playing about, and on hearing the tidings he, say, the two brothers, came and with the utmost modesty and affection asked—"Father, where has the letter come from.

Dohā 298.

Is all well with my two dear brothers? Tell me what country they are in." On hearing these loving words the king again read the letter.

Chaupdi 295.

On hearing it the two brothers trembled all over with irrepressible joy, and the whole court was charmed to see Bharat's holy devotion. Then the king seated the messengers close by him and said in sweet and winning tones:—"Tell me, friend are the two boys well? Have you really seen them with your own eyes?" "One is dark, the other fair; both are equipt with bow and quiver,

¹ The fourteen spheres are as follows, viz., first seven above the earth—Bhar-lok, Bhūvar-lok, Swar-lok, Mahar-lok, Jan lok, Tap-lok, and Satya-lok; and seven beneath the earth—Atal, Kotal, Sural, Varsatal, Mahatal, Tatatal, and Patāḷ.

and are of tender age, and with them is Saint Visramitra." Said the king again and again in his overpowering love:—*You know them, it is clear; tell me now of their state; for from the day that saint took them away till now I have had no definite news of them. Tell me how Janak knew them.*" At these fond words the messengers smiled:—

Dohā 293.

"Hearken, O jewel and crown of kings; there is no man so blest as you, who have for sons Rāma and Lakshman, who are the glory of the whole world.

Chaupāī 296.

There is no need to ask your sons who they are; lion-hearted heroes who irradiate the three spheres. Before their glory and renown the moon is dim and the sun is cold. Why say, my lord, how they were recognized? Does one take a lamp in his hand in order to see the sun? The noughtless kings at Sita's marriage, great warriors as they were, all shrunk away one after the other; for not one of them could stir Smbhu's bow, but all failed, those mighty princes. The power of the mightiest champions in the three worlds was crushed by it. Though Bānāsūr could uproot Mount Meru, even he confessed himself beaten, and retired after pacing around it; and he who in sport uplifted Kailās (*i. e.*, Rāvan) was worsted in this assembly.

Dohā 300.

Then Rāma, the jewel of Raghu's line (hearken, O sovereign lord) snapped the bow with as little effort as an elephant would put forth in breaking the stalk of a lotus.

Chaupāī 297.

At these tidings Parasurām came in a fury, and after much brow-beating gave Rāma his own bow to test his strength, then suppliantly withdrew to the woods. Nor is Rāma more conspicuous in his unequalled might than is the all-glorious Lakshman, at sight of whom the king tremble, as an elephant before a young lion. No one who sees your two sons, sir, can regard anything else on earth." At this eloquent and affectionate speech of the heralds, so loving, grand and heroic, the king and his court were much moved, and began to offer them lavish gifts; but they closed their

ears, crying,—"Not so, not so;" and all were charmed to see their integrity.

Dohd 301.

Then the king rose and went and gave the letter to Vasishṭa, and after relating all the circumstances to the *guru* sent courteously for the envoys.

Chaupdi 298.

After hearing them the saint was highly pleased and said:—"To a good man the world is full of happiness. As rivers run into the sea, though it has no greed for them, so joy and prosperity come unasked and of their own accord to a virtuous soul. Strict in the performance of your duties to your *guru* and to Brāhmins and kine and gods, and your queen Kausalyā no less devout than yourself; you have no equals for piety in the whole world, either now or in the past, nor hereafter shall have. Who O king, can be more blest than you, who have a son like Rama; nay, four heroic sons, all equally obedient, religious and amiable. Happy, indeed, are you for all time. Prepare the marriage procession to sound of music.

Dohd 302

Go quickly." On hearing the saint's commands the king bowed in assent, and hastened to the palace, after assigning quarters to the heralds.

Chaupdi 299.

Then he called all the ladies of the seraglio and read aloud to them Janak's letter—all rejoiced greatly at the news. He then told them all the verbal message; and both himself and the queens were as enraptured with delight as a peacock at the sound of approaching rain. The *guru's* wives in their joy invoked the blessings of heaven, and the queen-mother was completely overwhelmed with ecstasy. They take the dear letter from one another, and press it to their bosom to cool as it were their burning heart. Again and again as he turned to the door, the king repeated the glory and the exploits both of Rama and Lakshman, adding,— "It is all by the saint's good favour." Then the ladies sent for the Brāhmins and joyfully made them offerings, for which the holy men returned their blessings.

Sorath 28.

Next they called together the beggars and lavished every kind of gift upon them :—" May the four sons of the Emperor Dasarath live for ever : "

Choupdi 300.

Thus they shouted as they left, attired in raiment of many colours. There was a jubilant clamour of music and in every house, as the news spread among the people, there were joyous congratulations. The fourteen spheres were fulfilled with delight at the marriage of Raghubir with the daughter of Janak. When they heard the glad tidings, the citizens were enraptured and began decorating the roads and houses and streets ; for although Avadh in itself was a charming place, and clean and pure as being Rāma's home, yet as the natural outcome of its love it garnished and adorned itself still more with festal decorations. Silken flags and banners and graceful *chauris* crested the gay bazar : and at every turn were golden jars and festoons of natted pearls and heaps of turmeric, *dūb* grass, cards, rice, and garlands of flowers.

Dohā 303.

Every one decorated his house ; the streets were duly watered, and every square was filled in with some tasteful design.

Choupdi 301.

Troops of girls assembled at different places, who had practised all the sixteen kinds of female adornment¹ brilliant as the lightning, with moon-like faces and fawn-like eyes, and beauty enough to rob even Love of his pride ; singing auspicious strains with voice so melodious that the cuckoo was put to shame on hearing the sweet sound. How is the king's palace to be described ? The pavilion they set up would dazzle the word. Everything beautiful and of fair

¹ The sixteen *śringār*, or modes of female adornment, are specified in the following rhymes :—

Prathamā ang-machī ek-bāhi — Mājjan dārīya bahānī,
Amal-basan-pābiran tritīya — Yā ak chāri-ujjānī,
Panchama kō-saavāriya — Shantabhin māng-sin-lār,
Ṣṭhal-ābhārī sapthama kahat — Sahasā chibuk ill pur
Mehnatī kar-paī rachan nava — Damsa arghya ang.
Uyārā bhāthan aṣṭ-jatī — Kārān pūshp-prasāng
Dandak-mūlā tēchā — Chaudah-sūryya dant,
A-thar-rāg-gaī pancha-faṣ — Kajjal-ābhās bhānt.

omen was displayed, and every kind of music was heard. Here were rhapsodists chanting songs of praise; here were Brāhmanas muttering Vedic spells; while lovely women carolled joyous songs, ever dwelling on the names of Rāma and Sita. The joy was so great that the palace was too small for it, and it overflowed on all four sides.

Dohā 304.

What poet can describe in full the magnificence of the palace of Dvarāth, in which Rāma, the glory of highest heaven, had taken birth?

Chaupāī 302.

The king next called Bharat:—"Go and prepare horses and elephants and chariots and start at once for Raghobir's marriage procession." When they heard this order, both brothers were full of excitement. Bharat sent for all the chief officers and issued his commands, and they rose in joy and haste to perform them. First they made gorgeous trappings for the horses. Of different colours were the gallant steeds, but all well-proportioned and mettlesome, touching the ground with their feet as lightly as though it were red-hot iron. I cannot tell all the various breeds; they would race the wind and outstrip it. The princess who mounted them were all like Bharat, graceful, and gorgeously attired, with bow and arrows in hand and well-filled quiver at their side.

Dohā 305.

Slim, elegant and lithesome youths, but expert warriors all; and with each knight were two footmen well skilled in sword-play.

Chaupāī 303.

Full of high resolve, the warriors staunch in fight sallied forth and halted outside the city, putting their well-trained steeds through all their paces and rejoicing in the clash of tabor and drum. The charioteers had made their cars equally gorgeous with flags and banners and jewelled adornments, with elegant *chauris* and tinkling bells, so as to outdo in splendour the chariot of the Sun. Innumerable were the black-eared horses¹, which the grooms yoked

¹ A horse to be fit for sacrifice must have black ears.

to these chariots, and all were so beautiful and richly caparisoned that even a saint would be enraptured at the sight; skimming the surface of the water like dry land nor, sinking even hoof-deep, so marvellous their speed. After completing their equipment of armour and weapons, the charioteers gave word to their masters.

Dohā 306.

Who all mounted in turn, and the procession began to form outside the city; all, whatever the object on which they were bent, were met by auspicious omens.

Chaupāī 304.

On the magnificent elephants were splendid canopies wrought in a manner beyond all description. As the mighty elephants moved, the bells clanged like the thunder from the clouds in the grateful month of Śāwan. And other vehicles were there of many kinds; elegant *pā'is* and sedans and coaches, wherein were seated companies of noble Brāhmins, incarnations as it were of all the hymns of the Veda. The genealogists and bards and minstrels and rhapsodists were mounted on other cars according to their rank; while mules and camels and oxen of every breed were laden with all sorts of baggage; there were also millions of porters with burdens slung across their shoulders; but who could enumerate such an endless list of things and the crowd of servants, each with his own set of appliances?

Dohā 307.

All were glad and fearless of heart, and were quivering with excitement in every limb, saying:—"When shall we feast our eyes with the sight of the two heroes, Rāma and Lakshman?"

Chaupāī 305.

The elephants' bells clanged with a fearful din; on all sides there was a creaking of wheels and a snighing of horses; the drums would drown a tempest's roar, and no one could hear himself speak or any one else. At the king's gate was such an enormous crowd that the stone pavement was all trdden into dust. Women mounted on the upper story viewed the sight, with festal torches and salvers in their hands, and carolled melodious songs in an ecstasy of joy beyond description. Then Samants made

ready two chariots and yoked them with steeds that would outrun the horses of the Sun, and brought them in all their beauty before the king—not Sārādā herself could do them justice—the one was for the royal retinue, but the other was still more splendid.

Dohā 308.

This the king first caused Vasishṭa to mount, and then himself ascended, with his thoughts fixed upon Hara, his guru, Gauri, and Ganes.

Chauḍī 306.

By Vasishṭa's side the king shone forth as Purandara beside Vrihaspati. After performing every ceremony prescribed either by family usage or the Veda, and inspecting whatever had been done, he sallied forth to the blast of the conch shell, after obtaining the permission of his guru, and with his thoughts fixed on Rāma. The beneficent gods rejoiced to see the procession and rained down flowers. There was a confused uproar, horses neighing, elephants trumpeting, and drums beating, both in the sky and on the line of march. Women and goddesses alike broke out in songs of joy, while tuneful clarions played in sweet accord.

There was an indescribable clamour of bells, both great and small. The foot soldiers leaped and danced as if challenging attack; the jesters practised all kinds of buffoonery, provoking laughter with facetious songs.

Dohā 309.

Gallant youths make their steeds curvet to the measured beat of labors and kettledrums; accomplished dancers waltz with surprise that they never make a step out of time.

Chauḍī 307.

But it is useless attempting to describe the procession. Every omen that occurred was fair and auspicious. On the left side a blue-necked jay was picking up food as if to announce the very highest good fortune; on a fair field on the right were a crow and a *maṅgū* in the sight of all; a grateful breeze breathed soft and cool and fragrant; a woman was seen with a pitcher and child; a fox showed himself winding about; and in front a cow was suckling its calf; a herd of deer came out on the right, an indication of everything good; a Brāhmaṇi-kite promised all success; also a *syāma* bird perched on a tree to the left; a man was

met hearing curds and fish; and two learned Bráhmans with books in their hands.

Dohd 310.

Every good and auspicious omen, and every bestower of desired reward, seemed all to have met at once as if to verify themselves.

Chaupdi 308.

Every good and auspicious omen was ready at hand for him whose glorious son was the incarnate God, a bridegroom like Ráma, matched with such a bride as Sita, as with the pious Dasarath and Janak for the two parents. When they heard of the marriage, all the good omen began to dance and say:—"Now at last the Creator has really made us to be what our name denotes." In this manner the procession sat forth, with noise of horses and elephants and beat of drums. When Janak, the glory of the Solar race, heard of its approach, he had all the rivers bridged, and at different stages had convenient rest-houses erected, which vied in splendour with the city of heaven and were supplied everything that one could desire—beds, food and linen. Ever discovering some new charm, all the travellers forgot their own home.

Dohd 311.

When it was known that the procession was close at hand, and the beating of the drums was heard, a deputation went out to meet it, with elephants and chariots and foot and horse.

Chaupdi 309.

Beautiful golden vases and trays and silvers and costly dishes of every kind, laden with cakes as sweet as nectar and of indescribable variety, with much luscious fruit and, in short, everything of the best, did the king in his gladness send as an offering. Ornaments, wearing apparel, jewels of all kinds, birds, deer, horses, elephants, carriages of every description, well-omened spices, delicious perfumes, these, too, did the king send, and there was a train of porters with their baskets full of cards and parched rice and other light antrements. When the deputation saw the wedding guests, their soul was full of rapture

1 For *Shriya* "duty" some copies read *Shriya* "land," but incorrectly, as the context shows.

and their body quivered with excitement; while the guests were no less charmed by the preparations made for their reception and beat their drums.

Dohā 312.

For a little they joined their ranks and marched to their joy as one body for the sake of company; like oceans of bliss that had burst their bounds and come together.

Chaupāi 310.

The nymphs of heaven rained down flowers and sang, the glad gods beat their drums. The offerings were all set out before the king, with a humble and affectionate address. The king graciously accepted them and bestowed them in charity on the poor. Then with religious honours and hymns of praise they conducted him to the guest-chambers. The cloths spread as carpets for King Dasarath to tread upon were so gorgeous that the goal of wealth on seeing them could boast no longer. The gods rained down flowers and shouted Victory. Victory. The apartments assigned were most beautiful and supplied with every kind of comfort. When Sita knew that the procession had arrived in the city, she manifested her greatness to a slight extent, and with thoughtful heart called up the eight Siddhis, or wonder-working spirits, and sent them to arrange for the king's reception.

Dohā 313.

Obedient to her command, they repaired to the reception-hall, taking with them every kind of luxury and comfort and the joys and delights of heaven.

Chaupāi 311.

Each guest on going to see his apartment found it a veritable paradise; no, one, however, had no inkling of the mysterious power that had been exerted, but took it all as Janak's doing. Rāma alone recognized the influence of Sita and rejoiced at this proof of her love. When the two brothers heard of their father's arrival they could not contain themselves for joy, but were too modest to speak to their *guru*, though they longed greatly to see their sire again. Visvamitra perceived their humility, which filled his soul with contentment, and took the two brothers to his bosom with quivering body and eyes bedewed with

tears. They went then to Dasarath's mansion, like thirsting travellers who have spied a pool.

Dohd 314.

When the king saw the saint coming with the two boys, he rose in joy and advanced to meet them, like one who feels his footing in a deep flood of bliss.

Chaupdi 312.

He prostrated himself before the saint, again and again sprinkling on his head the dust of his feet. Visvamitra took him to his bosom and blessed him and enquired after his welfare. Then the two brothers prostrated themselves. The king on seeing them could not contain himself for joy, but took his boys to his heart, and forgetting the intolerable pain of the past seemed like a dead man restored to life. Then they bowed their head at Vasistha's feet, who also embraced them most affectionately; and in turn they saluted all the Brâhmanas and received their welcome blessings. They greeted Bharat too and his younger brother Satrugna, who at once raised up Râma and embraced him, and no less rejoiced to see Lakshman again. Thus they all met together with a display of the utmost affection.

Dohd 315.

The all merciful and gracious lord had an appropriate greeting for all, whether citizens, or attendants, or kinsmen, beggars, or ministers, or friends.

Chaupdi 313.

At the sight of Râma the wedding guests were repaid for their toilsome journey, and their demonstrations of love were beyond all telling. Beside their royal father the four boys seemed as incarnations of the four great ends of life. All the people of the city were delighted beyond measure at the sight of Dasarath and his sons; the gods rained down flowers and beat their drums; the nymphs of heaven danced and sang. Satânand with the Brâhmanas and ministers of state and the rhapsodists and bards and players and minstrels, who had come in deputation, after duly reverencing the king and the marriage guests, received permission to return. The whole city was exceedingly delighted that the procession had come before the day fixed for the wedding, and were supremely happy, praying God to lengthen the days and nights:—

Dohd 316.

"Rama and Sita are the perfection of beauty, and the two kings the perfection of virtue:" thus would say all the people of the city whenever they happened to meet:—

Chaupdi 314.

Sita is the incarnation of Janak's merit and Rāma of Dasarath's: no one has equalled them in devotion to Sita, nor has any one obtained such a reward as they have. And all we must be everything that is good, seeing that we have been born into the world as Janak's citizens and have beheld the beauty of Jānaki and Rāma; who is so superlatively blest as we are? and we have yet to see Rāma's wedding, of all sights the best worth seeing." So, too, sweet-voiced maidens whispered to one another:—"This marriage, my dear, will be a great treat. God has brought about an event of signal felicity in lodging those two brothers in the guest-chambers of our eyes.

Dohd 317.

Many and many a time will Janak lovingly send for Sita, and the two brothers, beautiful as a myriad Loves, will come to fetch her.

Chaupdi 315.

There will be all kinds of hospitable entertainments; who, dear girl, would not rejoice in such a father-in-law? Every one in the place will be delighted at the sight of Rāma and Lakshman; and now two other lads, my friends, have come with the king, who are a match even for them; one dark, the other fair, but beautiful in every limb, so says every one who has seen them." Said one in reply: "I saw them to-day, and thought God must have made them with his own hands. Rāma and Bharat are so much alike that neither man nor woman could without looking close tell one from the other; while again Lakshman and Satrugha are also one in appearance, perfectly beautiful in every limb from head to foot; the soul would fain express its rapture, but language fails it, for there is nothing comparable to them in all the three spheres of creation."

Chhand 31.

No poet, however ingenious, says Tulsi Das, could find aught comparable to them; for so noblooded is their

strength, their courtesy, their knowledge, their amiability and their beauty, that they have no peers but themselves. All the women in the city, spreading out their garments, made prayer to Brahmā,—“May all four brothers be married here, and may we sing their wedding song.”

Sorathā 29.

Said the damsels to one another with streaming eyes and quivering body :—“Friends, the two kings are of such boundless religious merit that for their sake Mahādeva will bring it all about.”

Chāyādi 316.

In like manner they all expressed their desire, while their full heart overflowed with rapture. When the kings, who had come as Nita's suitors, saw the brothers, they all rejoiced and returned to their own homes, extolling Rāma's high and spotless fame. In this fashion several days were spent, to the joy alike of citizens and guests. At length the auspicious day arrived, in the cold season, in the pleasant month of Aghra. The Creator himself had carefully fixed the date, when the sign of the zodiac, the age of the moon, the conjunction of the stars and the day of the week were one and all propitious. Of this he sent word through Nārad, and it was the very same that Janak's wise men had calculated. All the people on hearing this fact declared their astrologers to be very gods.

Dohā 318.

It was towards sunset¹, the clearest and most delightful hour of the day, that the Brāhmins apprized Videha's king that the auspicious time had arrived.

¹ The word *dh-ak-dhāt* stands for the more common *ga-dhāt*—for *ga* and *dhena* are identical in meaning—and denotes the unfortunately very brief period of the day during which the Indian climate is thoroughly enjoyable. Professor Monier Williams in his Sanskrit dictionary explains the words as follows. “‘dust of the earth’, a period of the day in the hot season when the sun is half risen; in the cold and dewy seasons when the sun is full but null; and in the three other seasons, sunset; originally, a time at which mist seems to rise from the earth.” I have always myself considered that the first part of the compound was used in its more ordinary sense of ‘a cow,’ and that *ga-dhāt* would be literally rendered ‘dust of cows,’ not ‘dust of the earth.’ The word is still current in village use, and when I have been mowing about in the district in the cold weather I have heard it applied by the country-people to the hour of sunset, when the cattle were all coming home from pasture, and raising dense clouds of dust along the narrow lanes; a fact to which the speaker was evidently referring, and which I think, is the more correct explanation of the etymology.

Chauṛī 317.

The monarch cried to the family priest :—" What is now the cause of delay ? At once Satānand summoned the ministers, who all came bearing festal vases : conches, drums, and tabors sounded ; all decked their vases in auspicious wise : graceful damsels sang songs, and holy Brāhmaṇs murmured Vedic texts. In this manner they went with all ceremony to the visitors' camp, and on beholding the king of Kosala's retinue it seemed to them that Indra was of much less glory. " The hour has come, be pleased to start." At this the drums gave a thundering beat. After consulting his *guru* and performing the family rites, the king and the saint sallied forth with all their host.

Dohā 319.

Brahmā and all the other gods, on beholding the pomp and magnificence of Avadh's king, began to extol him with a thousand tongues and declare their own life to have been wasted.

Chauṛī 318.

Seeing the auspiciousness of the time, the deities rained down flowers and beat their drums. Siva and Brahmā and all the host of heaven mounted their chariots and came in crowds to see Rāma's wedding, their heart and every limb throbbing and quivering with excess of love. They were so charmed with Janak's capital that their own realms seemed to them as nothing worth. They gaze with astonishment at the pavilions and all the marvellous decorations ; at the men and women so beautiful and well-formed, so good and amiable and intelligent, before whom all the gods and goddesses seemed like the stars at the rising of the full moon. Above all was Brahmā astounded at finding his own handiwork nowhere.

Dohā 320.

But Siva admonished them all :—" Do not give way to such surprise ; recover yourselves and reflect that this is the marriage of Sita and Raghuvir.

Chauṛī 319.

The mere mention of whose name destroys all that is evil in the world ; in whose hand are the four great ends of human life ; such are Sita and Rāma, says Love's destroyer." When Sambhu had thus admonished the gods, he

again urged on his noble bull. Beholding Datarath march forth, their soul was full of joy and their limbs trembled. The crowd of saints and Bráhmans who accompanied him seemed like incarnate gods ministering to him. In the midst shone forth the beautiful boys as it were final Beatitude manifested in its four phases.¹ As they gazed on the pair, of golden and sapphire hue, the gods were moved with violent love, and especially were they delighted at the sight of Itáma, and glorified the king and raised down flowers.

Dohá 321.

Again and again as Umá and Mahádeva fixed their gaze upon Itáma, all-perfect in beauty from head to foot, their body trembled and their eyes filled with tears.

Chaupá 320.

On his body, dark as a peacock's glistening neck his bright raiment outshone the lightning; his wedding adornments of every kind were most exquisitely fashioned: his face more lustrous than a cloudless autumn moon; his eyes more brilliant than the lotus; his beauty, in short, so marvellous that no words can describe how it moved the soul. By his side shone forth his charming brother, making his mettlesome steed plunge and bound on the way, as also did all the attendant princes; while the family birds recited the glories of their line. As the king of the birds noted the action of the horse that Ráma bestrode, he blushed for shame; for its beauty was beyond all telling, as it might be Kámadéva himself in equine disguise.

Chhand 35.

As though Kámadéva himself in his love for Ráma had assumed an equine disguise, of such resplendent beauty as to charm all creation with his youth and vigour and form and points and paces. A saddle flashed its splendours on his back, thick set with pearls and rubies; bridle too and band gleamed bright with jewels that dazzled the gaze of men, saints and gods.

¹ The four grades or phases of *spandana*, i. e., final beatitude, are *valokata*, resemblance in the same heaven as god; *sarupa*, being in the same form as god; *sandhyata*, being in actual contact with god; and *sayujyá*, complete absorption into god.

Dohā 322.

Obedient in every movement to the will of its lord, the gallant steed was as beautiful as a peacock, that dances in response to a theedar-cloud, whose dark mass is irradiated by the stars of heaven and the fitful lightning.

Chaupdi 321.

But not Sārādā herself could do justice to the noble steed on which Rāma rode. Sankara was enchanted with his beauty, and congratulated himself on having fifteen eyes. When Hari affectionately gazed on Rāma he and Lakshmi were both equally charmed; while Brahmā rejoiced to behold his beauty, and regretted that he had only eight eyes. Kārtikeya exulted greatly than in the matter of eyes he was half as well off again as Brahmā. When wise Indra looked at Rāma, he thought Gautam's curse a great blessing; and all the gods broke out in Indra's praise, saying:—'To-day there is no one like him.' All heaven was delighted at the sight of Rāma, and there was joy above measure in the court of both the kings.

Chhand 36.

There was exceeding joy in both royal courts; the welkin resounded with multitudinous kettledrums; the gods raised dows flowers and shouted in their joy,—'Glory, glory, glory to Raghu's noble son.' In this manner when they learnt that the procession was approaching all sorts of music began to play, and the queen gave orders to her handmaids to prepare the auspicious materials for the lustral rite.

Dohā 323.

With many lights and torches and festal preparations of every kind, a bevy of graceful dances proceeded joyously to celebrate the lustral rite.

Chaupdi 322.

With fawn-like eyes and face of moon-like brightness, each one was beautiful enough to rob Itati all self-conceit. Attired in costly garments of different colours, covered all over with ornaments and rendered beautiful in every limb, they sang more melodiously than the kōl to the music of the bells on their wrists and waist and feet,

1 The reason being that Indra has a thousand eyes

as they moved, with all the undulating grace of a wild elephant. All kinds of music played, and there were rejoicings both in heaven and in the city. Indrāni, Sārāśā, Lakshmi and Bhavāni the wisest of all the queens of heaven, assumed the disguise of woman's form and flocked to the king's seraglio, singing delightfully with divine voice; and for joy there was no one who recognised them.

Chānd 37.

In their ecstatic joy as they went to receive the bridegroom with melodious song and sweet music, who could tell who was who? The gods showered down flowers and everything was delightful. As they gazed upon the bridegroom, the source of bliss, they were all glad of heart, their lotus eyes overflowed with tears and their every limb quivered with rapture.

Idā 324.

The joy of Sita's mother on the beholding Rāma's glorious appearance was more than a thousand Sārāśās and Nethaśās could tell in a hundred ages.

Chāundi 323.

Restraining her tears out of regard for the suspiciousness of the event, the queen with gladness of heart performed the lustral rite, and diligently completed the entire ceremony in accordance with Vedic prescription and family usage. The five kinds of music were accompanied by festal chanting, and rich carpets of different sorts were spread upon the ground. After the lustral rite and the oblation Rāma proceeded to the pavilion. So great was the splendour and magnificence of Dasarath and his retinue that Indra was put to shame by it. From time to time the gods rained down flowers, while the Brāhmins repeated the appropriate propitiatory texts.² There was much jubilation on the earth and in heaven that no one could hear himself speak, much less any one else. In this manner

1 The five kinds of music are as follows: the *sāmrā* or *sītāra*; the *śālī*; the *ghaṇṭā*, or cymbals; the *nakāra*, or kettledrum; and fifthly, the trumpet, *śū* or other wind instrument.

2 The prayer, or propitiatory text, ordinarily known by the name of *śānti*, is as follows: *Om. Soṃso Mitrah sam Varuṇaḥ saṃso Bhataritrayaṃ saṃso Indra Vrahaspatiḥ saṃso Viśṇuḥ urukramaḥ saṃso Brāhmaṇa saṃso Vayo tvamāra pratyakṣaḥ Brāhmaṇitvan eoa pratyakṣaḥ Brāhma vadiśhyāmi eitam vadiśhyāmi satyam vadiśhyāmi taṃ mām arataś tū rakṣaḥ saṃ arataraś mām arata rakṣaḥ. Om. Śānti śānti śānti.*

Rāma entered the pavilion, where the libation was offered and he was conducted to his throne.

Chhand 38.

When the bridegroom was seated on the throne and the lustral rite was performed, all rejoiced at the sight, scattering around him jewels and raiment and ornaments in profusion, while women sang festal songs. Brahmā and all the other gods disguised as noble Brāhmanas witnessed the spectacle, and as they gazed on the glorious son of the lotus race of Raghu, reckoned it the happiest moment of their life.

Doha 325.

The barber and torch maker and singers and dancers, who gathered up the offerings that had been scattered about Rāma,¹ bowed their head and invoked blessings upon him from a heart that was beating with joy.

Chaupai 324.

Janak and Dasarath joined most affectionately in the observance of every custom, whether religious or secular; and the royal pair were so glorious a sight that the poet, searching whereto to liken them and finding nothing, must acknowledge himself defeated and admit that they were comparable only to themselves. The gods beheld with delight the two fathers and rained down flowers and sang their praises:—"Since Brahmā first created the world, we have seen and heard of many marriages, but never till this day have we seen a match so perfect in all respects, and two such well-matched fathers." At the sound of this voice from

¹ The custom of distributing pieces of money among the crowd is still kept up by rich Muhammadan families at wedding festivals, and special coins for the purpose were struck by Jahangir and others of the Delhi Emperors. These are called *andā*, while the word used by Tulsī Das here and in many other places, is *nichādars*. The resemblance is so close that the Hindi might easily be a corruption of the Arabic. But it seems improbable that such a thoroughly Indian custom should not have an indigenous name; and further, the derivation of *nichādars* would appear to be from the Sanskrit root *nikṣip*, "to throw," with the prefix *ni*, "down." Mr. Cole, in his Hindi Dictionary forms it from *niyam* plus *dhay* plus *var*; but this can scarcely be accepted as a very plausible explanation. Any how the word does not look like a foreign importation. As to the etymology of *andā*, I must leave Arabic scholars to speak; but if there is no connection between the two words, the coincidence in sound and meaning is at least curious. Should there be no earlier authority than Tulsī Das for *nichādars* it might be a mere adaptation, such as has converted *andāl* into our *adi*, *di* and *into* *andā*, and has helped to popularise many other unintelligible terms of legal phraseology.

heaven as gracious and yet on time, there was on both sides a marvellous access of love. Janak led the way with due honours to the pavilion, offering libations and unrolling a carpet as he went.

Chhand 32.

Beholding the beauty of the manifold decorations of the pavilion, even the saints were astonished; but the wise Janak with his own hands conducted them all to their seats. Paying the same honour and respect to Vasishtha as to his own patron divinity, he received his blessing; but the supreme devotion with which he greeted Viçvamisra was of a kind that surpasses description.

Paad 326.

With great joy the king did homage to Vāṃsavya too and the other saints, and gave them all exalted thrones and received their blessing.

Chand 323.

Again he did homage to the lord of Kocala, taking him to be the peer of Mahādeva, *viz.* none other; with clasped hands in humble phrase extolling him and solacing on his own marvellous good fortune. Then to all the wedding-guests he paid the same homage in every respect as to the bridegroom's father, and assigned them all appropriate seats. How can I with my one tongue describe all the pageant. With gifts and compliments and profuse apologies Janak did the honours to all his guests. Brahmā, Viṣṇu, Mahādeva, the eight guardians of the world¹ and the god of day, who know Raghuvir's glory, disguised themselves as learned Brāhmins and were delighted spectators of the festivities. Janak, though he recognized them not, paid them homage as gods and led them to exalted seats.

Chhand 40.

Who could tell who was who, when there was no one who could answer even for himself. As they gazed on the bridegroom, the root of joy, joy was diffused on all sides. When he saw the gods, the all-wise Rāma assigned them what

¹ The guardians of the eight quarters of the world are Indra, of the east; Agni, of the south-east; Yama, of the south; Nirriti, of the south-west; Varuna of the west; Vāya or Marut, of the north-west; Kṛvera, of the north; Isāna, or Siva, of the north-east. Some lists substitute Sūrya, 'the sun' and Soma, 'the Moon,' for Nirriti and Isāna; others again give the Sun and Chandra Moon and the Six Planets.—*Monier Williams*

seats they fanoied ; and the heavenly powers were delighted to behold the gracious manner of their lord.

Dohâ 327.

As the partridge drinks in the light of the moon, so their eyes reverently drank in the beauty of Râma's face with the utmost rapture.

Châupdi 326.

Perceiving that the time had arrived, Vasishṭa called, and Satânand came with ready obedience. "Go now and quickly bring the bride." On receiving this order the saint went gladly, and on bearing his message the queen with all her attendants was delighted, and sent for the Brâhman ladies and the elders of the tribe, and with songs of joy performed all the family rites. The goddesses, who were disguised as women, were all so amiable and lovely, in the first bloom of their youth,¹ that the ladies were charmed to see them, and, though not recognizing them, held them more dear than life. Again and again the queen did them honour accounting them equals of Umâ, Râma and Sârâdâ. After dressing Sita and forming in procession they joyously conducted her to the pavilion.

Chhand 41.

Reverently and with auspicious pomp her attendant ladies conducted Sita, each of them of lovely form and superbly adorned, moving with the voluptuous grace of a young elephant. At the sound of their melodious strains the saints forgot their meditations, the god of love and the loil were abashed ; while the bells on their anklets and gleaming girdles rang out with the cymbals and a delightful accompaniment as they moved.

Dohâ 328.

Among her maidens Sita shone forth in native loveliness, like Bliss personified among the Graces.

¹ Hindus of the older time had a perfect mania for classifying and defining, and have invented divisions and sub-divisions of every conceivable group of objects, with a definite technical name for each variety. Thus the word in the text, here translated "in the bloom of youth," *vayâma* which is strictly defined "as a woman from eight to sixteen years of age, resembling in complexion the blossom of *Priyangu* and its slender stalk in shape." There are many other varieties of the sex, that have their distinctive marks specified with equal minuteness.

Chaupdi 327.

Her beauty is indescribable, so great is it and so little my wit. When the wedding guests saw her approach, a exquisitely charming and every way divine, they all did homage to her from their inmost soul. At the sight of her Rāma was filled with love, and Dasarath and his sons were glad of heart beyond all telling. The gods did homage and rained down flowers; the saints gave their blessings in auspicious wise: there was a confused noise of singing and playing and general rejoicing throughout the city. In this manner Sita arrived at the pavilion, while the great saints joyously recited the set forms of prayer and the two family *gurus* performed all the due rites and ceremonies

Chhand 42—43.

After the ceremonies the *gurus* directed the glad Brāhmanas to worship Gauri and Ganes: the gods in visible form accepted the homage and gave their blessing, which they received with joy. Whatever dainty dish or condiment any holy man fancied at any time was at once supplied him by the table attendants in plates and bowls of gold. Having reverently and dutifully performed all family rites in accordance with the Sun-god's prescription, and offered homage to the gods, they conducted Sita to her glorious throne. The mutual love with which Sita and Rāma regarded each other was too much to look upon; it exceeds all sense, or intelligence, or speech, or perception; how then can the poet express it?

Dohā 329.

At the time of the burnt sacrifice, the Fire-god in person most graciously accepted the oblation, and all the Vedas in the guise of Brāhmanas uttered the marriage formularies.

Chaupdi 328.

What words can describe Janak's illustrious queen-consort, Sita's mother, in whose composition the Creator had combined the perfection of glory, piety, happiness and beauty? At the due time the saints called her, and she came responsive to the summons with her attendant maidens. Then shone forth Sunayana at Janak's left hand, as Meena beside Himālaya. With their own hands the glad king and queen took and place before Rāma

golden vases and costly jewelled trays full of holy water and delicious perfumes. The saints with auspicious voice recite the Veda, and at the proper time the heaven rains flowers, while the father and mother of the bride look on in raptures and begin to wash the holy feet.

Chhand 44—47.

Their whole frame quivering with excess of love, they began to lave the lotus feet; while both in heaven and in the city there were singing and music and shouts of victory bursting forth and overflowing in all directions. The lotus feet that ever gleam in the lake of Siva's bosom; by meditating upon which for a single moment every impurity of the soul and defilement of this wicked world is removed; by whose touch the sage's guilty wife attained salvation; whose honeyed fragrance, as the gods declare, is ever present on Sambhu's head; on which the bee-like soul of saints and ascetics ever dwells as they reach the heaven of their desire; these holy feet are bathed by Janak, 'midst the glad acclamations of all. The two family priests join the hands of the bride and bridegroom and recite their descent. The mystic union is completed, and at the sight Brahma and all gods and men and saints were full of joy. As the bride's parents gazed on the gracious bridegroom, both their soul and body were raptured with delight; and having completed every family and scriptural observance, the glorious monarch gave his daughter to her lord. As Himálaya gave Girijá to Mahádeva, and as Ocean gave Lakshmi to Vishnu, in like manner did Jasak bestow Sita on Ráma, and creation was glorified anew. After stationing the happy pair on one spot (the bride so fair of hue, the groom so dark) and performing the sacrifice with all due rites, and tying the knot, the circumambulation commenced.

Dohá 330.

At the sound of the buzzes and minstrelsy and the recitation of the Veda and the auspicious chanting and the music, the all-wise gods were delighted and rained down flowers from the tree of paradise.

Chaupdi 229.

The bride and bridegroom with measured paces performed the circumambulation, while all present feasted their adoring gaze on the spectacle. The beauty of the

happy pair is not to be described; whatever comparison might be suggested would fall short of the reality. The lovely images of Rāma and Sita were reflected in the jewelled pillars, and sparkled like incarnations of Kāmadeva and Itati, who had come to witness Rāma's glorious wedding and, from mingled curiosity and bashfulness, at one moment showed themselves openly and at another retired out of sight. All the spectators were enraptured and like Janak forgot about themselves. Joyously the saints made them pace in circle round; the rite was accomplished and the marriage offerings made. Rāma applied the vermillion to Sita's forehead, brilliant beyond all description; and his arm seemed like a serpent thirsting for ambrosia, as it decorated her moonlike face with the red powder that filled his lotus hand. Then by Vasishṭa's direction the bride and bridegroom took their seat together.

Chānd 48—51.

When Rāma and Jānaki took their seat, Dasarath's soul was rejoiced and his frame quivered with emotion, as again and again he fixed his gaze upon them and saw as it were his own virtue like the tree of paradise blossoming anew. There was rejoicing all over the world at the news of Rāma's wedding, how can it be described? I have not one tongue in my head, while the joy had no bounds. Then Janak, having received Vasishṭa's order, provided all things necessary for the marriage coronation, and summoned the three maidens, Māndavī, Srotikīrti, and Urmilā. After affectionately performing every rite, the king gave first to Bharat in marriage the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Kusakethu. Then next with all honour Janak bestowed upon Lakshman Jānaki's lovely younger sister; and finally gave away to Ripu-sūdan the bright-eyed and charming Srotikīrti, no less amiable than beautiful. As bride and bridegroom modestly gazed on each other and noticed the contrast¹, they were glad of heart; while every one delightedly applauded the beauty of the scene, and the gods rained down flowers. All equally beautiful, though diverse in hue, they shone resplendent in the pavilion, as though the 'four states of life with their several lords had met in one living soul.

¹ Rāma and Bharat being dark were married to Jānaki and Māndavī who were fair; while the fair bridegrooms, Lakshman and Satrugbha were wedded to the dark brides, Urmilā and Srotikīrti.

Dohā 331.

The king of Avadh gazed with delight on his four sons and their brides ; as though that jewel of monarchs had in them realized the four methods of religion and the four cognate ends of life.¹

Chaupī 330.

All the princes were married with the same rites as I have described for Rāma. The enormous dowry was beyond description ; the whole pavilion was full of gold and jewels. Shawls, robes and silks of kinds in the greatest profusion and of immense value ; elephants, chariots, horses, menservants, and cows with gilded horns and hoofs, as beautiful as the cow of plenty ; things so many that no one could count them, nor credit their number if he had not seen them. At the sight the guardians of the world broke out into praises of the dowry, and Avadh's king received it all most graciously. To every one who asked was given whatever he desired, and what remained over was taken to the guests' quarters. Then with folded hands and bated breath Jaak courteously entreated all the bridegroom's party.

Chhand 52—55.

After courteously entreating all the marriage guests with high ceremony, gifts, apologies and compliments he joyfully proceeded with much devotion to do his humble homage to the saintly throng. With bowed head he propitiated the gods, and thus, with hands clasped in prayer, addressed them all, " Gods and saints desire only a good will ; can Ocean's wants be satisfied by a libation of a few drops ? " ² Again with clasped hands Jaak and his brother spoke to the king of Kosala, with winning words full of love and amiability :— " O king, I am greatly ennobled by your alliance ; know that my realm and all that I have is freely yours to command. Take these girls as your hand-maidens and graciously protect them, and pardon me my sin and presumption in inviting

¹ The *chār phal*, i.e., the four fruits or ends of life, are, as has been before explained, *Dharma*, *Artha*, *Kāma*, and *Moksha*, which are here compared to Dasarath's four sons. The four brides are likened to the *chār kriyā*, or four methods of religion, which are either *Sādā*, *Bhaddha*, *Tapasya* and *Shānti*, that is to say, obedience, piety, penance and faith, or according to another enumeration, *aushādhā*, religious ceremonial *adhyā*, diligence, *raja* love ; and *vivra*, detachment from the world.

² Yet though it derives no benefit from such a scanty offering, it both demands and accepts it.

yeo." The glory of the Solar race in turn addressed his royal cousin in terms of highest honour; their courtesy was past all telling, and the love that overflowed their hearts. The deities rained down flowers as the monarch proceeded to the goest-chamber, midst the crash of kettledrums, the muttered recitation of the Veda, and glad rejoicings both on earth and in heaven. Then by the saint's command as singing auspicious strains as they went, the fair ladies of the court conducted to the marriage pavilion the bridegroom and their brides.

Dohā 332.

Again and again did Sita gaze upon Réma with modest mien, but full of confidence at heart; and her eyes athirst with love outshone the fish in Kámadeva's blazon.

Chaupāi 331.

Dark in hue and full of not-aught grace, his beauty put to shame a myriad Loves; his lac-stained feet gleamed like some lotus, the haunt of bee-like saintly souls; his pure and lustrous yellow robe outshone the rising sun or lightning-flash; and the little bells on his waistbelt made delicious tinkling; long were his arms and clasped with glittering bangles his yellow *janeu* set him off to perfection; his signet ring would ravish all hearts; lustrous were all his many wedding adornments and the stars and collars on his broad breast; across his shoulders a yellow scarf with fringe of gems and pearls; with lotus eyes and bright pendants from his ears and a face the very store-house of beauty; lovely brows and charming nose and on his forehead a most bewitching spot, while on his head the auspicious marriage-crown shone glorious with knotted pearls and gems.

Chhand 56—59.

The knotted gems and the crown and his comely person ravished all hearts; and not a woman or goddess in heaven or earth who did not break a blade of grass at the sight of his beauty. After scattering round about him jewels and raiment and adornments they perform the lustral rite, singing auspicious songs, while the gods rain down flowers, and bards, minstrels and rhapsodists declare his glory.

1 Either involuntarily from agitation and bashfulness, or as a charm to avert the evil eye, or to show how little they valued anything in the world in comparison with his beauty.

When the bride and bridegroom entered the marriage pavilion, great was the joy of the attendants, who with festive songs and in most lovingwise began to perform the accustomed observances. Gauri herself taught Râma, and Sâradé told Sita how to manage the mess of rice-milk ; and all the ladies of the seraglio were so taken with the merry sport that they reckoned it the happiest moment of their lives. When Jânaki saw in the gems on her fingers the reflection of the all-beautiful, she dared not move her eyes or lithe some arm for fear of losing his presence. The rapture of delight, the ecstasy of love surpassed all telling ; only those happy dames could comprehend it who escorted the bride and bridegroom to the guest-house. Then might be heard on all sides blessings and great exultation in heaven and on earth and a universal shout of joy :—'Long life to the four happy couples.'

Dohd 333.

Hermits, saints and sages, the gods too on beholding their lord, sounded their kettledrums and returned in gladness, each to his own realm, raining down flowers and crying 'Victory'. Then the four princes with their brides approached their father, and such was the glory, the felicity and the rapture that it seemed to overflow the court like a torrent.

Châupâi 332.

Again there was a magnificent banquet, to which Janak sent and invited all the visitors. Carpets of richest stuff were spread as the king sallied forth with his sons. After reverently washing his guests' feet, he seated them all according to their rank. First Janak bathed the feet of Avadh's lord with a loving devotion past all telling ; then he bathed Râma's lotus feet, feet ever ensnared in Mahâdeva's heart ; and, also with his own hands, bathed the feet of the three brothers, regarding them as Râma's peers. To all the king assigned appropriate seats, and then gave his orders to the cooks, who with due ceremony set out the dishes, made all of jewels instead of leaves, and studded with golden pins.

Dohd 334.

The quick and obsequious waiting-men jessed round, and in a moment every guest was supplied with rice and

condiments and fragrant butter, and everything luscious and savory and new.

Chapdi 333.

After making the five oblation¹, they began to eat listening with delight the while to allusive songs. There were confections of many kinds sweeter than nectar or than words can tell, which the well-trained waiters handed round, and such an infinite variety of moods that no one could remember all their names, with food of the four kinds mentioned in the sacred books and an indescribable variety of each kind, and seasoning of the six flavours, and each flavour exhibited in a countless number of dishes. As the banquet proceeded, jests were handled about in pleasant wise, and not a man or woman but heard his name brought in. Louder and broader grew the raillery of the festive hour, and the king and the whole assembly were moved to laughter as they listened. In this manner they all feasted, then punctiliously rinsed out the mouth :

Dohā 335.

And Janak in due form presented Dasarath and all his guests with *jan*, and the glorious king then retired to his own apartment.

Chapdi 334.

There was ever some new rejoicing in the city, and the whole day and night seemed gone like a minute. At early dawn the best of monarchs woke, and maadicksots began to chant his praises. As he gazed upon the gallant princes and their brides, the rapture of his soul was beyond all telling. After performing his morning devotions he went to his guru, with his heart full of love and exaltation and clasping his hands in prayer bowed before him and said with a voice of mellifluous sweetness :—"Hearken, king of sists ; it is by your favour that to-day my toils have been rewarded. Now holy father, summon the Brāhmins and present them all with cows with costly adornments." On hearing these words the guru much applauded the king, and sent to summon the whole saintly throng.

1 The five vital airs to which oblations are made are *prāṇa*, *apāna*, *śukla*, *vyāna* and *udāna*.

Dohā 336.

Then came Vāmadava and Nārada and Vālmiki and Jābali and Visvāmītra and all the other great saints and ascetics.

Chaupāī 335.

The king threw himself upon the ground before them all and worshipped them, and then conducted them to seats of honour. Next he sent for 4,00,000 cows, all as gentle and beautiful as the cow of paradise, and after decorating them in every possible way bestowed them with great joy upon the saints, with many a phrase of studied humility declaring it to be the happiest day of his whole life. On receiving their blessing the king, the pride of the solar race, rejoiced, and next sent for all the beggling fraternity and gave them, according as each desired, gold, or apparel, or jewels, or horses, or elephants, or chariots. They all left loudly telling and singing his praises :—'glory, glory, glory to the lord of the Sun-gods's race.' Such were the rejoicings at Rāma's beyond all that could be told even had I a thousand tongues.

Dohā 337.

Again and again the lord bowed his head at Visvāmītra's feet :—" All this happiness, O king of saints, is the result of your benignant regard."

Chaupāī 336.

King Dasaratha spent the whole night extolling Janak's affection¹ and amiability and magnificence ; every day on rising he asked permission to return home, but Janak would lovingly detain him. There was constantly some new fête in his honour, and every day a thousand different kinds of entertainment. The rejoicings in the city never flagged, and no one liked to think of Dasaratha's departure. In this manner many days were spent, and the guests were fast bound by the cords of love, till Visvāmītra and Satanaud went and told Videha's lord :—" You must now let Dasaratha take his leave, even though you cannot part with your love for him." The king replied :—" It is well," and summoned his ministers, who came and bowed the head crying :—" All hail !"

¹ The line, which I translate, stands thus : *urip mah vāli varāhat bali*. Another reading is *urip mah bhānti varāhat bali*.

Dohd 338.

"Make it known in the palace that Avadh's lord wishes to depart." At these words the ministers, Brāhman, counsellors and princes were greatly moved.

Chaurdi 337.

When it was noised in the city that the guests were leaving, every one anxiously asked his neighbour if it were a fact. When they heard they were actually going all were as unhappy as a lotus that fades in the evening. Every place where the visitors had put up on their arrival was crowded with parting presents, fruits and confections of every kind, and dishes too various for description. A multitude of porters laden with wearing apparel² and cooks beyond number were sent by Janak with 1,00,000 horses and 25,000 chariots all exquisitely finished throughout, with 10,000 powerful elephants doly caparisoned, at sight of which earth's guardian elephants doly ashamed of themselves, besides wagons full of gold and raiment and jewels; buffaloes also and cows, and things of all kinds.

Dohd 339.

The dowry moreover, given by Videha's king was immeasurable and beyond all telling; and Indra, had he seen it, would have thought the riches of the universe as nothing in comparison.

Chaurdi 338.

When the whole equipage had been thus arranged Janak despatched it to Avadh. On hearing that the guests were about to start, all the queens were as unhappy as fish when water falls. Again and again they clasped Si to their bosom and blessed and exhorted her, saying "May you ever be beloved by your husband, and with him live a long and happy life; this is my blessing. Be obedient to your new father and mother and guru, and regarding your lord's displeasure³ do as he bids." His sweet-voiced companions, too, in their overpowering affection reminded her of woman's crowning duty. Again a

1 The word *andh* probably stands for *andhya* 'auspicious,' though might be for *andhu*, wine.

2 For *dhara* 'wearing apparel,' some copies read *dhara*, 'osse.'

3 In this line *andh* may be the Persian word meaning 'face'; but in the Sanskrit text, *displeasure*.

again after thus duly admonishing them the queens clasped the four brides to their bosom, and time after time, in the midst of their maternal embraces, exclaimed :—' Why has God made women ? '

Dohd 340.

Then came the joyous Rāma, the glory of the Solar race, with his brothers, to Janak's palace to take leave.

Chaupdi 339.

All the people of the city, whether men or women, ran to see the four brothers so lovely and so unaffected. Said one :—' To-day they have made up their mind to go, and Janak has completed all the preparations for their departure ; so feast your eyes on their beauty for the last time. All four princes have been most welcome visitors ; who can say ; friend, what we have done to deserve that god should bring our eyes such guests. Like a man at the point of death who is given ambrosia ; or as one who has been hungry all his life and discovers the tree of paradise ; or as one of the damned in hell who approaches Hari's feet, so am I after seeing them. Gaze upon Rāma's beauty and treasure his image in your heart, as it were the jewel in a serpent's hood.' In this manner the princes gladdened the eyes of all as they proceeded to the palace.

Dohd 341.

The ladies all rose in their joy as they beheld their exquisite beauty ; and the mothers of the brides, in token of their delight, pass the lustral lamp around their heads and scatter gifts.

Chaupdi 340.

Full of love at the vision of Rāma's beauty, the affectionately fall at his feet again and again, nor are conscious of shame, so rapt is their soul in devotion and an involuntary attachment beyond all description. After bathing him and his brothers and rubbing his body with cosmetics, they lovingly entertain him at a banquet of the six flavours. Then seeing that the time had come, Rāma said to them in the most amiable, loving and modest tone : " The king is desirous of starting for Ayodhya and has sent us to take leave of you. O mother, be pleased to give me your commands and ever regard me with affection as your own child." At these words the queens grieved sore and were too overcome

by love to speak a word, but clasped their daughters to their bosom and then meekly gave them to their lords.

Chând 60.

Meekly her mother surrendered Sita to Râma, crying again and again with hands clasped in prayer :—" Ab, my son, you, I ween, are all-wise, and to you are apparent the thought of all men. Know well that Sita is dear as life to the king and myself, nay, to all her kinsfolk and all the people of the city ; consider her amiability and her affection and accept her as your own servant.

Sorathâ 30.

You are the fullness of desire, the crown of wisdom, the beloved of the universe, quick to recognize merit in you votaries, destroyer of evil, Râma the all merciful."

Chaurâi 341.

So saying, the queens still clung to his feet and their voices seemed lost as it were in the quickstands of love. On hearing their most affectionate address, Râma showed them the highest honour, and with clasped hands begged his congé again and again asking them obeisance. When he had received their blessing, he bowed once more and then with his brothers took his leave. Treasuring up his sweet and gracious image in their heart, the queens at first seemed paralyzed by excess of love : but summoning up courage they called their daughters and again and again gave them a maternal embrace : then leading them a few steps would take them to their arms yet again with ever-growing mutual love. Time after time they left their attendants for yet one more last embrace, as a heifer not yet weaned from the cow.

Dohâ 342.

Every one in the palace, attendant and all, were so overpowered by emotion that it seemed as though they had made the city of Videha the very home of piteousness and lovers' partings.

Chaurâi 343.

The pet parrots and *mainas*, that Jânaki had kept in golden cages and taught to speak, cry in their agitation :—" Where is the pious ?" and, on hearing, which of them was not robbed of all peace of mind ? When birds and beasts

were thus distressed, how can the feelings of the people be told? Then came Janak with his brother (Kusa-dhvaja) overflowing with love and his eyes full of tears. As he gazed upon Sita, all his courage deserted him and his eminent asceticism lasted but in name. As he clasped Jānaki to his bosom the stronghold of his stern philosophy was broken down. All his wise counsellors admonished him; and seeing the unfitness of the time he recovered himself, and again and again taking his daughter to his heart he ordered a gorgeous *pālki* to be got ready.

Dohd 343.

The whole court was overpowered with emotion, when the king, perceiving that the auspicious moment had arrived, seated the bride in the *pālki*, with his thoughts intent upon Ganes, the author of success.

Chāupāi 343.

The monarch gave his daughter much advice and instructed her in the whole duty of women and in family customs. He bestowed upon her many maid-servants and maid-servants and all her own favourite attendants. As she went on her way the citizens were in distress, but all good signs and auspicious omens were forthcoming. Brāhman's and ministers with all their retinue joined company to escort the Rājs. The wedding-guests made ready their chariots and elephants and horses, and there was a tumultuous noise of music. Then Dasarath called up all the Brāhmanas and gratified them with gifts and compliments, and putting the dust of their lotus feet upon his head rejoiced—great king as he was—to obtain their benison. As he set forth on his way with his thoughts on Ganes, every omen of good occurred.

Dohd 344.

The gods rained down flowers, the heavenly nymphs sang for joy, as the king of Avadh set forth for his capital 'midst the clash of jubilant music.

Chāupāi 344.

Courteously the king dismissed the burglers and reverently bade all the mendicants approach and bestowed upon them ornaments and clothes and horses and elephants, and affectionately cherishing them made them stand up before him. After again and again reciting his praises they turned

home with Rāma in their heart. Though time after time, Janak in his excess did not turn back. Once more said the king in grief, 'I beg you to turn back, sire; you have come too far.' At last he dismounted and renounced his throne, his eyes overflowing with love's torrent. The king stood with folded hands and in a voice full of the fragrance of affection:—"How can I fit myself to be unworthy of, on whom my lord has conferred so much honour?"

Dohā 343.

Kosala's king in return showed the profound devotion to the father of the bride and his retinue embraced with mutual courtesy their heart content with the love they felt.

Chaupdi 345.

Janak bowed his head to the throng of devotees and received a blessing from all. Next he reverently bowed to his sons-in-law, the four brothers, each a treasure of wisdom, amiability and accomplishments; and clasping their lotus hands he cried in accents begotten of love, how can I tell thy praise; swan of the Mānasa mountains and Mahādēva's soul; for whose sake have I forsaken their asceticism; devoid of anger, infatigable and pride; the all-pervading Brahman, the immortal, the supreme spirit, at once the sum of all qualities; whom neither words nor fancy can express; whom all philosophy fails to expound; whose divine oracles declare unutterable, and who art the selfsame in all time, past, present, or future?

Dohā 346.

Source of every joy, thou hast revealed the truth of material vision; for nothing in the world is beyond the reach of him to whom God is propitious.

Chaupdi 346.

Thou hast magnified me in every way, and I, as one of thy servants, have made me thy very own. Thou and Śārada and Śeshnāg, though thou art their count for a myriad ages, could tell all my

thou art easily appeased by the slightest evidence of affection—and therefore time after time I implore with clasped hands that never may my soul be deluded into deserting thy feet." On hearing these excellent sentiments, the true birth of devotion, even Rāma, in whom all pleasure ever dwells, was pleased and with much courtesy saluted his father-in-law, holding him equal to his own sire, or Visvamitra, or Vasishṭa. Next he bowed himself before Dharat and affectionately embraced him and gave him his blessing.

Dohā 347.

Then the king embraced and blessed both Lakshman and Satrugna, and all again and again bowed the head, being overpowered with mutual love.

Chaupdi 347.

At last, after many courtesies and flattering speeches, Rāma and his brothers proceeded on their way. Then went Janak and clasped Visvamitra by the feet and put the dust of his feet on his head and eyes:—"Hearken, O greatest of saints; now that I have seen you, I am persuaded that nothing is beyond my attainment. Such bliss and glory as the sovereigns of the universe might desire, though they would be ashamed to express their longing, has all, my lord, been brought within my reach, for all prosperity follows upon seeing you." After again and again humbly bowing the head, the king received his blessing and took leave. The marriage procession set forth to the sound of music, and the whole populace, great and small, were all enraptured and, as they gazed upon Rāma and feasted their eyes upon him, were happy for life.

Dohā 348.

Halting at convenient stages on the road, to the great delight of the people, the procession, on an auspicious day drew near to Avadh.

Chaupdi 348.

* Midst the beat of kettledrums and noise of many tubs and sackbuts and conches, and a din of horses and elephants, and clash of cymbals and drums and sweet-tuned clarions, when the citizens heard the procession coming, they were all in a tremor of delight, and every one began to decorate his own house and the markets and streets and squares and gates of the city. The whole roadway was watered with

perfumes : on every side were festal squares fit elegant devices ; the show in the bazar was telling, with wreaths and flags and banners as Trees of the areca-*nut* and the plantain and the *indian*, the *ladamb* and the *tamd'a*, were laden with fruit, and grew into fine trees as so touched the soil, being set in jewelled screens of workmanship.

Dohá 349.

In house after house festal vases of every ranged in order, and Brahmá and all the gods were as they gazed upon the city of Râma.

Chaupdi 349.

At that time the king's palace was so resplendent the god of love was distracted by the sight of its splendour. It was as though everything auspicious good omen and all beauty, all plentiness and joy and felicity and gladness had come in here to visit King Dasarath. There was a universal hope to get a sight of Râma and Jânaki. Troops of fair were crowding together, each exceeding in love. Love-god's queen, all with festal offerings and for singing, as it were so many Sarasvatis. The revels at the palace at that glad time are beyond all description. Râm's mother Kausalyâ and the other queens overcome with love to think about themselves.

Dohá 350.

They bestowed large gifts upon the Brâhmanas worshipping Ganes and Mahâdeva, and were as rejoiced Poverty would be on finding the four great prizes of

Chaupdi 350.

Each royal mother was so overcome with love light that her feet refused to walk and the whole became paralyzed. Greatly longing for a sight of Râma, they began preparing the lastral lamps. Instruments of music were played in various modes, as the glad Sumitrâ at her auspicious offering of turmeric, *duâ* grass, cards, and flowers, *pan*, betelnut and well-favoured roots blades of wheat, yellow pigment, parched grain, and henna of the graceful *tulsi* in embossed golden vases, so exquisitely

birdlings. The auspicious offerings and the perfumes were beyond all telling ; there was nothing of good omen which each one of the queens had not prepared. With lustral lights arranged in various devices they sing for joy melodious festal strains.

Dohd 351.

With golden salvers in their lotus hands, laden with their offerings, and their body quivering with emotion, the queens go forth with joy to perform the lustration.

Chaupdi 351

The heaven was darkened with the fumes of incense, as though overhung with Śāvan's densest thunderclouds ; the gods rained down garlands of flowers from the tree of paradise which seemed to the beholders as cranes in graceful flight ; the lustrous jewelled festoons resembled the rainbow ; the maidens on the house-tops, now in sight and now out of sight, were like the fitful flashes of lightning ; the beat of the drums was as the crash of thunder ; the beggars as clamorous, as the cuckoos and the frogs and peacocks ; the sweet perfumes were as copious showers of rain, and all the people of the city like the freshened pastures. Seeing that the time had arrived, the *guru* gave the word, and the glory of Raghu's line made his entry into the city, mindful at heart of Sambhu and Girjā and Ganes, and exalting greatly, he and all his retinue

Dohd 352.

Every omen was auspicious ; the gods beat their drums and rained down flowers, while the heavenly nymphs danced for joy and sang jubilant songs of triumph

Chaupdi 352.

Bards, minstrels, rhapsodists, mimes and players chanted his glory that irradiates the three spheres. In all ten regions of the heaven might be heard loud shouts of victory intermingled with the religious intoning of the Veda. All kinds of music played, and gods in heaven and men on earth were alike enraptured. The magnificence of the procession was past all telling, and the joy was more than heart could contain. The citizens made a profound obeisance to the king, and then were gladdened by a sight of Rāma. They scatter around him jewels and vestments, with their eyes full of tears and their body all

tremulous with excitement. Their wives move over his head the lustral lights and rejoice greatly to behold the four noble princes; but when they lifted the curtain of the well-appointed *pálki* and saw the brides, they were still more glad.

Dohá 353.

In this manner, to the delight of all, they arrived at the gate of the palace, where the glad queens waved the lustral lights over the princes and their brides.

Chaupáí 353.

Time after time they perform the ceremony in a rapture of love that is beyond all words. They scatter around in boundless profusion gold and silver ornaments and gems and silks of every kind, and as they gaze on their sons and their brides, are overwhelmed with the bliss of heaven. Again and again as they regard the beauty of Râma and Sita, they think with joy that this is the happiest moment of their life. As her companions look again and again into Sita's face they sing and exult over their good fortune. Every moment the gods rain down flowers, midst dancing and singing and obsequious homage. Seeing four such charming couples, Sárada looked up all her similes, but not one would do, all seemed unworthy, and she could only stand and gaze enchanted with their loveliness.

Dohá 354.

After performing all the rites prescribed by the Veda or family usage, they conduct their sons and their brides to the palace; sprinkling lustral water, spreading carpets in the way, and waving torches.

Chaupáí 354.

After seating the brides and their grooms on four thrones so magnificent that they seemed as if made by love's own hands, they proceeded reverently to live their sacred feet and to do them homage—all holy as they were—with incense and lights and oblations in accordance with Vedic ritual. Time after time they pass the torch around and wave over their head gorgeous fans and *chauris* and scatter profuse gifts, for each royal mother was as full of exultation as a devotee who has obtained beatitude; or a man sick all his life who has gotten an heir; or a born

beggar who has found the philosopher's stone; or a blind man restored to sight; or a dumb man endued with eloquence; or a warrior who has triumphed in battle.

Dohā 335—36

Greater by a hundred million times than their joy was the rapture of the queens, when Rāma and his brothers returned home married. As the royal matrons performed the accustomed ceremonies, the brides and their grooms were much confused, but Rāma smiled to himself on beholding their joy and delight.

Chaupāī 355.

In due fashion they did homage to the gods and the spirits of their ancestors, and every imagination of the heart was satisfied. Humbly they begged of all the highest boon, namely, the prosperity of Rāma and his brothers, and the gods unseen conferred their blessing. The matrons in their joy took them to their bosom, while the king sent for all who had joined in the procession and gave them carriages and raiment and jewels and ornaments. Then, on receiving permission, and still cherishing the image of Rāma in their heart, they returned in joy each to his own abode. All the people of the city, both men and women, were clad in festal attire, and in every home was a noise of jebilant music. Anything that a beggar begged was at once bestowed upon him by the glad king, and every attendant and every minstrel band was overwhelmed with gifts and compliments.

Dohā 357.

All profoundly bowing invoke blessing upon him and sing his praises, as the king with his *gura* and the Brāhmins proceeded to the palace.

Chaupāī 356.

Under Vasishṭa's directions he reverently performed every ceremony prescribed either by usage or the Veda. The queens, on seeing the throng of Brāhmins, thought themselves most highly favoured and rose to greet them. After bathing their feet and doing them all due homage, the king feasted them at a banquet and loaded them with affectionate civilities and gifts. Greatful at heart, they blessed him at parting. To the son of Gādhī he paid special homage, saying:—'My lord, there is no man in the world

so blest as I am ;' and with many other flattering speeches both he and his queens took of the dust of his feet. Next he assigned him a splendid apartment within the palace ; the king and his royal consorts alike watching his every wish. Again he adored his lotus feet with the greatest humility and devotion.

Dohd 358.

The princes and their brides, the king and his royal consorts, again and again did reverence to the *guru's* feet and received the holy man's blessing.

Chauḍi 357.

With humility of heart and deep devotion he placed before him his sons and everything that he possessed. But the great saint asked only for the accustomed offering, and invoking upon him every blessing set out with joy on his homeward way, with the image of Rāma and Sita impressed upon his heart. Then were summoned the Brāhman dame and the elders of the tribe and invested with fair robes and ornaments ; and next the younger ladies of the household, who too were presented with dresses such as each most fancied. Every person with any claim to be remembered received from the jewel of kings suitable remembrances according to his taste, while more dear and honoured friends were overwhelmed with courtesies. The gods, who witnessed Raghu's marriage, rained down flowers as they applauded the spectacle.

Dohd 359.

And with beat of drum returned each to his own realm ; a highly delighted and talking to one another of Rāma's glory with irrepressible rapture.

Chauḍi 358.

The king showed every one all possible honour, and with a heart full to overflowing of gladness proceeded to the private apartments, and then gazing upon the prince and their brides took them to his bosom in a rapturous embrace and with a joy beyond all telling. Seating his little daughters in his lap in a most affectionate manner, he again and again caressed them with gladness of heart.

The same in a Hindu marriage takes much the same place as becomes it in the west, and the words may be so translated, were it that it is essential for the women to be before married and to be her husband.

the ladies of the harem were charmed at the sight, and their soul was filled with happiness and exultation, while they listened with delight to the king's account of the marriage and his praises of King Janak's virtue and amiability, and the kindness of his reception and his generous magnificence. The king told it all like a hired encomiast, and the queens were enraptured when they heard of all that had been done.

Dohd 350.

After bathing with his sons the king summoned his *guru's* kinsmen and entertained them at a sumptuous banquet till five hours of the night were spent.

Chaupai 359.

Lovely women sang joyous songs, and the night was one of exquisite happiness. As they rose from their seats, all were presented with *yás* and decorated with beautiful and sweet-scented garlands; then after one more look at Ráma and bowing the head they received the royal permission to retire each to his own abode. The display of love and rapturous delight and the beauty of the court at that time was more than could be told by a hundred Sárads or Seshnágs or by the Veda, or Brahmá, or Mahádeva, or Gaees: how then can I tell it, any more than an earthly serpent could support the world on its head? After showing every one the highest honour, the king in gentle tones addressed the queens:—"The brides are but children, and have come to a strange house; watch over them as closely as the eyelid guards the eye.

Dohd 361.

Go and put them to bed, for they are tired and sleepy." And so saying he retired to his own couch with his thoughts intent on Ráma's feat.

Chaupai 360.

On hearing the king's kind words, they made ready the bed, which was of gold and set with gems, with various rich coverings as soft and white as the froth of milk, and pillows finer than words can tell. In the jewelled chamber were sweet-scented garlands, and a beautiful canopy flashing with lustrous gems which defied description; no one who had not seen it could imagine it. When they had prepared this exquisite couch, they took up Ráma and

lovingly laid him down upon it, who again and again had to tell his brothers to leave him before they too retired to rest. On seeing his dark little body, so soft and delicate, the fond mothers cried:—"O my son, how could you kill on the way the terrible monster Tārakā ?

Dohā 362.

How were you able to slay those savage demons, those ferocious warriors, who in battle held no man of any account, the vile Mārtika and Subāhu and all their host ?

Chauḍī 361.

It was by the saint's favour, I vow, my son, that God averted from you countless calamities, while you and your brother guarded the sacrifice ; and by your *guru's* blessing you acquired all knowledge. At the touch of the dust of your feet the hermit's wife attained to salvation ; the whole world is filled with your glory : in the assembly of princes you broke Śive's bow, though lord as a tortoise-shell or a thunderbolt ; you have won universal glory and renown and Jānaki for your bride, and have now with your brothers returned home married. All your actions are more than human ; it is only by Viśvamitra's good favour that you have prospered. To-day my birth into the world has borne fruit, now that I see your moon-like face, my son. The days that were spent without seeing you, God ought not to take into account at all."

Dohā 363.

Rāma in most modest phrase reassured the royal dames, and meditating on the feet of Sambhu and his *guru* and all Brāhmins, he closed his eyes in sleep.

Chauḍī 362.

As he slept, his pretty and piquant little mouth gleamed like a red lotus, half closed at eventide. In every house women kept vigil and jested with one another in auspicious wise. The city was so brilliant, nay, so brilliant the sight itself that, the queens cried "See, girls, see." The matrons slept with the beauteous brides enfolded in their arms, as lovingly as a serpent would clasp to his bosom the precious jewel from inside its head. At the holy hour of dawn the lord awoke, ere Chenticleer had well begun to crow. Minstrels and birds, proclaimed his praises and the citizens flocked to the gate to do him homage. The four brothers

saluted the Bráhmans, the gods, their *guru*, and their father and mother, and gladly received their blessing and while the queens reverentially gazed upon their face advanced with the king to the door.

Dohá 364.

Pure though they were in themselves, they performed all the customary ablutions and bathed in the holy river and completed their morning devotions ere they returned to their sire.

Chaupdi 363.

The king on seeing them took them to his bosom. Then at his command they gladly seated themselves. The whole court was rejoiced at the sight of Ráma, and accounted their eyes supremely blest. Then came saints Vasishṭa and Visvámitra and were conducted to exalted thrones. Father and sons reverently adored their feet, and both the holy men rejoiced as they gazed on Ráma. Vasishṭa recited sacred legends, while the monarch and his queens listened. He told with joy in diffuse strain of all the doings of Qádhí's son which surpass even the imagination of the saints. Cried Vámadeva :—"The tale is true ; its fame has become renowned through the three worlds." All who heard were glad, but in Ráma and Lakshman's heart there was exceeding joy.

Dohá 365.

Thus passed the days in perpetual delight, happiness and festivity ; and the whole of Avadh was full to overflowing with bliss that was ever on the increase.

Chaupdi 364.

After calculating an auspicious day, they loosened the string on the wrist¹ with no little solemnity and rejoicing. The gods, beholding the constant succession of delight, were in raptures and begged of Brahmá that they might be born at Avadh. Visvámitra was always wishing to take leave, but was persuaded by Ráma's affectionate entreaties to stay on. Day after day, seeing the king's devotion and the excellence of his nature, the great saint was loud in

¹ A few days before marriage the wrist is bound round with a piece of cloth containing particles of different things that are supposed to procure a golden issue : and this is not taken off again till after the marriage is completed.

his praises. When he asked permission to go, the king was greatly moved and with his sons stood before him in the way, saying : — " My lord, all that I have is yours, and I, my sons, and my wives are your servants ; be ever gracious to these boys and allow me to see you." So saying the king with his sons and his queens fell at his feet, and speech failed his tongue. The Bráhmaṇ invoked upon him every kind of blessing and set forth amidst a display of affection that is past all telling, Ráma and his brothers lovingly escorting him till they received orders to return.

Dohd 366.

The moon of Gádhi's race went on his way rejoicing and prating to himself the beauty of Ráma, the piety of the king and the magnificence of the marriage festivities.

Chaupdi 365.

The Vámaḍeva, the learned *guru* of the house of Raghu, again told the story of Gádhi's son. As he listened to the saint's high fame, the king thought to himself how efficacious his own good deeds had been. At his command the crowd dispersed, while the king and his sons entered the palace. Everywhere the glory of Ráma's wedding was sung, and his holy fame was diffused through the three worlds. From the day that Ráma brought his wife home, all delight made its home at Avadh. The rejoicings attendant on the lord's marriage were more than the tongue of the serpent king could tell, but knowing the praises of Ráma and Sita to be a mine of auspiciousness and the very life and salvation of the race of poets, I too have tried to sing them, in the hope of thus sanctifying my song.

Chhand 61—62.

For the purpose of sanctifying his song has Tulsí told of Ráma's glory ; but the acts of Raghubir are a boundless ocean that no poet can traverse. All pious souls, that devoutly hear or recite the auspicious festivities that accompanied Ráma's investiture with the sacred thread and his marriage, shall by his and Vaidehi's favour attain to everlasting felicity. Blessing be the lord of Himálaya's daughter, from whom have learnt my song : all who bear heed to Hari's deeds acquire a constant access of devotion and incomparable faith. The love of Raghubir's feet, like a

flood, extinguishes at once the fire of covetousness ; and in this assurance Tolst Dās devotes his every thought and word and act to Hari's praise.

Dohā 367.

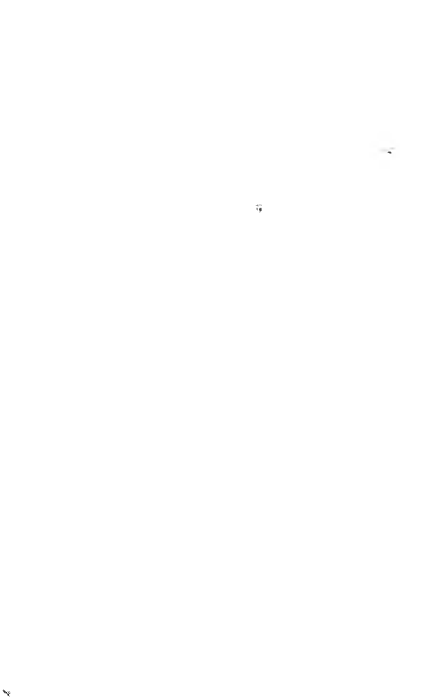
The times are evil ; the body is stained with filth ; there is but one remedy ; he only is wise who so thinketh and in faith meditates upon Hari.

Sarathā 31—32.

Have a hearty love for Hari's feet, discarding all vanities, much time has been spent in sleep ; awake from the darkness of delusion. Whoever with love and reverence listens to the tale of Rāma and Sita's marriage shall be happy for ever, for Rāma's praises are an unfailing joy

[Thus endeth the book entitled *CHANDANĀMĀLA*, composed by Tolst Dās for the bestowal of pure wisdom, continence and contentedness being the first descent into the holy lake of Rāma's deeds, that cleanses from every defilement of the world]

BOOK II.
AYODHYA



AYODHYA.

Sanskrit Invocation.

MAY he on whose left side shines resplendent the daughter of the mountain-king; on whose head in the river of the gods; on whose brow the crescent moon; on whose throat the poison-stain; on whose breast a huge snake; whose adornments are streaks of ashes; the chief of divinities; the eternal lord of all; the complete, the omnipresent, the moon-like Siva, the holy Sankara; may he protect me.

May he who neither rejoiced when anointed king, nor was saddened by painful exile in the woods; the holy son of Raghu of the lotus race; may he ever vouchsafe to me success and prosperity. Him I adore, with his body dark and soft as the lotus, with Sita enthroned on his left side, with graceful bow and arrows in hand, even Rāma, the lord of the race of Raghu.

Dōh 1.

Cleansing the mirror of my soul with the mud from the lotus feet of the holy guru, I sing Rāma's spotless fame, the giver of all good things.

Chaupdi.

From the time that Rāma returned home with his bride there was a constant succession of joys and delights. The fourteen spheres were like the great mountains, where clouds of virtue fall in showers of happiness; wealth, affluence and prosperity were bounteous rivers, which overflowed into Avadh as into the ocean; while the noble citizens, men and women alike, were its brilliant pearls, all precious and of perfect beauty. The magnificence of the capital was beyond description, it seemed the *chief d'œuvre* of the Creator. Gazing on Rāmachandra's moon-like face, the people were perfectly happy; the queens and all their attendants were enraptured to see their heart's desire bear fruit; and still more enraptured was the king, as he heard tell and saw for himself Rāma's beauty and accomplishments and amiability.

Dōh 2.

In every heart was one desire, which they expressed in their prayers to Mahādeva: "O that the king in his own lifetime would entrust Rāma with the regency."

Chaupdi.

One day the monarch sat enthroned in court with all his nobles. Himself the incarnation of every virtue, he was delighted beyond measure to hear of Râma's renown. All kings were solicitous for his patronage, and the very gods desired his friendship. No man so blest as Dasarath in the three spheres of the universe, or in all time—past, present or to come. Words fail to describe his blessedness, who had for his son Râma, the source of every bliss. The king happened to take a mirror in his hand, and looking at his face in it sat his crown straight. Close to his ear was a white hair like old age whispering:—"O king, make Râma regent, and thus accomplish the purpose of your life."

Dohd 3.

Having thus considered and settled it in his mind, the king on an auspicious day and at a fitting time, his body quivering with emotion and his soul full of joy, went and declared his purpose to his guru.

Chaupdi.

Said the king: Hearken, great saint; Râma is now perfect in every accomplishment. Servants, ministers, the whole body of citizens, whether my enemies or friends or indifferent to me, all hold Râma as dear as even I do, and regard him as a glorious incarnation of my lord's blessing. The Brâhmins and their families, reverend sir, have the same love for him as you have. They, who put on their head the dust from the feet of their spiritual father, obtain as it were the mastery over all dominion. There is no man my equal; but all that I have flows from the worship of your holy feet. I have now a desire at heart; it can only be accomplished, my lord, by your good favour." The saint was pleased to witness his sincere devotion and said: "O king give me your commands.

Dohd 4.

Your name and glory, sire, provide for every wish; on every desire of your soul, O jewel of kings, success follows naturally."

Chaupdi.

When he saw the guru so amiably disposed, the king replied smilingly in gentle tones: "My lord, invest Râma

with regal powers; he pleased to direct the necessary arrangements to be made. Let this happy event take place in my lifetime, that the eyes of all people may be gladdened by the sight. By my lord's blessing Siva has brought everything happily to pass, but I have still this one desire at heart. It will then be a matter of no concern whether I remain in the body or depart hence, if I have nothing of this score whereof, to repent." When the saint heard Dasarath's noble words, he experienced the greatest delight. "Hearken, O king; the lord whose averted face all creatures lament, and to whom one must pray for removal of all distress, has been born your son even the holy and compassionate Râma.

Dohâ 5.

Quick, O king, let there be no delay, but at once make all the preparations: happy and auspicious indeed the day when Râma is proclaimed regent."

Chaupdi.

The glad king proceeded to the place and summoned his servant, the minister Sumanta. He bowed the head crying 'All hail,' and the king then declared to him the glad news: "To-day to my great joy the guru has charged me to install Râma as heir to the throne. If the proposal seems good to the council, prepare with gladness to impress the royal mark on Râma's brow." The minister was rejoiced to hear these gracious words, which fell like a shower of rain on the young plant of his desire. With clasped hands he made his petition: "O lord of the world live for ever; the deed you propose is good and beneficent haste, my lord, let us have no delay." The king was delighted by his minister's assent, like a creeper that spreads space when it has once clasped a strong bough.

Dohâ 6.

Said the king: "Whatever orders the saint may give with regard to Râma's coronation, see that you perform with all speed."

Chaupdi.

In gentle accents the glad saint spoke and said: "Bring water from all holy places, and all kinds of herbs, roots, fruits and flowers (enumerating by name every auspicious variety) with chauries of different sizes apparel of all sorts

both of wool and silk and every other material, with jewels and all the auspicious things that there are in the world, that are fit for a king's installation." Then after repeating all the forms prescribed in the Veda, he said: "Erect in the city a number of pavilions, and plant the streets in every quarter with fruit-bearing¹ mangoes and trees of betel-nut and plantains, and fashion bright and beautiful jewelled squares, and have all the barriers speedily decorated, and do reverence to Ganes and your guru and your family god, and diligently serve the Brâhmana.

Dohâ 7.

Make ready flags and banners and wreaths and vases, horses too, and chariots and elephants" All were obedient, to the holy sage's words and busied themselves each in his own special work.

Chaupdi.

Whatever the order that any one had been given by the saint, that he regarded as the very first thing to be done. The king worships Brâhmana, saints and gods, and does everything to promote Râma's prosperity. On hearing the glad news Râma's installation, all Avadh resounded with songs of jubilee. Good omens declared themselves in the body, both of Râma and Sita by a sudden quiver of the lucky side, and they said affectionately to one another: "This betoken, Bharat's return. We have greatly missed him for many a long day. This good sign assures us of a friend's approach, and in the whole world there is no friend so dear to us as Bharat: this good omen can have but one meaning." Every day Râma is as lovingly anxious about his brother as a turtle for its eggs in the sand far away.

Dohâ 8.

At that time the ladies of the court were as delighted to hear these most glad tidings as the waves of ocean swell with joy on beholding the moon in its glory.

Chaupdi.

First they took care that those who brought the cows were richly guerdoned with jewels and robes; then with a body all quivering with emotion and soul full of love,

¹ For *sa-phalâ*, 'fruit-bearing,' some MSS. read *panas*, 'the jack-fruit or *Artocarpus integrifolia*.'

they proceeded to make all festal preparations. Samitrā filled in a lovely square with exquisite gums of every kind ; Rāma's mother, drowned in joy, sent for a crowd of Brāhmanas and loaded them with gifts ; then worshipped the local divinity and the gods and the serpents, and vowed them future sacrifices, praying ; " to your mercy grant me this boon, that Rāma prosper." Auspicious strains are chanted by moonfaced, fawn-eyed damsels, with voice sweet as that of the koil.

Dōd 9.

On hearing of Rāma's installation, all good women were glad of heart and began diligently to make festal preparations, thinking God to be gracious to them.

Chāupāi.

Then the monarch 'summoned Vasishṭha and sent him to Rāma's apartments to inform him of the coming event. When Itaghnāth heard of the guru's approach, he came to the door and bowed his head at his feet, and after reverently sprinkling festal water, conducted him in and paid him honour in the sixteen¹ prescribed modes. Then after again with Nīta clasping his feet, Rāma thus spoke his lotus hands folded in prayer : " For a lord to visit his servant's house is a source of great joy, a cure for all distress ; yet it had been more fitting, sir, and more in accordance with custom, had you kindly sent to say you wanted me. Since my lord has graciously waived his prerogative, my house has to-day become highly blest. Let me know, holy father, what are your orders ; it is for a servant to do his master service.

Dōd 10.

On hearing these affectionate words the saint stilled Itaghnāth : " O Rāma, glory of the solar race, it is like you to speak thus."

¹ The 16 modes of showing honour are 1) dān, 2) dān, 3) dān, 4) dān, 5) dān, 6) dān, 7) dān, 8) dān, 9) dān, 10) dān, 11) dān, 12) dān, 13) dān, 14) dān, 15) dān, 16) dān. (2) arghya, festival water, (3) padma, water for the feet, (4) dān, a lotus, (5) dān, water for washing the mouth, (6) panchakshara, perfume and flower, the former only being offered to Vishnu, the latter to Mahadeva, (7) dān, incense, (8) dān, incense, (9) dān, dān, (10) dān, dān, temple, dān, (11) dān, dān, a' water for the face and hands, (12) dān, dān, (13) dān, dān, dān, (14) dān, dān, dān, (15) dān, dān, dān, (16) dān, dān, dān. As some of these items may take place at the coronation of a prince and some at his departure, they would never be all put much at once. But here, as in many other parallel instances, a definite number, 16, is given, that would under not circumstances be predicted of the subject, as usual to express merely the general idea of multiplicity.

Chaupdi.

After eulogizing Rāma's high qualifications and amiable character, the great saint with much emotion explained : " The king has prepared for a royal installation, and wishes to confer upon you the dignity of regent. To-day, Rāma, you should devote yourself to practices of devotion, that God may bring the matter to a happy issue." Having thus admonished him, the *guru* returned to the king ; while Rāma's heart was all amazement : " My brothers and I were all born together, and together have we ate and slept and played in childhood ; the piercing of our ears, the investiture with the sacred thread, our marriage, in short all our rejoicings have taken place together. This is the one flaw in a spotless line that the eldest only should be clothed without his younger brothers." These gracious regrets on the part of the lord remove all unworthy suspicion from the mind of his votaries.¹

Dohā 11.

Then came Lakshman, full of love and joy, and was welcomed with words of affection by the moon of the lily-like Solar race.

Chaupdi.

There was a noise of music of every kind, and the delight of the city was beyond description. All prayed for Bharat's return, that he might come quickly and like them enjoy the spectacle. In every street and lane and house and market and place of resort, men and women were saying to one another : " When will to-morrow come and the auspicious moment in which God will accomplish our desire ; when, with Sita by his side, Rāma will take his seat on the golden throne and all our wishes be gratified." They were all saying : " Who will to-morrow come ? " But the envious gods prayed that difficulties might arise ; the rejoicings at Avadh pleased them as little as a moonlight night pleases a thief. So they humbly called in Sārada and again and again threw themselves at her feet :

Dohā 12.

" O mother, regard our great distress and make haste to relieve it. If Rāma refuses the throne and retires into the forest, all will be well with us."

¹ If Rāma had at once and gladly accepted the proffered dignity, it might have been urged by objectors that he had taken an unfair advantage of his brother Bharat's absence.

Chaurdi.

On hearing this prayer of the gods, she stood still thinking sadly : " I am like a winter's night to a bed of lotuses." The gods seeing her hesitate cried yet once more : " O mother, not the least blame will attach to you ; for Raghu-râo—you know his nature well—is exempt from sorrow as from joy ; and (as for his people) they, like all other creatures, have their share in pain or pleasure, under the law of necessity : go therefore to Avadh and befriend us gods." Time after time they clasped her feet, till she yielded and went, though still thinking to herself : " the gods are meanspirited crew ; though they dwell on high their acts are low ; and they cannot endure to see another's prosperity." Again reflecting on the future, that the ablest poets would do her will¹, she became cheerful of heart and flew to the city of Dasarath, as it were some intolerably insuspicious aspect of the planets.

Dohd 13.

Now Kaikeyi had a wicked handmaid, by name Manthirâ. Her ideas Sîradî first distorted and made her a very storehouse of meanness and then went her way.

Chaurdi.

When Manthirâ saw the preparations in the city, the joyous festivities, the music and the singing, she asked the people : " What mean these rejoicings ? " When she heard of Râma's inauguration, her soul was afire and she plotted wicked wretch that she was, how that very night to defeat it ; like a crafty billwoman, who has spied a honeycomb hanging from a tree and schemes how to get hold of it. So she went crying to Bharat's mother. " What is wrong now ? " the queen smiled and said. She gave no answer but drew a deep sigh and, like a woman, began shedding flood of tears. Said the queen laughing : " You were always an impudent girl, and Lakshman, I suspect, has been giving you a lesson." Still the wicked handmaid said not a word but breathed hard like some venomous serpent.

Dohd 14.

Said the queen with a nervous smile : " Is Râma not

1 If Râma goes into exile, his adventures will form an inexhaustible theme for the poets of all time, who will therefore be always invoking my aid in propitiating my good will.

well, or the king, or Bharat, or Lakshman, or Satraghna?" These words tortured the heart of the hump-backed girl.¹

Chaupdi.

"Why, O lady, should any one give me a lesson, and who is there to encourage me in any impudence? With whom again is it well to-day if not with Rāma, whom the king is now associating with himself on the throne? God has been very gracious to Kansalyā; and after seeing her, who else can have any pride left? Why not go and see all the magnificence, the sight of which has so agitated me? Your son is away and you take no heed, making sure of your influence with the king, and not observing his treachery and wiliness on drowsy are you and so anxious for your bed and pillow." On hearing this affectionate address, the queen—who knew well her forward mind—cried: "Peace, have done. If you speak to me again in this way, you mischief-maker, I will have your tongue pulled out."

Dohd 15.

But remembering that the one-eyed, the lame and the hump-backed are ever vicious and vile, more especially if they be women to boot, and slaves, Bharat's mother smiled and added:

Chaupdi.

"I have only given you kind advice and am not the least bit angry. If what you say is true, it is the best and happiest of days. It has ever been the custom in the Solar race that the eldest-born should be the lord, and the younger brothers his servants. If Rāma is really to be crowned to-morrow, ask of me, girl, what you will and I will give it you. There is no difference between Kausalya and the other royal mothers. Rāma is equally fond of all: in fact he has a special affection for me, as I have often tested. If I am born again, God in his goodness grant that Rāma and Sita be again my son and daughter! Rāma is dearer to me than life; why then should you be troubled at his being crowned king?"

Dohd 16.

I adjure you in Bharat's name, tell me the truth without

¹ Because the fact that the queen asked first of all about Rāma's welfare showed her intense love for him.

any fraud or concealment; declare to me the reason why you are in distress at such a time of gladness."

Chauddi.

"I have been satisfied once already; have I a second tongue that I should speak again? I deserve to have my head broken on the funeral pile, wretch that I am, since I pain you by my well-meant words. Those who make the false appear true are the people who please you, my lady; while I offend you. Henceforth I too will speak only as my mistress pleases, or else will remain silent day and night. God has given me a deformed body and made me a slave; we must all reap as we have sown and take as we have given. Whoever is king, what do I lose? Shall I cease to be a servant and become a queen? It is only my worthless character that I cannot bear to see your disgrace, and hence I gave utterance to a word or two; but pardon me, mistress, it was a great fault on my part.

Dohd 17.

On hearing these affectionate words, so deep and crafty, the queen, being only a weak-minded woman and under the influence of a divine delusion, really believed her enemy to be a friend.

Chauddi.

Again and again in kindly terms she questioned her, like a fawn bewitched by the song of a huntress. Her reason reeled as fate would have it so; and the slave-girl rejoiced at the success of her scheme: "You ask, but I am afraid to reply, now that you have given me the name of mischief-maker;" thus spoke the malignant star¹ of Avadh, trimming and fashioning her speech in every way to win confidence: "You spoke, O queen, of Sita and Rama as your friends; and true enough Rama did love you once, but now those days are past, in time friends become foes. The sun invigorates the lotus, but burns it to ashes if it have no water; the rival queen would tear you up by the root; take care of your garden and hedge it about.

Dohd 18.

Thinking yourself the king's favourite and that he is quite in your power, you notice nothing; but however fair his words, his heart is black; but you are so good-natured.

¹ *Barahmāṇḍa*, literally "24," is a name for the malignant star Saturn, one of whose revolutions occupies a period of 24 years.

Chaupdi.

Râma's mother, on the contrary, is deep and crafty ; and having found the means has played her own game. The king has sent away Bharat to his grandmother's by her suggestion, and because he is your son ; for she said all the other queens are well disposed to me, but Bharat's mother presumes on her influence with her lord. Yoo, lady, are the thorn in Kausalyâ's side ; she is too deep and crafty for you to fathom ; the king has greater love for you than for any one else, and like a rival she cannot bear to see it. For her own ends she has worked upon the king and got him to fix a day for Râma's inauguration. Now Râma's promotion is a good thing for the family : all are pleased at it, and I too like it well. But I am alarmed when I consider the consequences ; heaven make them recoil on her own head !"

Dohâ 19.

With innumerable crafty devices she planned her cunning tale, telling story after story of jealous wives, whereby to increase her resentment.

Chaupdi.

Overmastered by fate, the queen was persuaded at heart, and adjured her by the love she bore her to speak out. "What is it you would ask ? still do you not understand ; even the brute beasts know what is good or bad for them. For the last fortnight the preparations have been going on, and it is only to-day that you learn the news from me. I am clothed and fed in your service, and I must therefore speak the truth at any cost. If I invent a word of falsehood, may God repay me for it ! Should Râma be crowned to-morrow, God will have sown you a crop of misfortunes. I draw this line on the ground, O lady, and declare most emphatically that you will be like a fly in a milkbowl. If you and your son will submit to be servants, you will be able to stay ; but on no other conditions.

Dohâ 20.

As Kâshî tormented Binatî so will Kausalyâ treat you

1 Kâshî and Binatî were the two wives of the patriarch Kâshyap, the former being the mother of the serpent race and the latter of the birds. A discussion arose between them regarding the colour of the horns of the bull, Binatî insisting that it was white, and Kâshî that it was black. It was agreed that whichever of the two was proved to be in the wrong should become the servant of the other. Kâshî then produced a snake one of her black snakes on to the horns of the bull and Binatî, taking it to be the animal's real tail, admitted herself defeated.

Bharat will be a slave in bonds, under Hâma and Lakshman."

Chaupâi.

When she heard these cutting words,—Kekaya's¹ daughter could say nothing; she was all in a fever for fear: her limb, were bathed with perspiration; and she trembled like a plantain stalk. Then Humphack hit her tongue² and with innumerable crafty speeches kept consoling the queen saying 'courage,' 'courage,' till with her ill-teaching she warped her like a seasoned plank, which there is no bending straight again.³ By a turn of fate the vile became a favourite, as though a beautiful flamingo should flatter an ugly crane. "Hearken, Mantharâ, your words are true; my right eye is always throbbing and every night I have some ill dream; but in my folly I did not tell you. What can I do, friend? I am such an innocent that I cannot myself tell right from left.

Dohâ 21

Up to this day I have never of my own accord done an unkindness to any one: for what offence has heaven all at once put me to such intolerable distress?

Chaupâi.

Rather would I go and spend all my days in my father's house than live a servant of a rival wife. Whomever God creates the dependent of an enemy, it is good for him to die rather than live." Many such lamentable speeches did the queen utter, and Humphack, on hearing them, formed a thorough woman's device: "Why speak thus, as though patient of disgrace? Your honour and wedded joy shall yet increase daily, and may he who has plotted you this misfortune in the end reap the fruit of it himself? Since your servant, my lady, first heard the bad news, I could neither eat by day or sleep at night. I consulted the astrologers and they declared positively: 'Bharat shall be king, this much is certain.' If, madam, you will only

1 The name of Kekaya's father was Asva patî, but he is often called Kekaya from the country over which he ruled supposed to be part of the Panjab. The Brahman of the white Yajur Veda mentions Asva patî, king of Kekaya, as nearly contemporary with Seta's father, Janak: an interesting fact noted by Prof. Max Müller Williams.

2 Meaning probably to remind herself that she must be careful in what she said.

3 This couplet appears to be an interpolation, as it is said not to be in the Rajapur MS.

act upon it, I can tell you a way : for the king is under an obligation to you."

Dohâ 22.

"I would throw myself down a well if you told me to do so, or even abandon my husband and son. Speak, then : you see how great is my distress ; why should I not do what will be for my good ?"

Chaupdi.

Taking Kaikeyi as a victim for the slaughter, the Humpback whetted the knife of treachery on her heart of stone ; and the queen, like a sacrificial beast that nibbles the green sward, saw not the approaching danger. Pleasant to hear, but disastrous in their results, her words were like honey mingled with deadly poison. Says the handmaid : "Do you or do you not, my lady, remember the story you once told me of the two boons promised you by the king ? Ask for them now and relieve your soul : the kingdom for your son, banishment to the woods for Râma ; thus shall you triumph over all your rivals. But ask not till the king has sworn by Râma, so that he may not go back from his word. If you let this night pass it will be too late ; give heed to my words with all your heart."

Dohâ 23.

Said the wretch, having fully contrived her abominable design : "Go to the sulking-room ; make all your arrangements circumspectly, and do not yield too readily."

Chaupdi.

The queen thought Humpback her best friend, and again and again extolled her cleverness, saying : "I have no such friend as you in the whole world : I had been swept away by the flood but for your support. To-morrow if God will fulfil my desire I will cherish you, my dear, as the apple of mine eye." Thus lavishing every term of endearment on her

1 Aforetime Dasarath had marched into the south to Vijaynata, a city in the Dandaka forest, to wage war against the king Timi-dhwaja, or Sambara, who had revolted against Indra. The battle lasted till night, and Dasarath, wounded and senseless, would have been left for dead on the field, had not Kaikeyi taken him up into her chariot, inserting her own arm in the place of his broken axle-tree, and speedily driven him away out of reach of the enemy. The grateful monarch, then restored to life by his wife's devotion, promised to grant her any two boons she might ask ; and she had prudently reserved them both till such time as she might require them.

handmaid, Kaikeyi went to the dark room ; her evil temper being the soil in which the servant-girl, like the rains, had sown the seed of calamity, which, watered by treachery, took root and sprouted with the two boons as its leaves, and in the end ruin for its fruit. Gathering about her every token of resentment, she added her reign by her evil counsel. But meanwhile palace and city were given over to rejoicing, for no one knew of those wicked practices.

Dohd 24.

All the citizens in their delight were busied with festive preparations, and the royal hall of audience was crowded with a continuous stream of people passing in and out.

Chauddi.

Delighted at the news, not a few of Ilama's boyish friends went to congratulate him, and the Lord, sensible of their attention, received them graciously and politely asked of their welfare. At his permission they roam through the palace discussing his praises : " Is there anyone in the whole world so kind and amiable as Raghunâd ? Whatever future births fate has in store for us, God only grant us this, that we may always be the servants of Sita's lordly spouse : we ask for nothing more." This was the desire of every one in the city ; only Kaikeyi's heart was in a flame ; for who is not spoiled by evil communications ? There is no profit in taking counsel with the vile.

Dohd 25.

At eventide the happy king repaired to Kaikeyi's apartments, as it were Love incarnate visiting Obduracy.

Chauddi.

He was dismayed when he heard of the chamber of wrath and could scarcely put his feet to the ground for fear. He, under whose mighty arm the Lord of heaven dwells secure, and upon whose favor all monarchs wait, was in a fever at hearing of an angry woman ; see how great is the power of love. The bearers of trident, thunderbolt, and sword are slain by the flowery shafts of Rati's spouse. Anxiously the king approached his beloved and was terribly distressed to see her condition, lying on the ground in old and coarse attire with all her personal adornments cast away ; her wretched appearance according with her wretched design, as if in mourning for her instant widowhood.

The king drew near and asked in gentle tones : " Why are you angry, my heart's delight ? "

Chhand 1.

" Why so angry, my queen ? " and touched her with his hands. She put away her lord and flung upon his furious glance like an enraged serpent, with her two wisk for its double tongue, and the horns for fangs, spying on a vulnerable point. Under the influence of fate, sa Tulsi, the king took it all as one of love's devices.

Sorathid 1.

Again and again the king cried : " Tell me the cause of your anger, O beautiful, bright-eyed dame, with voice melodious as the *koti*, and gait as voluptuous as the elephant.

Chaurdi.

Who is it, my dear, who has vexed you ? Who is it with a head to spare and so enamoured of death ? Tell me what begger I should make a king, or what king I should banish from his realm. I could slay even an immortal, were he your enemy ; of what account then are any poor worms of men and women ? O my love, you know my sentiments and how my eyes ever torn to your face as the partridge to the moon. O my beloved ! my life, my son, and everything that I own, my palace, my subjects are all at your disposal. Could I tell you a word of entreaty, lady, at least an oath by Râma must be binding. Ask with a smile whatever you desire ; adorn your lovely person with jewels ; consider within yourself what an hour of torture this is for me, and at once, my darling, put away this unseemly attire."

Dohd 26.

On hearing this and considering the greatness of the oath, the wicked queen arose with a smile and resumed her royal attire, like a huntress who sets the snare on marking the chase.

Chhand.

Thinking her reconciled, the king spoke again in soft and winning accents, his whole body quivering with love : " Your heart's desire, lady, has come to pass ; there is joy and gladness in every house in the city ; to-morrow I give Râma the rank of Regent ; so, my love, make ready for the

festival." At the sound of these untoward words she sprang up with a bound, like an over-ripe gourd that bursts at a touch ; with a smile on her lips, but with such secret pain at heart as a thief's wife who dare not cry openly.¹ The king could not penetrate her crafty schemes, for she had been tutored in every villainy by a master ; and skilled as he was in statesmanship, the abyss of woman's ways was more than he could fathom. Again she cried with a further shew of hypocritical affection and a forced smile in her eyes and on her lips :—

Dohā 27.

" Ask, ask, indeed ; but tell me, sir, when has it come to giving and taking ? you once promised me two boons, and yet I doubt my getting them."

Chauṛāḥ

The king replied with a smile ; " I see what you mean, you are very fond of a little quarrel. You kept my promise in reserve and asked for nothing, and as my way is, I forgot all about it. Do not tax me with the guilt of a lie, but for two requests make four and you shall have them. It is an immemorial rule in the Raghu family to lose life rather than break a promise. No number of sins is equal to a lie ; in the same way as myriads of *ghunchī* seeds will not make a mountain. Truth is the foundation of all merit and virtue, as the Vedas and Purāṇas declare and as Manu² has expounded. Moreover I have sworn by Rāma, the chief of our house, the perfection of all that is good and amiable." When she had thus bound him to his word, the

1 On seeing her husband suffer punishment, lest she too should be unable to suffer with him. Such at least seems to me the most obvious meaning of the comparison, though some of the Hindi commentators explain it differently.

2 Some manuscript for Manu and Vasi, "the saints" ; but the former may well stand, as the great lawgiver in many passages of his Code insists very strongly on the merit of truth. Thus in VIII, 81-83—" A witness, who states the truth in evidence, obtains a high place in heaven and the greatest reputation on earth : such a statement is held in reverence even by Brahmā himself. By truth a witness is purified from sin ; by truth justice is advanced ; therefore the truth should be spoken by witnesses of every caste." I have often thought that if these four lines were printed or engraved in bold characters in the Sanskrit original and set up in our courts of justice they might have a wholesome effect.

wicked queen smiled and cried—loosing as it were the bandage from the eyes of her hawk-like plot.

Dohd 28.

The King's desire being as a pleasant forest, and the general happiness as a flock of birds, at which as a huntress she sent forth the cruel falcon of her speech :

Chaupdi.

"Hear, my beloved, what is the desire of my heart. Grant me for one boon Bharat's installation ; and for the second (I beg with clasped hands, O my lord, accomplish my desire) may Râma be banished to the woods for 14 years there to dwell in the penitential garb of a hermit." At these words of the queen the king's heart grew faint, as the *chakra* is troubled by the rays of the moon : he trembled all over, nor could he utter a sound, like a partridge in the wood at the swoop of a falcon ; the mighty monarch was as crestfallen as a palm-tree strock by lightning ; with his hands to his forehead and closing both his eyes, as it were Grief personified, he began his moan : " My desire, that had blossomed like the trees of paradise, has been stricken and uprooted as it were by an elephant at the time of bearing. Kâskeyi has desolated Avadh and laid the foundation of everlasting calamity.

Dohd 29.

What a thing to happen at such a time ? I am undone by putting trust in a woman ; as at the time of heavenly reward for penance an ascetic is destroyed by ignorance."

Chaupdi.

In this manner the king burned within himself, and the wicked woman, seeing his evil plight, thus began : " What, then, is Bharat not your son too, but a slave as I am, bought for a price ? If my words, thus like arrows, pierce you to the heart, why did you not think before you spoke ? Answer now, say either yes or no, most truthful lord of Ragho's truthful line. Refuse me the boon you promised, break your word and be publicly disgraced. When you engaged to grant the boon, you were loud in your praises of truth, imagining, no doubt, that I should ask for a handfol

of parched grain. When Sivi¹, Dadhichi² and Bali³, made a promise ; they gave life and wealth to keep their word." Kaikeyi's speech was as stinging as salt applied to a burn.

Dohā 30.

The righteous king took courage and opened his eyes, and beating his head gasped out : " She has pierced me in the most vital part."

Chaupdi.

He saw her standing before him burning with passion, as it were Fory's own sword drawn from the sheath, with ill-counsel for its hilt and cruelty for its sharp edge whetted on the Humpback grindstone. The monarch saw her stern and terrible : " She will rob me either of life or honour " ; but stilling his heart he cried in suppliant tones which she regarded not : " Bharat and Rāma are as my two eyes. I tell you truly and call Siva as my witness. O my beloved, what is this ill word that you have uttered, destructive of

1 King Sivi (or Saryya), the son of Usinara, had already offered 93 great sacrifices, and was hoping to complete the full number of a hundred, a feat which would have exalted him to the highest dignity in heaven, when Indra, jealous of his own supremacy, determined to prevent him. Himself assuming the form of a hawk and clanging Agni, the god of fire, into a dove, he chased it through the air till it flew into the temple and took shelter in Sivi's bosom, who thereupon promised that he would protect it from all harm. The hawk followed close behind and protested that the dove was his lawful spoil, and that it was unjust of the king to rob him of food which he had fairly won, and without which he would die of starvation. The king offered him anything else that he liked to name, but the hawk would be satisfied with nothing but an equal weight of the king's own flesh. Scales were brought, the dove was put in the one balance, and the monarch began to hack and hew pieces of his own body and cast in the other ; but still the dove weighed heavier. At last, when all had been cut away and only his bones were left, he threw himself in. The gods then came and restored him to life and bore him off in triumph to heaven.

2 When Indra and the other gods were hard pressed by the demon Vritra, Vishnu told them that there was a great saint named Dadhichi practising penance in the Naimisha forest, and that if he would let them have his bones they could be made into weapons, before which no enemy could stand. Dadhichi, as soon as he heard what they wanted, at once devoted himself to death, and out of his bones the gods made thunderbolts, with which they won an easy victory.

3 King Bali, the son of Virochana, had so extended his empire that he had acquired dominion over three worlds. Indra, to rid himself of so dangerous a rival, applied to Vishnu who assuming the form of a dwarf, as the son of Kasyapa, appeared before Bali and begged an alms. The king promised to give him whatever he asked. He said he only wanted as much land as he could pace in three steps. This modest request was granted without hesitation ; whereupon he at once developed himself into a giant, and with the first stride covered the whole earth, and with the second the heaven. For the third step he planted his foot on Bali's head and crushed him down into the infernal regions, of which he became the sovereign.

all order, confidence and affection? I will not fail to despatch a messenger at daybreak and as soon as they hear the news both brothers will come. Then after fixing an auspicious day and making all due preparation. I will solemnly confer the kingdom on Bharat.

Dohd 31.

Râma has no greed of empire and is devotedly attached to Bharat: I made my plans according to royal usage, thinking only of their respective ages.

Chaupdi.

I swear by Râma that I tell you true of his mother, that she never said a word to me. I arranged it all without asking you, and this is how my scheme has failed. Put away your displeasure, assume a festal garb; yet a few days and Bharat shall be Regent. There was only one thing that pained me, your second petition, really an unreasonable request. To-day your bosom burns with unwonted fire; is it anger, or do you jest, or is it all really true? Tell me calmly Râma's offence. Every one says that he is amiability itself. Even you used to praise and caress him, and I am quite perplexed at what I now hear. His pleasant ways would charm even an enemy; how then can he have vexed his own mother?

Dohd 32.

Have done, my beloved, with this, be it raillery or displeasure; make a just and reasonable request, that I may rejoice in the sight of Bharat's installation.

Chaupdi.

Rather might a fish live out of the water, or a wretched serpent live without its head-jewel—I tell you my true case without any deception—but there is no life for me without Râma. Consider well, my dear, my prudent wife, my very existence depends upon my seeing Râma." On hearing this soft speech the wicked woman blazed up like the fire on which has fallen an oblation of *ghi*: "You may devise and carry out any number of plans, but your subtrefuges will not avail with me. Either grant my request, or refuse me and be disgraced; I do not want any long discussion. Râma is good, you too are good and wise, and Râma's mother, as you have discovered, is also good. The benefit that Kaushalyâ devised for me is the only fruit that I now in turn give her.

Dohā 33.

At daybreak, if Rāma does not assume the hermit's dress and go out into the woods, my death will ensue, O king, and your disgrace; be well assured of this."

Chaupdi.

So saying, the wretch rose and stood erect, as it were a swollen flood of wrath that had risen in the mountains of sin, turgid with streams of passion, terrible to behold, with the two horns for its banks, her stern obduracy for its current, and her voluble speech for its eddies, overthrowing the king like some tree torn up by the roots, as it rushed on to the ocean of calamity. The king perceived that it was all true, and that death, in fashion as a woman, was dancing in triumph on his head. Hombly he clasped her by the feet and begged her to be seated, crying: "Be not an axe at the root of the Solar race. Demand of me my head and I will give it at once, but do not kill me by the loss of Rāma, be it in any way you will, or your heart will be ill at ease all your life long."

Dohā 34.

Seeing that his disease was incurable, the king fell upon the ground and beat his head, sobbing out in most lamentable tones, "Rāma, Rāma."

Chaupdi.

The king's whole body was so broken down by distress that he seemed like the tree of paradise that some elephant had uprooted. His throat was dry, speech failed his lips, like some poor fish deprived of water. Agast Kunkeyi plied him with biting taunts, infusing as it were poison into his wounds: "If you meant to act thus in the end, what compulsion was there to say, ask, ask? Is it possible, sire, to be two things at once? To laugh and jest and at the same time mourn; to be called the magnificent, and yet be miserly, to live without society, and yet be a king? Either break your world or show more fortitude, do not, like a woman appeal to compassion. It is said that life, wife, sons, home wealth, nay the whole world, all are but as a straw compared to the ocean of truth."

Dohā 35

On hearing these fatal words the king exclaimed: "It is no fault of yours; my evil destiny, like some demoniac delusion, has possessed you and bids you speak.

Chaupdi.

Bharat has never dreamed of desiring the royal dignity but by the decree of fate evil counsel has lodged in my breast. All this is the result of my sins I can do nothing (God) is against me. Hereafter beautiful Avadh shall flourish again under the sway of the all-perfect Rāma; all his brethren shall do him service and his glory shall spread through the three spheres of creation; your disgrace also and remorse, though we die, shall never be effaced or forgotten. Now do whatever seemeth you good; only stay out of my sight and let your face be veiled; with clasped hands I await this, speak not to me again so long as I live. You will repent at the last. O miserable woman, who aiming at the tiger have thus slain the cow."

Dohā 36.

The king fell to the ground crying again and again "Why have you wrought this ruin?" But the perfidious queen spoke not a word, like a funeral pile that is ever burning.

Chaupdi.

The king in his distress sobbing out "Rāma, Rāma," was like some luckless bird clipped of its wings. In his heart he was praying: "May the day never break nor any one go and tell Rāma. Rise not great patriarch of the Solar race, for at the sight of Avadh your breast will be consumed with anguish." The king's affection and Kaikeyi's cruelty were both the most extreme that God could make. While the monarch was yet lamenting, day broke and the music of lute and pipe and couch resounded at his gate. Bards recited his titles, minstrels sung his praises; but like arrows they wounded the king, as he heard them. All tokens of rejoicing pleased him as little as the adornment of a widow who ascends the funeral pile. That night no one had slept, from the joyous anticipation of beholding Rāma.

Dohā 37.

At the gate was a crowd of servants and ministers, who exclaimed as they beheld the risen sun: "What can be the reason why to-day of all days our lord awaketh not?"

Chaupdi.

He was always wont to wake at the last watch; to-day it strikes us as very strange. Go Sumanta, and rouse him

and obtain the royal order to commence the work." Samanta entered the palace, but as he passed on was struck with awe and dismay at its appearance, as though some terrible monster were about to spring upon him and devour him; it seemed the very home of calamity and distress. Asking, but with no one to answer him, he came to the apartment where were the king and Kaikeyi; with the salutation "Live for ever" he bowed the head and sat down. On beholding the king's condition he was much distressed, for he was fallen on the ground crushed and colourless, like a lotus broken off from its root. The terrified minister could ask no question; but she, full of evil and void of all good, answered and said:

Dohá 38.

"The king has not slept all night: God knows why. He has done nothing but mutter "Râma, Râma," even till day break; but he has not told me the reason.

Chaupâi.

Go at once and send Râma here, and when you come back you can ask what the matter is." Perceiving it to be the king's wish, Samanta went; but he saw that the queen had formed some evil design. So anxious was he that his feet scarcely touched the ground as he wondered to himself: 'What will the king have to say to Râma?' Composing himself as he reached the gate, when all observed his sadness and asked the cause, he reassured them and proceeded to the prince's abode. When Râma saw Samanta coming, he received him with the same honour that he would have shown to his own father. Looking him in the face, he declared the king's commands and returned with him. Remarking the state of disorder in which Râma accompanied the minister, the people began to be a little anxious.

Dohâ 39.

When the jewel of Raghu's race had come and beheld the king's miserable condition, like some aged and pain-stricken elephant in the power of a tigress, his lips became parched and his body all aflame, like a poor snake that has been robbed of the jewel in its head. Seeing the furious Kaikeyi near, like death counting the minutes, the pitiful and amiable Raghonâth, though he now for the first time saw sorrow, and had never before heard its name even, composed himself as the occasion required and in pleasant tones

asked his mother : " Tell me mother, the cause of my father's distress, that I may endeavour to put an end to it." " Listen, Hâma : the only cause is this : the king is very fond of you : he has promised to grant me two requests, and I have asked for what I wanted : but he is disturbed on hearing them and cannot get rid of a scruple on your account.

Dohd 40.

" In the one case is his love for his son ; in the other his promise, he is thus in a strait. If it lies in your power be obedient to his commands and so terminate his misery."

Chaupdi.

She sat and spoke stinging words so composedly the Cruelty itself was disturbed to hear her. From the bow of her tongue she shot forth the arrows of her speech against the king as it were some yielding target : as though Obduracy had taken form and become a bold and practised archer. Sitting like the very incarnation of heartlessness, she expounded to Râghupati the whole history. Hâma, the son of the Solar race, the fountain of every joy, smiled inwardly and replied in guileless terms, so soft and gracious that they seemed the very jewels of the goldenness of speech : " Hearken, mother ; blessed is the son who obeys his parent's commands ; a son who cherishes his father and mother is not often found in the world

Dohd 41.

I have a particular wish to join the hermits in the woods and now there is also my father's order and your approval, mother.

Chaupdi.

Bharat, moreover, whom I love as myself, will obtain the kingdom ; in every way God favours me to-day. If I go not to the woods under these circumstances, then reckon me first in any assembly of fools. They who desert the tree of paradise to tend a castor-oil plant, or refuse ambrosia to ask for poison, having once lost their chance, will never get it again ; soe, mother, and ponder this in your heart. One special anxiety still remains, when I see the king so exceedingly disturbed. I cannot understand, mother, how my father can be so much pained by such a trifling matter. He is stout-hearted and a fathomless

ocean of piety¹ : there must have been some great offence on my part, that he will not say a word to me : I adjure you to tell me the truth."

Dohd 42.

Though Haghubar's words were as straightforward as possible, the wicked queen gave them a perverse twist² ; like a leech, which must always move crookedly, however smooth the water be.

Chaupdi.

Seeing Râma's readiness, the queen smiled and said with much show of false affection : " I swear by yourself and Bharat, there is no other cause that I know of. There is no room for fault in you, my son, who confer such happiness both on your parents and your brother. All that you say, Râma, is true ; you are devoted to the wishes of your father and mother. Remonstrate, then, solemnly with your sire, that he incur not sin and disgrace in his old age. Having been blest with a son like you, he cannot properly disregard your advice." These fair words in her false mouth were like Gaye and the other holy places that are in Alagadha : but Râma took his mother's speech in good part, like the Ganges, which in its course receives and hallows any stream.

Dohd 43.

At the remembrance of Râma, the king's swoon left him and he turned on his side. Taking advantage of the opportunity, the minister humbly informed him of Râma's arrival.

Chaupdi.

When the king heard that Râma had come, he summoned up courage and opened his eyes. The minister supported his sovereign to a seat, where the king saw Râma falling at his feet. In an agony of affection, he clasped him to his bosom, like some toaks that has recovered the jewel it had lost. As the monarch continued gazing upon Râma, a flood

¹ Being so stout of heart, why should he be thus damaged at the mere thought of losing me ? And being so pious, how is it possible that he can hesitate for a moment about keeping his word ? There must be something else in the background. I fear I have done wrong and displeased him.

² The queen thought to herself. By his praise of a hermit's life, he hopes I may be persuaded to send Bharat to the woods instead of himself or by his ready compliance, he hopes to wheedle me out of my resolve.

of tears came into his eyes, nor in his sore distress utter a word, but again and again he pressed him heart. Inwardly he was praying God that Rag might not be banished to the woods; and when Mahādeva humbly begged: "Immortal Siva, be petition; thou art easily satisfied, compassionate, generous; recognize then in me a poor suppliant and move my distress.

Dohd 54.

As thou directest the hearts of all, give Rāma the to disregard my words and stay at home, forgetful of of his filial affection.

Chaupdi.

Welcome disgrace and perish my good name; sink into Hell rather than mount to Heaven; be it mine support the most intolerable pain rather than have taken from my sight." Thinking thus to himself, the spoke not a word, while his soul quivered like a pipal. Perceiving his father to be thus overpowered with Itaghapati spoke again with a view to his mother's modest and thoughtful phrase, as the place, the time the circumstances demanded: "Father, if I speak a wilfully, forgive the offence by reason of my childishness. You are troubled about a very little matter; why did not speak and let me know of this at the first? I seeing you, sire, I questioned my mother, and on her explanation my fear subsided.

Dohd 45.

Put away, father, the anxiety which at this time rejoicing your affection has caused you, and give me your commands:" so spoke the Lord with heartfelt joy and body quivering with emotion.

Chaupdi.

"Blessed is his birth into the world whose father rejoiced to hear of his doings. He has in his hand all four rewards of life, who holds his parents dear as his own life. By obeying your orders, I attain the end of existence. If then it be your command, I can soon come back, and after taking leave of my mother, I will throw myself once more at your feet and then start for the wood. Having thus spoken, Rāma departed, while the king in

anguish answered not a word. The bitter news spread through the city, like the sting of a scorpion that at once affects the whole body. Every man or woman that heard it was as distressed as the creepers and bushes when a forest is on fire. Wherever it was told, every one beat his head, and the grief was too great to be endured.

Dohd 46.

Their lips were parched, their eyes streamed, their heart could not contain their sorrow; it seemed as though the Pathetic, in battle array and with beat of drum, had marched into Ayodh and taken up quarters there.

Chaupdi.

"It was a well-contrived plan, but God has spoilt it." In this fashion they kept abusing Kaikayi: 'What could this wicked woman mean by thus setting fire to a new-thatched house; who tears out her eyes with her own hands, and yet wishes to see; who throws away ambrosia and prefers the taste of poison; cruel stubborn, demented wretch, a very fire among the reeds of Raghu's line; who sitting on a branch of the tree has hacked down the stem; and in the midst of joy has introduced this tragedy? Rāma used ever to be dear to her as life; for what reason has she now taken to such perversity? The poets say truly that a woman's mind is altogether inscrutable, unfathomable and beyond comprehension. Sooner may a man catch his own shadow in the glass than grasp the ways of a woman.

Dohd 47.

What is there that fire will not burn; what is there that ocean cannot contain; what cannot a woman do in her strength; or what is there in the world that death does not devour?

Chaupdi.

God first ordained one thing, but now ordains something quite different, and what he would show us now is the very reverse of what he showed us then." Said one: "The king has not done well, and without consideration has granted the wicked woman her request. He has wilfully brought all this misery upon himself, and in yielding to a woman has lost all good sense and discretion." Another wisely recognized the king's supreme virtue and would not blame him, as they repeated to one another the

legends of Sivi, Dabhihi, and Harischandra.¹ One stizzed Bharat's connivance, another was distressed at the notion of such a thing; while a third stopping his ears with his hands and tising his tongue exclaimed: "Such words are false; you damn yourself by saying such things. Bharat is Râma's dearest friend."

Dohd 18.

Shower shalt the moon rain sparks of fire, or ambrosia have the same effect as poison, than Bharat ever dream doing anything to injure Râma."

One reproached the Creator, who had promised ambrosia but given poison. The whole city was agitated at every one's word that the intolerable pain in their hearts utterly effaced all the previous rejoicing. The venerable and highborn Brâhman matrons, who were Kaikeyi's chief friends, began to give her advice and praise her good disposition; but their words pierced her like arrows: You have always said, as every one knows, that Bharat was not so dear to you as Râma; show him, then, your wonted affection; for what offence do you now banish him to the woods? You have never shown any jealousy of the rival queens; your love and confidence in them were known throughout the land. What has Kaikeyi done wrong now that you should launch this thunderbolt against the city?

Dohd 49.

What if will Sita desert her spouse, or Lakshman remain her at home? Will Bharat enjoy the dominion of the state, or the king survive without Râma.

Châurdi.

Reflect upon this and expel passion from your breast, nor make yourself a stronghold of remorse and disgrace.

¹ For the legends of SIVI and DABHIHI see notes to page 19.

HARISCHANDRA, the son of Triantâ, was king of Ayodhya and the twenty-eight in descent from Ikshvâku, the founder of the solar dynasty. In order to satisfy the claims of Visvamitra who wanted to make trial of his integrity, he sold his kingdom and all that he had, together with his wife Satyawati and his only son, and hired himself out as the servant of a man who kept a burning ghâti. Whenever a corpse was brought, he had to take the fee and make it over to his master. One day a woman brought her dead child and he recognized them as his own wife and son. She had no money and he was so zealous in his employer's interests that he would not allow the body to be burnt till the regular fee was paid. As the only way to satisfy his demand, she was stripping off the one poor rag that covered her nakedness, when the gods interposed and restored the king to his throne and all his former prosperity.

By all means make Bharat the king's coadjutor ; but what need is there for Râma to be banished to the woods ? Râma is not greedy of royal power ; he is righteous and averse to sensual pleasures. Let him leave the palace and go and live with his guru ; ask this of the king as your second petition. A son like Râma does not deserve banishment ; what will people say to you when they hear of it ? If you do not agree to what I tell you, nothing will prosper in your hands. If this is only some jest of yours, speak out clearly and let me know. Up quickly and devise a plan to avert future remorse and disgrace.

Chhand 2

Devise a plan to avert remorse and disgrace and save your family. Be instant in diverting Râma from going to the woods, and labour for nothing else. As the day without the sun, as the body without life, as the night without the moon, so (says Tulsi Dâs) is Ayodh without its lord ; I beg you, lady, to consider this."

Sorathâ 2

Pleasant to hear and beneficial in result was the advice her friends gave ; but she paid no heed to it, having been tutored in villainy by Humpback.

Chauvdi.

She answered not a word, but raged with irrepressible fury like a hungry tigress that has spied a deer. Perceiving her disease to be incurable, they left her, saying as they went : " Demented wretch ! Fate has destroyed her in her pride ; she has acted in such a way as no one has ever acted before." Thus all the men and women of the city were lamenting and heaping countless abuse on the wicked queen. Burning with intolerable fever they sob out : " What hope of life is there without Râma ? " Agonized by his loss, the people were as miserable as creatures of the deep when water fails. Great was the distress of all, whether man or woman ; but the saintly Râma went to his mother, with joy in his face and fourfold joy in his soul, fearing only that the king might detain him.

Dohâ 30.

The Glory of Raghu's line resembled some young elephant with kingship for its chain : the news of banishment was as its breaking ; at which he rejoices exceedingly.

Chauṛḍi.

With folded hands the Crown of Rāgha's line he
 his head blithely at his mother's feet. She gave him
 blessing and clasped him to her bosom, and scatte
 around him gifts of jewels and raiment. Again and ag
 she kissed his face, with tears of joy in her eyes and
 body all quivering with emotion. She seating him
 her lap, she pressed him once more to her heart, wh
 drops of affection trickled from her comely breasts. H
 rapture of love was past all telling, like that of a begg
 made all at once rich as Kuber. Tenderly regarding t
 lovely features, his mother thus addressed him in sweete
 tones: "Tell me, my son, I adjure you as your mothe
 when is the happy moment to be: you are such an exquisit
 paragon of piety, amiability and good fortune, that in yo
 Avadh has reaped the full fruition of its existence."

Dohd 51.

For whom the people long as anxiously as a pair o
 thirsting *chhataks*, in the season of autumn, for the rainfall
 of Aroturus.

Chauṛḍi.

Go at once, my darling, I beg of you, and bathe and
 take something nice to eat, such as you like, and then, dear
 boy approach your father: I, your mother, protest there
 has been too much delay." On hearing his mother's most
 loving speech, which seemed as the flower of the paradisa
 tree of affection laden with the fragrance of delight and
 produced from the stem of prosperity, Rāma's bee-like soul
 was not distracted by the sight, but in his righteousness
 he distinguished the path of virtue, and thus in honeyed
 tones addressed his mother: "My father has assigned me
 the woods for my realm, where I shall have much in every
 way to do. Give me your orders, mother, with a cheerful
 heart, that I too may cheerfully and in auspicious wise set
 out for the forest. Do not in your affection give way to
 ceaseless alarm; my happiness, mother, depends on your
 consent."

Dohd 52.

After staying fourteen years in the woods, in obedience
 to my sire's command¹, I will come back and again behold
 your feet: make not your mind uneasy."

¹ Or, and thus making good my father's vow.

Chauṛī.

Itaghubar's sweet and dntiful words pierced like arrows through his mother's heart. At the sound of his chilling speech she withered and drooped like the *jaundā*¹ at a shower in the rains. The anguish of her soul was past telling, as when an elephant shrinks at the roar of a tiger. Her eyes filled with tears and her body trembled all over, like a fish overtaken by the scour of a flooded river.² Summoning up courage, she looked her son in the face and thus spoke, in faltering accents: "My son, you are your father's darling and it is a constant delight to him to watch your doings. He had fixed an auspicious day for giving you the sceptre; for what offence does he now banish you to the woods? Tell me my boy, the upshot of it all; who is the destroying fire of the Sun-god's line?"

Dohā 53

After a look at Rāma's face the minister's son explained to her the reason. On hearing his account she was struck dumb: words fail to describe her condition.

Chauṛī.

She could neither detain him, nor yet say *ūn*; either way her heart was distraught with cruel pain: as though for 'moon' one had written 'eclipse': God's hand is ever against us all. Duty and affection both laid siega to her soul; her dilemma was like that of a snake with a musk-rat.³ "If I keep my son, it will be a tin; my past virtue will go for nothing and my friends will abhor me. If I order him into exile, it will be a sad loss." In this distressing strait the queen was sore tried. Again reflecting discreetly on her wisely duty and remembering that Rāma and Bharat were both equsly her sons, the queen in the sweetness of her

1 A popular Hindi couplet says that every creature in the world rejoices at the coming of the rains, except four *re.*, the *ak* and *jaundā* plants, which flourish only on dry soil, and the saltpetre manufacturer and the carter, who cannot ply their trade.

Ak jawan agara, chauthē gariwan

Jyō jyō chamakē bīlī, tyon tyon taye prān

2 the line, as I translate it, stands thus. *Māyā Māndhū min kahan cyapi.* As to the meaning of the word *māyā* see the note on page 86; the Commentators explain it as a sickness that prevails at the beginning of the rains, or, as the veins raised on the water when the rains first break; or, as the juice of a plant. Another reading is *Māyā-ha khar māyānū nidpi*, where *māpi* would be for *māsi*, drunk.

3 If it swallows the rat, it dies, if it disgorges it, it goes blind; each is the popular belief.

disposition summoned up courage and, spoke these woeful words : " May I die, my son, but you have done well ; a father's command is the most paramount duty.

Dohd 54.

Though he promised you the kingdom : and now banishes you to the woods I am not the least sad or sorry : but, without you, Bharat and the king and the people will all be put to terrible distress.

Chaupdi.

Yet, boy, if it is only your father's order, then go not ; hold your mother still greater.¹ If both father and mother bid you go, the forest will be a hundred times better than Avadh, with its god for your father, its goddess for your mother and birds and deer to wait upon your lotus feet. At the end of life retirement to the woods is the proper thing for a king, but I am troubled at heart when I consider your tender age. How blest the forest and how wretched Avadh, if you abandon it, you, the crown of Raghū's line. If, child, I say ' take me with you,' there may be some hesitation in your mind ; O my son, all held you most dear, life of our life ; if you say ' mother, I go alone to the woods ' on hearing your words I sink down in despair.

Dohd 55.

Being thus minded I do not press my suit with a show of love beyond what I really feel ; agree to your mother's request ; or if you go alone, at least I pray you not to forget me.

Chaupdi.

May all the gods and the spirits of your ancestors guard you, noble boy, as closely as the eyelids guard the eyes. The term of banishment is like the water of a lake in which the fish are friends and relations ; you are all-merciful and righteous ; remember then to make your plans so that you may find them all alive when you come again. Go in peace to the woods—ah ! woe is me !—leaving your servants, your relatives, the whole city in bereavement ; to-day the fruit of all their past good deeds has gone, and awful death confronts them.² Thus with many mournful meanings she clung to his feet, accosting herself the most hopeless of

¹ Just here, said the words that I translate, some copies read *ji*

women. Cruel and intolerable pangs pierced her heart through and through, and the burden of her misery was past all telling. Râma raised his mother and took her to his bosom and consoled her with many soothing words.

Dohâ 56.

At that moment Sita, who had heard the news, rose in great agitation, and having revered her mother's lotus feet, bowed her head and sat down.

Chauzâ.

In tender accents her mother gave her blessing, and at the sight of her delicate frame was more distressed than ever. With drooping eyes Sita, the perfection of beauty, model of wifely devotion, sat and thought : " The lord of my life would go to the woods, how can I merit to accompany him ? Whether in the body or only in the soul, go I must ; but God's doings are inscrutable." With her lovely toe-nails she wrote upon the ground, while the music of her anklets, like the poet's honeyed song, rang out the passionate prayer : ' Never may we be torn from Sita's feet.' Seeing her let fall a flood of tears from her lovely eyes, Râma's mother cried : " Harken, my son ; Sita is very delicate ; she is the darling of your father and mother and all your kindred.

Dohâ 57.

Her own father is Janak, jewel of kings ; her father-in-law is the Phœbus of the solar race ; her lord, the perfection of beauty and virtue, is as it were the moon of the lily-like progeny of the sun-god ;

Chauzâ.

I again have found in her a dear daughter, amiable, beautiful and accomplished. She is like the apple of my eye and my affection has so grown that it is only in Jânakî that I have my being¹. I have tended her as carefully as the tree of paradise and watered her growth with streams of affection. When she should have blossomed and borne fruit, God has turned against me, and there is no knowing what will be the end. Or ever she left her bed or seat,

¹ In the original is a play upon words which it is impossible to preserve in a translation ; *jân prân*, the ordinary expression for the ' breath of life,' being presented to the eye by the conjunction of *prân* with the first syllable of Sita's name *Jânakî*.

I cradled her in my lap, and never has Sita set her foot on the hard ground. I cherished her as the very source of my life, and never had her so much as even to trim the wick of a lamp. And this is the Sita who would follow you to the woods: what are your orders, O Raghunāth? Can the partridge, that drinks in with delight the rays of the moon, endure to fix its gaze on the orb of the sun?

Dohā 58.

Elephants, lions, goblins, and many fierce animals roam the woods: ah, my son, is the charming tree of life fit, to set in such a deadly pasture?

Chaupdi.

God has created for the forest Kol and Kirāt women, who care not for bodily delights. Of nature as hard as the stone insect, the woods are no trial to them. A hermit's wife again is fit for the woods, who for the sake of penance has renounced all pleasures. But how, my son, can Sita live in the woods, who would be frightened by even the picture of a monkey? Can the cygnet that has sported in the lovely lotus-beds of the Ganges find fit abode in a muddy puddle? First ponder this, and then, as you order I will instruct Jānaki. If she remain at home and call me mother, she will be the support of my life." Raghubīr on hearing his mother's speech, which was drenched as it were with the ambrosia of grace and affection,

Dohā 59.

Replied in tender and discreet terms for his mother's consolation, and began to set clearly before Jānaki all the pleasures and troubles of forest life,

Chaupdi.

Speaking diffidently as in the presence of his mother, and considering well within himself the requirements of the time: "Hearken, lady, to my instructions; nor from any different fancies in your mind. If you desire your own good and mine, agree to what I say and remain at home. My order is this: the service of a mother-in-law is in every way, madam, a blessing to a family. There is no other duty so paramount as reverential submission to a husband's parents. Whenever my mother recalls me to mind and is distracted by affectionate solicitude, do you, my love, console her with old-world tales and tender speeches.

I speak from my heart and confirm it with a hundred Oaths : it is for my mother's sake, beloved, I leave you here.

Dohd 60.

The reward of virtue can be obtained without trouble by submission to Scripture and one's spiritual director : through their obstinacy Gálava¹ and king Nahusha² were subjected to all sorts of trouble.

Chaupái.

I shall soon fulfil my father's words and come back again ; hearken, fair and sensible dame. The days will quickly pass away ; listen, love, to my advice. If, my spouse, you persist in your affectionate obstinacy, you will rue it in the end. The forest is exceedingly toilsome and terrible, with awful heat and cold and rain and wind ; the path is beset with prickly grass and stones, and you will have to walk without protection for your feet : and your lotus feet are so soft and pretty, while the road is most difficult : and there are huge mountains, charms and precipices, streams, rivers and torrents, deep and impassable, terrible to behold ; while bears and tigers, wolves, lions and elephants make such a roaring that the boldest is dismayed.

Dohd 61.

³ The ground will be your couch, the bark of trees your raiment, and your food bulls, wild fruits and roots ; nor,

¹ Gálava was a pupil of Vivasmúta. When he had completed his studies, he asked his tutor what fee he ought to pay. He was told there was no fee. However, he still persisted in asking, till at last Vivasmúta was annoyed and, to get rid of him, said he would be satisfied with nothing less than a thousand black-eyed horses. After a long search and many inquiries, Gálava discovered three childless rajás who had each 200 horses of the kind that he required, and they agreed to let him have them, but only on this condition, that he got each of them a son. Gálava then went to Yayáti, whose daughter had the miraculous gift of bearing a son for any one she wished, and got herself remaining a virgin. By her means each of the three kings became a father. The 600 horses were made over to Gálava, and he presented them to Vivasmúta, who was equivalent for the other 400 horses, wanting to make up the thousand, had himself two sons by the same mysterious means.

² For the legend of king Nahusha.

³ Yet take good heed, for ever drear that ye could not sustain
The thorny way, the deep valleys, the snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the bite, for dry or wet, we must lodge on the plain,
And as above, with other food, but a beetle, bug or wasp,
For ye must there in your hands have a bow ready to draw,
And as a third, thus must ye live, ever in dread and awe.

think that even they will be always forthcoming every day, but only when they are in season.

Chaurdi.

There are man-eating demons who assume all sorts of deceptive forms; the rainfall on the hills is excessive, and in short the hardship of the forest are past all telling. There are terrible serpents and fierce wild birds and gangs of goblins that steal both man and woman. The bravest shudders at the thought of the dense forest; while you, my fawn-eyed wife, are timid by nature. Ah! delicate dame, you are not fit for the woods; people will revile me on hearing of such a thing. Can the swan that has been nurtured in the ambrosial flood of the Mānas lake exist in the salt sea? Can the *lail*, that roves with delight through the luxuriant mango groves, take pleasure in a jungle of *lark*, bushes? Ponder this, my fair bride, and stay at home; the hardships of the forest are too great.

Dohā 62.

Whoever with a view to her own good does not at once accept the advice given by a friend, or a *guru*, or her husband shall assuredly have a surfeit of repentance and gain no good."

Chaurdi.

On hearing the tender and winning words of her husband, Sita's lotus eyes filled with tears, and his soothing advice caused her as burning pain as the autumn moon causes the *chalcu*. In her distress no answer came to her lips: 'So great is his love that he would leave me behind.' Perforce restraining her tears and summing up courage, Earth's daughter embraced her mother's feet, and with folded hands thus spake: "Pardon me, lady, my great presumption: my dear lord has thought me what is all for my own good; but I look to my feelings, and conclude that no sorrow in the world is so great as separation from one's beloved.

Dohā 63.

O my dear lord, most compassionate, beautiful, benevolent and wise, the moon of the lilies of the Raghu race, heaven without you would be very hell.

Chaupdi.

Dear are father and mother, sisters and brothers ; dear are my companions and my many friends ; but father-in-law and mother-in-law, spiritual director, generous associates, and nroo sons, however, beautiful, amiable and affectionate, nay my lord, all love and every tie of kindred, to a woman without her husband, are a greater distress than the sun's most burning heat. Life, wealth, house, land, city and empire are but accumulated misery to a woman bereft of her lord. Ease is disease, her jewels a burden, and the world like the torments of hell. Without you, O lord of my soul, there is nothing in the whole world that could give me any comfort. As the body without a soul, as a river without water, so, my lord, is a woman without her husband. With you, my lord, are all delights, as long as I can behold your face that vies in brightness with the autumn moon.

Dohd 64.

The birds and deer will be my attendants, the forest my city, and strips of bark my glistening robes ; with my lord a hut of grass will be as the palace of the gods, and all will be well.

Chaupdi.

The sylvan nymphs and gods will of their grace protect me like my own lord's parents ; my simple litter of grass and twigs will with my lord become a sumptuous marriage-couch ; bulbs, roots and fruits will form an ambrosial repast, and the mountains resemble the stately halls of Avadh. Every moment I gaze on my lord's lotus feet, I shall be as glad as the *chakri* at the dawn. You have recounted, my lord, the numerous hardships of the forest, its terrors, annoyances and many discomforts ; but O fountain of mercy, all these united will not be comparable to the pain of bereavement. Consider this, O jewel of wisdom, and take me with you, abandon me not. Why make long supplication ? my lord is full of compassion and knoweth the heart.

Dohd 65.

Do you think, if you keep me at Avadh, that I can survive till the end of your exile ? O most beautiful, help of the helpless, fountain of grace and of love.

Chaupdi.

As I go along the road I shall never weary, every moment beholding your lotus feet. In every way I shall minister to my beloved, and relieve him of all the toil of the march. Seated in the shade of some tree, I shall lave your feet and rapturously fan you, and gazing on your body stained with sweat and blackened by the sun, what thought, my dearest lord, shall I have for my own hard times? Spreading grass and leaves on the level ground, your slave will all night shampoo your feet, and ever gazing on your gracious form, nor heat nor wind will ever vex me. Who will look at me when I am with my lord, except as a hare or jackal furtively regards a lioness? Am I to be dainty and delicate, while my lord roams the woods? In penance to be your portion and enjoyment mine?

Dohd 66

My heart will burst at the mere sound of so cruel a sentence, and never will my miserable existence survive the anguish and torture of bereavement."

Chaupdi.

So saying, Sita was overwhelmed with distress, nor could endure the word 'separation.' On seeing her condition, Rāma made sure, 'If I insist upon leaving her, I leave her dead.' Then said the compassionate lord of the Solar race: "Have done with lamentation and come with me to the woods. There is no time now for weeping; at once make your preparations for the journey." Having consoled his beloved with these tender words, he embraced his mother's feet and received her blessing: "Return quickly and relieve your subjects' distress, nor forget me your hard-hearted mother.¹ Who knows but God may change my lot, and my eyes may see you both again. Ah! my son, when will arrive the happy day and moment that I shall live to see your moon-like face once more?

Dohd 67.

When again shall I call you 'my child,' 'my darling,' 'noblest and best of Rāghu's line,' 'my own son,' and fondly bid you come to my arms that I may gaze upon your features?"

¹ That is to say, I must be hard-hearted, for, if not, I should die at once.

Chavdi.

Seeing that his mother was so agitated by affection that she could not speak and was utterly overwhelmed with distress, Rāma did everything to console her, and the pathos of the scene was beyond description. Then Jānakī embraced her mother's feet: "Hearken, mother. I am of all women most miserable. At the time when I should have been doing you service, fate has banished me to the woods and has denied me my desire. Cease to sorrow, but cease not to love me; Fate is cruel, I am blameless." On hearing Sita's words her mother was so afflicted that her state was past all telling. Again and again she took her to her breast summoning up courage thus blest and admonished her: "May your prosperity be as endoring as the streams of Gangā and Jamunā!"

Dohd 68.

When her mother had repeatedly blessed and admonished Sita, she took her leave, after again and again affectionately bowing her head at her lotus feet.

Chaupdi.

When Lakshman heard the news, he started up in dismay with a doleful face, his body all of a tremble and his eyes full of tears, and ran and clasped his feet in an agony of affection. He could not speak, but stood and stared aghast, like some poor fish drawn out of the water, thinking within himself: "Good God, what will happen? All my happiness and past good deeds are gone for ever. What will Raghunāth tell me to do? Will he keep me here, or take me with him?" When Rāma saw his brother with folded hands renouncing life and home and all, he address him thus—the all-sightous Rāma, fountain of grace, love, and perfect bliss: "Brother, do not afflict yourself with love, but reflect that all will be well in the end."

Dohd 69.

They who submit without reserve to the commands of their father and mother, their spiritual director or their lord, or born into the world to some purpose: otherwise their birth is in vain.

Chavdi.

Consider this, brother, and hearken to my advice, wait upon the feet of your father and mother. Neither Bharat

is at home, nor Itipu-sidan; the king is old and sorrowing for me. If I go to the woods and take you with me, Avadh be completely masterless, and an intolerable weight of affliction will fall upon priest and parents, subjects, family and all. Stay then to comfort them; if not, brother, it will be a great sin. The king, whose faithful subjects endure distress, is of a truthful prince of hell. This is sound doctrine, brother; ponder it and stay." Lakshman was grievously distressed on hearing this, and his body became as dead and shrivelled as a lotus that has been touched by the frost.

Dohā 70.

Overmastered by love, he could not answer, but clutched in anguish to his feet: "O my lord, I am your slave as you my master: leave me, then what can I do?"

Chauṛī.

You have given me, good sir, excellent advice; but in my confusion I find it impracticable. Valiant leaders and men and champions of the faith can master such abstruse doctrine, but I am a mere child, nurtured by your affection. Can a cognet uplift Mount Mandar or Moru? I know no guru, nor father, nor mother? believe me, my lord, I speak from my heart: all the love in the world, all claims of kin, all affection, sympathy, wisdom and skill are for me centred in you, my lord, the protector of the humble, the reader of the heart. Expound questions of theology to one who aims at fame and glory and high estate; I am in heart, word and deed devoted only to your feet; and am I, gracious lord, to be discarded?"

Dohā 71.

The compassionate lord, on hearing the tender and modest words of his good brother, took him to his bosom, and seeing him so affectionately dejected thus consoled him:

Chauṛī.

"Go, brother, and take leave of your mother, and then come and set out for the woods." On hearing Raghubar thus speak, he was overjoyed; his triumph was great, his sorrow all gone. He approached his mother as glad of heart as a blind man who has recovered his sight, and while he bowed his head at her feet, his heart was away with Raghonandan and Jānaki. Seeing his agitation his mother

inquired the cause, and Lakshman told her the whole history. On hearing his cruel speech she trembled like a fawn that sees the forest on fire all around it. Lakshman reflected : " Everything goes wrong to-day : her very love will work me harm." Timidly and hesitatingly he asked her permission to go, thinking " Good God, will she let me go or not ? "

Dohd 72.

After reflecting on the beauty and amiable disposition of Rāma and Sita and considering the king's affection, Sumitra beat her head and exclaimed : " That wicked woman is at the bottom of this bad business."

Chaupdi.

But perceiving the time to be untoward, she took patience and in her kindness of heart answered gently : " Your mother, child, is Videhi, and Rāma is your most loving father ; where Rāma dwells, there is Avadh ; and wherever is the light of the sun, there is day. If Rāma and Sita go to the woods, you have no business at Avadh. A guru, a father and mother, brethren, the gods and our master are all to be tended as our own life ; but Rāma is dearer than life, is the son of our son, and the disinterested friend of all ; our dearest and most honoured friends are to be accounted those of Rāma's household. Thinking thus to yourself, go with them to the woods, and receive my son, the fruition of your existence.

Dohd 73.

You have become the receptacle of the highest good fortune, and I too—ah, woe is me !—if from an unfeigned heart you have made Rāma's feet your home.

Chaupdi.

A mother indeed is she who has a son devoted to Raghunagar ; if not, it is better to be barren, she has given birth in vain ; a son who is Rāma's enemy is a curse. It is your good fortune that Rāma goes to the woods ; and other reason is there none ; this my son, is the highest reward for all good deeds, to have a sincere affection for the feet of Rāma and Sita. Never give way even in thought to lust, or passion, or envy, or pride, or delusion ; but put aside all changeableness and serve them in heart, word and deed. For you the poorest is a place of joy, since Rāma and Sita your father

and mother, will be there with you. Take heed, my son that Râma be put to no trouble; this is my admonition.

Chând 3.

This is my admonition, my son; see that Râma and Sita live at ease and in the woods forget to remember their father and mother, their friends and relations and all the pleasures of the city." Having given her son such instruction and commands (says Tolsi) she again invoked upon him her blessing: "May your love for Sita and Raghubir be constant and unsullied and ever renewed!"

Sorathâ 3.

Having bowed his head at his mother's feet, he left in haste with trepidation of heart, as flies a hapless deer that has burst a perilous snare.

Chaurâi.

He went to Jânaki's lord, and his soul rejoiced to recover his dear society. After reverencing Râma and Sita's gracious feet, he proceeded with them to the king's palace. The citizens say to one another: "How goodly a plan God made and now has marred!" With wasted frame, sad soul and doleful face, they were in as great distress as bees robbed of their honey; wringing their hands, beating their heads and lamenting, like wretched birds that have been clipt of their wings. There was a great crowd in the royal hall: grief immeasurable, beyond all telling. The minister raised the king and seated him, as Râma advanced with loving address. When he saw Sita and his two sons, the king's agitation was profound.

Dohâ 74.

Again and again turning his troubled gaze on Sita and his two fair sons, he clasped them to his bosom time after time in an agony of love.

Chaurâi.

In his agitation he could not speak; grief overmastered him and wild anguish of heart. After most affectionately bowing his head at his feet, Raghunâth arose and begged permission to depart: "Father, give me your blessing and commands; why so dismayed at this time of rejoicing? From excessive attachment, sire, to any beloved object, honour is lost and disgrace incurred." At this the lovesick king arose and taking Raghopati by the arm made

him sit down: "Hearken, my son; the sages say that Râma is the lord of all creation, animate or inanimate; that God, after weighing good and bad actions and mentally considering them, apportions their reward, and the doer reaps the fruit of his own doings: this is the doctrine of the Scriptures and the verdict of mankind.

Dohâ 75.

But for one to sin and another to reap its reward—the ways of God are most mysterious; who is there in the world who can comprehend them?

Chaupdi.

The king in his anxiety to detain Râma tried every honest expedient, but when he saw that he was bent on going—righteous, brave and wise as he was—he took and pressed Sita to his bosom and gave her much most affectionate advice, telling her of all the intolerable hardships of the forest, and reminding her of the happiness she might enjoy with her parents-in-law or at her father's house. But Sita's heart was set on Râma's feet, and neither home seemed to her attractive nor the words repulsive. Every one else too warned her with stories of all the many miseries of the desert. The minister's wife and the *guru's*—prudent dames—affectionately urged her in gentle tones: "He has not sent you into exile. You should do as you are told by your parents and your *guru*."

Dohâ 76.

This advice, friendly and kind and tender and judicious as it was, was not pleasing to Sita to hear; in the same way as the *châhwi* is distressed by the rays of the autumn moon

Chaupdi.

She was, however, too modest to reply; but Kaikeyi on hearing them started up in excitement and, bringing a box of anchorite's dresses and ornaments, placed it before her and said in whispered tones: Raghubir, you are dearer than life to the king; he cannot rid himself of his too great kindness and love, and will never tell you to go, though he forfeit his virtue, his honour and his hope of heaven. Think of this and act as seems to you good." Râma was glad to hear his mother's suggestion, but her words pierced the king like arrows: "Will my miserable life never leave me?" In his distress he fainted outright, and no one

knew what to do. But Rāma quickly assumed the hermit dress and bowing his head to his father and mother went forth.

Dohā 77.

Having completed his full equipment for the woods, the lord set forth with his wife and brother, after reverencing the feet of the Brāhmins and his guru, and leaving the all in bewilderment.

Chaupdi.

He came out and stood at Vasistha's gate; the beholders were consumed as with fire by the anguish of parting. With kindly words Raghubar consoled them all and, summoning the Brāhmins begged his guru to give them a year's maintenance. Many gifts he bestowed with respectful courtesy, satisfying the mendicants with largesse and civilities, and his personal friends with demonstrations of affection. Next he called up his men-servants and maid-servants and made them over to his guru, saying with clasped hands: "O sir be to them as their own father and mother, and cherish them all." Again and again did Rāma with clasped hands and in gentle tones address each one of them: "He is my best friend in whom the king finds comfort,

Dohā 78.

So act, all thoughtful and considerate citizens, that my mother be not distressed by my absence."

Chaupdi

When Rāma had thus exhorted them all, he cheerfully bowed his head at his guru's lotus feet, and invoking Ganes, Gauri, and Mahadev, and receiving their blessing, sallied forth. As he went, there was great lamentation and a mournful wailing throughout the city, terrible to hear. In Lanka omens of ill, in Ayodha exceeding distress; while mingled joy and sorrow possessed the hosts of heaven. When his swoon had passed, the king awoke and sent for Samant and thus began: "Rāma has gone to the woods, and yet my life sits not; what good does it hope to get by still remaining in my body? What more grievous tortures can there be, to force it from my frame? Again taking patience, he added: "friend, take you the chariot and go;

Dohā 79.

The two boys are young and delicate, and Janak's daughter a delicate girl; take them up into the chariot and show them the forest, and come back in a day or two.

Chaupāi.

Both brothers are brave, and Raghurāi is the very scene of truth and staunch to his word; if they will not turn, do you with clasped hands humbly entreat him: 'Send back, my lord, the daughter of Mithilā's king.' When Sītā is alarmed by the sight of the forest, take the opportunity of telling her my instructions, saying: 'This is the message sent by your father-in-law; and mother-in-law; come back, daughter; there are many perils in the desert. You can stay at your pleasure now with your own father, now with your husband's parents.' In this manner try every way you can; if she comes back, it will be the succour of my life; if not, it will end in my death; what can I do? God is against me." So saying, the king fainted and fell to the ground, crying: "O that you could bring them back to me, Rāma, Lakshman and Sītā!"

Dohā 80.

Having received the king's commands, he bowed his head and in haste made ready the chariot, and went to the place outside the city where were Sītā and the two brothers.

Chaupāi.

Then Semantā declared to them the king's message and respectfully made Rāma ascend the chariot. When Sītā and the two brothers had mounted and drove away, they mentally bowed the head to Avadh. As the bereaved city saw Rāma depart, all the people began confusedly to follow him. The gracious lord said everything to console them, and they turned homeward, but again came back overmastered by their affection. Avadh appeared to them as gloomy and oppressive as the dark night of death; the citizens looked with trembling at one another like so many wild beasts; their home seemed like the grave, their retainers like ghosts, and their sons, friends and neighbours as the angels of death. The trees and creepers in the gardens all withered; the streams and ponds were fearful to behold.

Dohd 81.

All the horses, elephants and tame deer, the town-cattle, the cuckoos and the peacocks, the *kols*, swans, parrots, mainas, herons, flamingoes and partridges.

Chaupdi.

All stood aghast at Rāma's departure, dumb and motionless as statues. The whole city resembled some dense forest in which the agitated people were as the birds and deer, while Kaikeyi had been fashioned by God as some wild woman of the woods who had set all in a fierce blaze. Unable to endure the burning pain of Rāma's departure, the people all flocked after him in their bewilderment, each one thinking to himself: "There is no happiness apart from Rāma, Lakshman and Sita. Everything can be had where Rāma is, and Avadh without Raghupatī is of no account." With this settled idea they bore him company, abandoning halls of delight that the gods might envy. For what influence can the pleasures of sense have upon men who are devoted to Rāma's lotus feet?

Dohd 82.

Young and old, all left their homes and followed him; and on the bank of the Tamasa Rāma made his first day's halt.

Chaupdi.

When Raghupati saw his people overpowered with love, his kind heart was greatly troubled. The merciful lord Raghunāth, being quickly touched by the grief of others, spoke to them many words of tenderness and affection and did his best to comfort them, admonishing them much of their religious duty. But in their fondness they could not tear themselves away. As there was no means of averting their innate affection, Raghurātī was reduced to perplexity. Worn out with grief and till the people fell asleep—a divine delusion helping to beguile them—and when two watches of the night were spent Rāma affectionately addressed his Minister: "Father drive the chariot so as to efface the tracks of the wheels; there is no other way of settling the business."

Dohd 83

na, Lakshman and Sita then mounted the car, after

bowing the head to Sambhu's feet, and the minister drove it speedily hither and thither, confusing the tracks.

Chaupdi.

At day break the people all woke, and there was a great cry, that Raghubir had gone. They could no how distinguish the tracks of the chariot, though they ran in all directions, crying Râma, Râma, like as when a ship is sinking at sea all the merchants are in terror. One suggested to another : Râma left us on seeing our distress. They revile themselves and envy the fish¹ crying : " A curse on our life away from Raghubir : as god has robbed us of our Beloved, why has he not granted us our prayer to die ? " With many such lamentations they returned to Avadh full of heaviness : the anguish of parting was beyond description, and it was only the hope of his return kept them alive.

Dohâ 84.

Men and women alike began to fast and make vows to secure his return, like the poor *chakrad* and the lotus when bereft of the sun.

Chaupdi.

Sita with the Minister and the two brothers arrived on their way at the city of Srîngavera. On beholding the river of the gods, Râma alighted and with much joy made it his obaisance. The minister, Lakshman and Sita saluted it also, and Râma was as glad as any of them ; for the Ganges is the source of all bliss and beatitude, the author of all happiness, the destroyer of every sorrow. Many were the stories and legends that Râma repeated as he gazed upon its flood, instructing the Minister, his younger brother, and his bride in the majesty and grandeur of the heavenly stream. They bathed and all the fatigue of the march was removed : they drank of the holy water and their soul was gladdened. It is only in vulgar phrase that fatigue is ascribed to him by whose remembrance all the burdens of the world are lightened.

Dohâ 85.

Râma, the champion of the Solar race, is the holy God

¹ That die at once when withdrawn from their natural element.

of supreme wisdom and bliss, the bridge over the ocean of existence,¹ though he acts like an ordinary man.

Chaupdi

When Guha, the Nishād, heard the news, he was glad and called together his friends and relations, and taking a great quantity of fruits and vegetables as a present, went out to meet him with infinite joy of heart. With a profound obeisance he put down his offering before him and gazed upon the lord with the utmost devotion. Raghoraī with his natural kindness asked him of his health and seated him by his side. "The sight of your lotus feet, sire, is health indeed; I am most highly favoured, as all will admit. My land, my house, my fortune are yours, my lord; I and mine are your poor vassals. Do me the favour of entering my abode; treat me as one of your servants and I shall be the envy of all men." "All that you say, my good friend, is very true; but my father has given me other commands.

Dohā 85.

For fourteen years I must dwell in the woods and adopt the rules, the dress, and the diet of a hermit; to stay in a village is forbidden." On hearing this, Guha was much grieved.

Chaupdi

Seeing Rāma, Lakshman and Sita to be so beautiful, the citizens affectionately protested: "What kind of parents can they be, friend, who have banished such children to the woods?" Said one: "The king has done well to give our eyes such a treat." Then the Nishād chief on reflection decided upon a beautiful simrpa² tree, and took Raghunāth and showed him the place, who declared it to be most excellent. The citizens after paying him

1 *Saṁsāra-saṁsāra*—The "transmigrations"—*samsāra*—through which the soul has to pass would be an endless, a limitless ocean (*saṁsāra*) from which one could escape, were it not that Rāma has given himself to be the bridge, *samsāra*, over the abyss. *Indraloka* here means simply "like." It is almost impossible to translate this and similar phrases at once literally, concisely and intelligibly. Life birth and life, which we are taught to regard as *saṁsāra*, are to the Hindu the *saṁsāra* *samsāra*. Compare Milton's—

"The earthly bond"

Of death called life, which is from life doth sever."

2 The *simrpa* is either the *ashoka*, or the *shikha* tree.

their respects went home, and Rāma proceeded to the performance of his evening devotions. Guha made and spread for him a charming bed of grass and soft leaves, and brought him leaf-made bowls filled with all such fruits and vegetables as he knew to be sweet and wholesome and good.

Dohā 87.

After he had partaken of the fruits and herbs with the Minister and Sita and his brother, the jewel of Ragho's line lay down to sleep, while Lakshman shampooed his feet.

Chaupāi.

When he knew his lord to be asleep, he arose and softly bade Sumanta take rest, while he himself fitted an arrow to his bow and took up the position of a marksman at a little distance, there to watch. The affectionate Guha, having summoned trusty sentinels and stationed them round about, went himself and sat down by Lakshman, with his quiver at his back and an arrow fitted to his bow. When the Nishād saw Rāma asleep, his soul was troubled with excess of love, his body thrilled with emotion, his eyes flowed with tears, and he thus in tender accents addressed Lakshman: "The king's palace is altogether beautiful, nor can the courts of heaven compared to it; its charming pavilions, inlaid with precious stones, seem to have been adorned by Lovo's own hands.

Dohā 88.

Rich and luxurious are its beds, sweet with odorous flowers and perfumes, with jewelled lamps and appliances of every description,

Chaupāi.

With all kinds of coverlets and pillows, and mattresses as soft and white as the froth of milk, where Sita and Rāma reposed at night and put to shame with their beauty both Itati and Kāmudev, who now sleep on a pallet, weary and naked, pitiful to behold. The Rāma whom his father and mother, his own family and all the people of the city, his companions and associates, his men-servants and maid-servants, all cherished as tenderly as their own life, is now sleeping on the bare ground. Sita, whose father is Janak of world-wide fame; whose father-in-law is Dasarath, the friend of the King of heaven; whose spouse is Rāmachandra; is now sleeping on the ground, is not

God against us all? Are Sita and Rāma fit dwellers of the desert? Well do men say, 'Fate is supreme.'

Dohā 83.

The foolish daughter of Kekaya has wrought sad mischief by bringing this trouble on Rāma and Jānaki on their day of rejoicing.

Chaupdi.

She has become the axe at the root of the tree of the Solar race, and through her wickedness has plunged the whole world in woe." Seeing Rāma and Sita asleep upon ground, the Nishād became sad exceedingly; but Laksh addressed him in sweet and gentle tones that were full the essence of wisdom, sobriety and faith: "No man is cause of another's joy or sorrow; all is the fruit of own actions, brother. Union and separation, pleasure, and evil, friendship, enmity and neutrality are snares delusion. Birth, death, all the entanglements of the world, prosperity and adversity, fortune and destiny, earth, her wealth, city and family, heaven, hell and all human affairs all that you can see, or hear, or imagine in your mind, all delusive and unreal.

Dohā 90.

In a dream a beggar becomes a king, and the lord of heaven a pauper; but on waking the one is no gainer, nor the other a loser; this is the way in which you should regard the world.

Chaupdi.

Reasoning thus, be not angry with any one, nor vainly attribute blame to any. All are sleepers in a night of delusion and see many kinds of dreams; in this world of darkness they only are awake who detach themselves from the material, and are absorbed in contemplation of the Supreme; nor can any soul be regarded as aroused from slumber till it has renounced every sensual enjoyment. Then ensues spiritual enlightenment and escape from the errors of delusion, and finally devotion to Rāma. This friend, is man's highest good, to be devoted to Rāma in thought, word and deed. Rāma is God, the totality of good, imperishable, invisible, uncreated, incomparable, void of all change, indivisible, whom the Vedā declares that it cannot define.

Dohd 91.

In his mercy he has taken the form of a man and performs human actions, out of the love he bears to his faithful people and to Earth and Bráhmaas and cows and gods. On hearing them, the snares of the world broke asunder.

Chaupdi.

Having thus reflected, friend, give no place to deceit, but fix your affections on Sita and Ráma's feet." While he was yet speaking of Ráma's virtues, the day dawned and the joy of the world awoke. After performing every purificatory rite he bathed, tho' all-pure and wise, and called for some milk of the bar tree, and bound up the hair of his head into a knot, as did also his brother. On seeing this, Sumanta's eyes filled with tears. Sore pained at heart, with doleful face and clasped hands he made this humble speech: "The king of Kosala, my lord, thus enjoined me: 'Take the chariot and go with Ráma; let them see the forest and bathe in the Ganges, and then speedily bring them home again, both the brothers, Lakshman and Ráma and Sita too, bring them back, settling all their doubts and scruples.'

Dohd 92.

Thus spoke the king, sire; but woe is me! I can do only as you tell me." He fell in supplication at his feet weeping helplessly as a child.

Chaupdi.

"Have pity, my son, and so act that Avadh be not left a widow." Ráma raised the Minister and thus exhorted him. "Father, you know the path of virtue. Sivi, Dadhichi and king Harischandra, for the sake of their religion, endured countless afflictions. Hanádeva¹ and wise king Bali kept their faith through many trials. There is no virtue equal to truth, as the Vedas, Shastras, and Puránas declare. I have reached this virtue by an easy road: If I abandon it, my disgrace will be published in earth, heaven and hell: and disgrace to a man of honour is pain as grievous as a million deaths. But why say all this to you, father? I only incur sin by answering you.

¹ Hanádeva, the son of Kanáksita was a king famous for his great liberality. He offered so many cattle to sacrifice that there could be found a piece, said to be the Chakral.

Dohā 93.

Fall humbly at my father's feet and with clasped hands beg of him not to distress himself in any way on my account.

Chaupdi.

You, again, are equally dear to me as my father, and I implore you, sire, to do everything that will prevent the king from grieving about me." On hearing this conversation between Raghunāth and the Minister, the Nishād and his people were sad and Lakshman spoke a little angrily. But the lord stopt him, knowing it to be altogether out of place, and nervously edgered Samanta, by the love he bore him, not to repeat his words. Samanta then proceeded with the king's message: Sita is not able to bear the hardships of the desert; you should try and persuade her to return to Avadh, otherwise I shall have no prop left, and must die as inevitably as a fish out of water.

Dohā 94.

She has a happy home both with her own mother and with her husband's parents, and she can live when she pleases at either, till these troubles are overpast.

Chaupdi.

The piteousness of the king's entreaties and the earnestness of his affection are more than I can express. On hearing his father's message, the All-merciful tried in every way to persuade Sita: "Only return; and the affliction of your parents, your *guru*, and all your friends and relations will be at an end." Replied Vaidehi to her husband's words: Hearken most dear and loving lord, full of compassion and infinite wisdom; can a shadow exist apart from its substance? Where is the sunlight without the sun, or the radiance of the moon when the moon is not? Having uttered this affectionate prayer to her husband, she turned to the Minister with these winning words: "You are as much my benefactor as my own father or my father-in-law, and if I answer you, it is the height of impropriety.

Dohā 95.

Yet, sire, take it not ill of me if in my grief I withstand you: away from the lotus feet of my lord's son all my kindred are sought.

Chaupdi.

I have seen my father's luxury and magnificence and his not-stool thronged with the jewelled crowns of kings, yet though his palace be such a blissful abode, I have no pleasure here without my spouse. My Imperial father-in-law, the sovereign of Kosala, is of such glorious renown throughout the fourteen spheres that the king of heaven would advance to meet him and cede him half his throne; yet though he be so great and Avadh his home, and though the whole of his family be dear to me and my mother-in-law as my own mother. I could not find pleasure in a single thing for a moment, away from the lotus flowers of Râma's feet. Though the forest road be rough, and the country mountainous, full of elephants and tigers, boundless lakes and streams, wild fols and Kirâts, and beasts, and birds; all is delightful, if my dear lord be with me.

Dohâ 96.

Fall at the feet of my father-in-law and my mother-in-law and tell them humbly from me not to grieve on my account, for I am perfectly happy in the woods.

Chaupdi.

With the sovereign of my soul and my dear brother, stoutest of champions, bearing bow and quiver, the toilsome wanderings of the march will not trouble me at all; be not then the least anxious about me." On hearing Sita's chilling speech, Sumanta became as distressed as a serpent at the loss of its headjewel. With eyes that saw not and ears that heard not, and unable to utter a word, he was completely confounded. Râma said everything to console him, but his heart refused to be comforted. Earnestly he begged that he too might accompany him; but Raghunandan returned an appropriate answer to all he urged. "Râma's commands cannot be withstood; Fate is against me, I can do nothing." Bowing his head at the feet of Râma, Lakshman and Sita, he turned away like a merchant who has lost his all.

Dohâ 97.

The very horses of his chariot, as he drove, continued whinnying and looking back upon Râma; and the Nishâd at the sight gave way to his grief and beat his head and moaned.

Dohd 98.

After laving his feet, and drinking of the water, both himself and his family, and thus redeeming the souls of his fathers, he joyfully conveyed his lord across to the other side.

Chaupdi.

They lauded and stood on the sands of the Gauges, Sita, Râma Lakshman and Geha. The ferryman landed too and made his obeisance. The lord was ashamed that he had nothing to give him. Sita knew what was passing in the mind of her beloved and cheerfully drew a jewelled ring from off her finger. Said the All-merciful: "Take your toll." The ferryman in distress clasped his feet: "What have I not already received, my lord? sin, sorrow, poverty and all their attendant ills have been removed I have laboured for a length of years, but today God has given me my wages in full. Now, gracious lord, I ask for nothing but your favour; at the time of your return, whatever you bestow upon me I will thankfully accept."

Dohd 99.

Lakshman and the lord both pressed him much, but the ferryman would take nothing; the All-merciful then dismissed him with the gift of unclouded faith, best of all boons.

Chaupdi.

Then the lord of Raghu's line bathed and bowed his head in adoration to Mahâdeva¹: while Sita with clasped hands thus addressed the sacred stream: "O mother, accomplish my desire that I may return in safety with my husband and his brother and again adore you." On hearing Sita's humble and affectionate speech, favourable response came from the holy flood: "Hearken, Vaidehi best beloved of Raghubîr; who is there in the world who knows not your glory? they who behold you become as the sovereigns of the spheres, and all the powers of magic meekly do you service. In the petition that you have deigned to address to me, you have graciously paid me all too high an honour: yet, lady, unworthy as I am, I bestow upon you my blessing, in order to prove my utterances true.

¹ The word in the text is *Parakth*, or in some manuscripts *Parthira*, a derivative of *prithi*, 'the earth,' meaning 'a king,' and here—it would seem—denoting Mahâdeva.

Dohā 100.

You shall return in safety to Kausla with your beloved and his brother : your every wish shall be accomplished, and your renown shall be spread throughout the world."

Chapdi.

On hearing Gangā's gracious speech, Sita was delighted to find it so propitious. Then said the lord to Guha : " Return home." At this his face grew wan and his bosom burned, and with clasped hands sat in suppliant tones crying : " Noblest of the sons of Raghu, hearken to prayer. Let me remain with my lord to show the road : do him service for a day or two, and make a shapely l of twigs for him in the wood where he goes to stay. Al that I swear by Raghubar to do as he shall command me. Feeling his unfeigned affection, he took him with him. Guha's delight, who thereupon called all his kinsmen and dismissed them with kind assurances.

Dohā 101.

Then directing his intention to Ganes and Siva, ar bowing his head to the Gauges, the lord with his companion and his brother and Sita took his way to the woods

Chapdi.

That day he halted under a tree, and Lakshman and his attendant supplied all his necessities. At dawn, having performed his morning ablutions he proceeded to visit the king of Sanctuaries. A king with Truth for his minister Faith for his cherished consort, the god Mādhava¹ for his friend and favourite ; his treasury stored with the four great prizes of life, and all holy places for his fair dominion with an impregnable domain and magnificent forts, so strong that no enemy could ever dream of taking them ; with an army of shrines of such virtue and power as to root the whole army of Sin ; with the meeting of the rivers for his glorious throne and the Akhaya-bat for his royal umbrells, dazzling even the soul, of a saint ; with the waves of the Ganga and Jamunā for his *chauries*, a vision to disperse all sorrow and distress :

Dohā 102.

His attendants pure and holy anchōrites, gnerdooned

¹ Veni-Madhava is the name of the god worshipped as the tutelary divinity of the Tribeni, the confluence of the three streams, at Prayāg

with all they desire : his heralds, the Vedas and Puráns, to declare his immaculate virtue.

Chauṛḍi.

Who can tell the power of Prayág, a lion to destroy the elephantine monster Sin ? On beholding the beauty of this king of sanctuaries, Raghubar, the ocean of delight, was delighted, and with his holy mouth he discoursed on its greatness to Sita, his brother and his companion. After making it an obeisance he visited the woods and groves, dilating on their virtue with the utmost devotion. So he came to the Tribeni—the mere thought of which confers all happiness—and after gazing upon it, rapturously bathed and paid homage to Siva and to the divinity of the spot in all due form. Then came the lord to Bharadvāja ; as he prostrated himself at his feet, the saint took him to his breast in an ecstasy of joy past all telling, as though he had realized the perfect bliss of heaven.

Dohá 103.

The patriarch gave him his blessing with as much joy of heart as though God had set before him in visible form the reward of his virtue.

Chauṛḍi.

After enquiring of his welfare, he conducted him to a seat and indulged his affection in doing him honour. Then he brought and presented roots, fruits and herbs, all sweet as ambrosia, of which Rāma, with Sita, Lakshman and their attendant, partook with much pleasure and content. Rāma was refreshed and all his fatigue forgotten. Then cried Bharadvāja in complacent tones : " This day my penance, my pilgrimages, and my vigils have been rewarded ; my prayers my meditations and my detachment from the world have to-day borne fruit : yea, all my pious practices have to-day, Rāma, been rewarded by the sight of you. This and naught else is the height of gain, the height of happiness : to behold you my every desire is satisfied. Now of your favour grant me this one boon, a life-long devotion to your lotus feet.

Dohá 104.

Until a man in heart, word and deed, and without reserve, becomes wholly yours he cannot even dream of happiness, despite all that he may do "

Chaupdi.

On hearing the saint's words, Rāma was confused, yet revelled with delight in an exquisite display of faith. Then proceeded he to declare unto them all in countless ways the saint's illustrious renown: "Great indeed and highly endowed is he, Holy Father, whom you are pleased to honour." Thus they bowed to one another, the saint and Raghunir, and were filled as they conversed with indescribable happiness. When the people of Prayag heard the news, all the religious students, ascetics, monks, hermits and anchorites flocked to Bharadvāja's cell to see the glorious son of Dasarath. All made their obeisance and rejoiced that their eyes had been so highly favoured. They blessed him and returned with exceeding joy, extolling his beauty.

Dohā 105.

Rāma rested for the night. At daybreak he bathed at Prayāg, and then, after bowing his head to the saint proceeded joyfully on his way with Sita, Lakshman and his attendant.

Chaupdi.

Rāma had affectionately asked the saint: "Tell me, my lord, by what road we shall go." The saint replied with a smile: "All ways are easy to you," but called his disciples to go with him. They came with joy, some fifty in number, all in their boundless love for Rāma declaring that they knew the road. The saint selected four students who in many previous existences had done many good deeds. Then having bowed to the saint and received his permission to depart, Raghurāi went forth rejoicing. When they had come not near to the village, the men and women who all flocked to see them found in the sight of their lord the fruition of their life, and sadly turning home, sent their heart after him.

Dohā 106.

Confronted Rāma dismissed the disciples, who returned with their heart's desire obtained; then alighted and bathed in the stream of Jamunā, dark as his own body.

Chaupdi.

The dwellers on the bank, when they heard of his arrival, left whatever they were doing and ran to see him. On beholding the beauty of Lakshman, Rāma and Sita, they

congratulated themselves on their good fortune, and all with longing heart began diffidently to ask their name and home. The sage elders of the party had wit enough to recognize Râma, and related his whole history, and how he had come into the desert by his father's order. At this, they were all sad and complained: 'The king and queen have done ill.' Men and women alike, on beholding the beauty of Râma, Lakshman and Sita, were agitated with love and pity: "What kind of father and mother must they be, friend, who have sent such children into the wood?"

Dohd 107.

Then Raghubir urgently exhorted his guide, who in submission to his commands took his way home.

Chaupâi.

Again with clasped hands Sita, Râma and Lakshman made renewed obeisance to the Janmâ, and as they went on their way their talk was all of the daughter of the Sun and her glory. Many travellers met them on the way, and exclaimed, after gazing with affection at the two brothers: "You have all the marks of royalty on your person; on seeing them we are troubled at heart, for you go your way on foot, and the astrologers methinks are false. The road is difficult; the mountains and forests are very great; yet you have with you a delicate girl. Elephants and tigers make the woods too terrible to contemplate; with your permission, we will accompany you, will escort you as far as you please, and then make our bow and return."

Dohd 108

As they proffered this request, their body trembled all over with excess of love, and their eyes filled with tears; but the All-merciful gently and courteously dismissed them.

Chaupâi.

All the towns and villages along the road where the envy of the cities of the Serpents and the Gods: 'At what an auspicious moment and by what a holy man must they have been founded, to be so happy and blessed and altogether highly favoured!' Whatever spot was trodden by

¹ Here in some copies is found a whole additional stanza, which is said to exist also in the Râjapur MS. It may, therefore, have been written by Tulsi Dâs, but if so, was probably afterwards cancelled by him. The lines contain nothing of any interest, and they fit in very awkwardly with the context; I therefore, like most of the native editors, prefer to omit them.

Râma's feet Paradise was not to be compared to it. The dwellers by the wayside, of high desert, where the praise of the denizens of heaven, as they feasted their eyes on Sita and Lakshman and Râma dark of hue as a storm-cloud. The ponds and river in which Râma bathed were the envy of the lake and river of heaven; the trees under which the Lord sat were magnified by the tree of life; and Earth, touched by the dust of Râma's lotus feet, thought her good fortune complete.

Dohâ 109.

The clouds gave him shade, the exultant hosts of heaven rained down flowers, as Râma proceeded on his way looking at the rocks and woods and birds and deer.

Chaupâi.

Whenever Sita, Lakshman and Raghurâi came out near a village on the way, every one,—young and old; man and woman—came directly they heard the news, forgetting their own private affairs, and as they gazed on their beauty obtained the fruition of their eyes and were made happy forever. At the sight of the two heroes their eyes filled with tears, their body quivered with emotion, and they became all-enraptured, their state of mind as indescribable as though a beggar had discovered a pile of heavenly jewels. Every one was telling his neighbour: "Now is the time to prove the value of sight." One in his delight to see Râma would go with him, gazing as he went; another, drawing his beautiful image into his heart by the way of his eyes, was utterly overpowered in body, soul and speech.

Dohâ 110.

One, seeing a fine shady fig-tree, would spread under it soft grass and leaves and cry; "Rest a little after your fatigue, and proceed again either at once or at daybreak."

Chaupâi.

Another brought a jar full of water and tenderly besought him 'Drink' my lord." On hearing, their affectionate speech and seeing their great devotion, the compassionate and most amiable Râma, who moreover perceived that Sita was wearied, rested for a while in the shade of the fig-tree. All were enraptured with his beauty—men and women alike—and their soul was enamoured of his incomparable loveliness. Like a circle of partridges about his moon-like

face, so fixed was their gaze. At the sight of his body, dark in hue as a young *tamul* tree, a myriad Loves were fascinated ; while Lakshman, all comely from head to foot, charmed the soul with his fair limbs, bright as the lightning ; in his anchorite's dress, with his tightly-fitted quiver and bow, and arrows gleaming in his lotus hand.

Dohd 111.

With their hair done up in a knot as a crown upon their graceful heads, with broad chest, strong arms, and large deep eyes, with face like the autumnal full moon, glistening with beads of moisture,

Chaupdi.

The loveliness of the two brothers is past all telling : it is boundless, and my wit is scant. With every faculty of mind and soul, they all gaze upon the beautiful trio ; man and woman thirsting and faint with love, like deer dazed by a light. The village women drew near Sita with tender and bashful enquiries, and again embracing her feet, in their simplicity whispered the question :—" Noble lady, we have a petition, but, like women, are afraid to make it. Pardon our presumption, madam and be not offended by our country manners. These two charming young princes, from whom emerald and gold might borrow splendor,

Dohd 112.

The one dark, the other fair, but both beautiful and homes of delight, with face like the autumn moon, and eyes like the lotuses of autumn,

Chaupdi.

That would put to shame a myriad loves, say, fair lady, how stand they to you." On hearing their pleasant and loving speech, Sita smiled in modest confusion, and looking first at them and then at the earth was abashed—the pretty maid—with a double blush. But drooping her fawn-like eyes, and with a voice sweet as the lot's she lovingly replied : " The fair youth, so easy and graceful, is by name Lakshman, my younger brother-in-law ; while he, the dark complexioned, with the large eyes and arms, the all-beautiful with the gentle voice : " here veiling her moon-like face with the border of her robe she looked towards her husband, and her eyebrows with a side-long glance like a pretty

*khanjan*¹ thus by signs indicated to them her lord. All the village women were as delighted as beggars who have robbed a pile of jewels.

Dohd 113.

Falling at Sita's feet in their great affection, they invoked upon her every blessing: May your happy wedded life last as long as Earth rests on the serpent's head.

Chaupdi.

May you be as dear to your lord as Párvati to Siv. Yet, lady, cease not to have some regard for us; again and again with clasped hands we beseech you, if you return on this road, remember us your servants, and allow us to see you." Finding them all so athirst with love, Sita comforted them with many soothing words, as the lily is cheered by the moonlight. Then Lakshman, perceiving Raghav's wish, gently asked the people the way. At his words they became sad, their limbs trembled, their eyes filled with tears, their joy was extinguished, and they were troubled at heart: "God has given us a treasure only to take it away again!" Then reflecting on the ways of Fate and taking courage, they fixed upon the easiest road and explained it to them.

Dohd 114.

Raghunáth took his way to the woods, and with him Lakshman and Jánaki; and they all returned home, but with many fond speeches, and in heart accompanied them.

Chaupdi.

Men and women alike on their way back lamented exceedingly and imputed blame to Fate, saying sadly to one another: "God's doings are all perverse. He is utterly uncontrollable, cruel and remorseless; who has made the moon sickly and spotted, the tree of paradise a lifeless block, and the ocean all salt, and who now has sent these princely boys into the wilderness. If the woods are their proper abode, then for whom has he intended ease and pleasure? If they are to wander on their way barefooted, it is to no purpose that he has invented so many kinds of carriages. If they are to lie on the ground littered only with grass and leaves, for whom has God created comfort-

¹ The *khanjan* is a species of wagtail.

able couches? If he makes them live under the trees, why has he taken such pains to erect splendid palaces?

Dohā 115.

If such lovely and delicate children wear the rough dress and matted locks of anchorites, it is to no purpose that the great artificer has made so many kinds of dress and ornament.

Chaupāi.

If they are to eat only fruits and herbs, all the delicacies of the world are thrown away." Said one: "They are so beautiful, they must have been spontaneously produced and not made by God at all. In all the works of God of which the Vedas speak, that either the ears can hear, or the eyes see, or the mind imagine, or the tongue tell—search and examine the whole fourteen spheres—where is there such a man, and where such a woman? When he saw them, God was so pleased that he essayed to make their match: but after much labour, nothing came of it, and thus in spite he has sent and buried them in the woods." Said another: "I am no great scholar, but I account myself supremely happy; nay, blessed are all, in my opinion, who see him, or have seen him, or shall see him."

Dohā 116.

With such affectionate discourses their eyes filled with tears: "How can they, who are so delicate, traverse so difficult a road."

Chaupāi

All the women were made as uneasy by their love as is the *chakrī* at evening time. As they thought upon their tender lotus feet and the hardness of the road, they were distressed at heart and cried in plaintive tones: "At the touch of their soft and rosy feet, the very earth shrinks, as shrinks our heart. If the great God must send them to the woods, why did he not strew their path with flowers? If there be one boon that we may ask of Heaven and obtain, let it be, friend, that we keep them ever in our eyes." All the people who had not come in time, and thus had missed seeing Sita and Rāma, when they heard of their beauty, asked anxiously 'How far, brother, will they have got by this time?' They who were strong ran on and saw them, and returned with joy, having obtained the fruition of their eyes.

Dohd 117.

The women and children and the aged wrung their hands and lamented. In this manner, wherever Rāma went the people were smitten with love.

Chaupdi.

In every village was similar rejoicing at the sight of the moon of the lilylike solar race. Some who had learnt by hearsay of what had been going on imputed blame to the king and queen. One said: "It was very good of the king to give our eyes such a treat." Said others among themselves in simple and loving phrase: "Happy the father and mother who gave them birth and happy the city from whence they came? Happy the hills, and plains, and woods, and towns, and every spot which they visit. Even the Creator who made them is pleased—nay, is absolutely in love with them." The delightful history of Rāma, Lakshman and Sita thus spread over every road and forest.

Dohd 118.

In this manner the Sun of the lotus-like Solar race gladdened the people on the road, as with Sita and the son of Sumitra he proceeded on his travels through the woods,

Chaupdi.

Rāma walked in front and Lakshman behind, conspicuous in the hermit's dress they wore; and between the two Sita shone resplendent as Māyā who connects the life of God with the life of the world. Or, to describe her beauty by another fancy, she seemed like Rati between Spring and Love; or, to ransack my mind for yet another simile, like the constellation Rohini¹ between Budha and the Moon. As she went along the way, Sita carefully planted her feet between the footprints of her lord; while Lakshman, avoiding the footprints of them both, set his feet as he went to their right and left. The charming affection of all three was beyond all telling; how can I declare it? Birds and deer were fascinated at the sight of their beauty, and Rāma the wayfarer stole their heart.

Dohd 119.

All who beheld the dear travellers, Sita and the two brothers, joyously and without fatigue arrived at once at the end of the toilsome journey of life.

¹ Rohini is the ninth lunar asterism personified as the daughter of Daksha and the favourite wife of the Moon. Budha is the planet Mercury.

Chaupdi.

And to this day any soul in which the vision of the way-facers, Râma, Sita and Lakshman abides, finds the path that leads to Râma's home, path that scarce a saint may find. Then Raghubir, knowing that Sita was tired, and observing a fig-tree close at hand and cool water, there rested and took some roots and fruits to eat, and after bathing at dawn again went on his way. Admiring the beauty of the woods and lakes and rocks, he arrived at Vâlmiki's hermitage. He found the saint's dwelling a charming spot, a lovely wooded hill with a spring of clear water, lotuses in the pond, the forest trees all in flower, with a delightful hum of bees droned with sweets, and a joyous clamour of birds and beasts feeding happily and in peace together.

Dohâ 120.

The Lotus-eyed was glad as he gazed upon the bright and fair retreat, and the saint on hearing of his arrival came forth to meet him

Chaupdi.

Râma prostrated himself before him, as the holy man gave him his blessing. At the sight of Râma's beauty, his eyes were rejoiced and he conducted him with all honour to his cell; there gave him a choice seat as a guest dear to him as his own life, and sent for herbs and sweet fruits, of which Sita, Lakshman and Râma ate. Great was the joy of Vâlmiki's soul as his eyes beheld the image of bliss. Then folding his lotus hands, Râma thus spoke in words to charm his ears: "King of sages, all time, past, present and future, is in your keo, and the universe is like a little plum in the palm of your hand." So saying, the lord related to him the whole history and how the queen had banished him.

Dohâ 121.

"My father's promise, my mother's schemes, my brother Bharat's coronation, and my own meeting with you, my lord, are all blessings that only past merit can have won for me.

Chaupdi.

In beholding your feet, holy sir, all my good deeds are rewarded. Now, wherever it may be your order, and no ascetic be troubled—for those monarchs born, even though

heart, Raghurāja. They who are all men's friends, and are friendly to all : to whom pleasure and pain, praise and blame are alike : who are careful to say what is both true and kind : who, whether sleeping or waking, place themselves under your protection and have no other way of salvation but you, in their heart, Rāma, abide. They who look upon another man's wife as their own mother, and another man's wealth as the deadliest poison, who rejoice to see a neighbour's prosperity and are grieved for his misfortune : and to whom you, O Rāma, are dear as their own life : be their heart your auspicious abode.

Dohā 125.

To whom, my son, you are at once master and companion, father, mother and spiritual guide, be their heart your temple, ye brothers twin, wherein with Sita to abide.

Chaupāī.

They who pick out all men's good points and leave their bad : who endure troubles on behalf of Brāhmins and kins : and who are of note in the world for soundness of doctrine : in their heart be your chosen home. They who understand your righteousness and their own defects and fix all their hopes on you, and have an affection for all your worshippers : in their heart dwell, you and Sita. He who has left all tribe, sect, wealth, hereditary religion, worldly advancement, friend, relations, home and all, and given himself wholly to you : in his heart take up your abode, Raghurāj. To whom heaven and hell and release from transmigration are all alike, if only they can behold the god with his bow and arrows ; and who in heart, word and deed are your faithful slaves : be their heart, Rāma, your tabernacle.

Dohā 126.

They who never ask for anything but simply love you : in their heart abide for ever, for that is your very home."

Chaupāī.

Such were the dwelling-places the sage indicated, and his loving speech pleased Rāma's soul. The saint continued : Harken, lord of the solar race ; I will tell you a hermitage suitable for your present wants. Take up your abode on the

hill of Chitra-kút¹ ; there you will have every convenience. It is a beautiful hill finely wooded, the haunt of elephants, tigers, deer and birds. It has a sacred river mentioned in the Purāṇas, which the wife of Atri brought there by the power of penance.² It is called the Mandākinī, and is a breach of the Gauges, as quick to drown as a witch to strangle and infect. Atri and other sages live there, engaged in meditation and prayer and wasting their body with penance. Go and bless their labours, Rāma, and confer dignity on the mountain."

Dohā 127.

All the glories of Chitra-kút did the great saint tell and declare. The two brothers and Sita proceeded to bathe in the sacred stream

Chaupdi.

Said Raghubar, "It is a good place, Lakshman ; now make arrangements for our stopping somewhere here." Lakshman then spied out the north bank : "The ravine bends round it like a bow, with the river for its string, asceticism and charity for its arrows, and all the sins of this evil age for its quarry, while Mount Chitra-kút is the hotbed of unerring aim striking at close quarters." So

¹ The sacred hill of Chitra-kút is one of a small group that forms the last spur of the great Vindhyan range. It is situated in the modern district of Bānda, close to the town of Kāwa and about 60 miles from Prayāg (Allahabad). A river flows at its base, now called the Palsani (the Sanskrit *prayashni* ; 'warm as milk'), which has some fine waterfalls before it joins the Jamunā. The Mandākinī, so frequently mentioned, is only a small tributary stream which enters the Palsani near the village of Śūdrupur where are a number of handsome temples. The hill is about three miles in circumference, and a narrow paved path runs the whole way round. This was constructed about 150 years ago by one of the Rajas of the neighbouring state of Panna for the convenience of pilgrims performing the ceremony of circumambulation. The two principal fine days are the Rāmāyaṇa (Rāma's birthday) in the month of Chait, and the Dvādā in Kārtik. About 20 miles from Chitra-kút on the bank of the Jamunā is the town of Rājpur, which was founded by Tulsī Dās, where he lived for several years, and where a manuscript of the Rāmāyaṇa in his own handwriting is still preserved. He imposed some curious restrictions upon the inhabitants of the place, which are still to this day religiously observed. No private house however wealthy the owner may be, was allowed to be built of any material but mud and wood, stone being reserved exclusively for the temples and a barber, potter or dancing girl may live within the limits of the town, where their services are required, they have to be called in from some other village.

² Anśūya, the wife of Atri, was one of Dakṣha's 24 daughters. She practised severe penance for ten thousand years, and by virtue of the religious merit that she had thus acquired she created the river Mandākinī, and its waters maintained the fertility of the country through a ten year drought.

saying, Lakshman showed the spot; when he had seen it, Raghupati was pleased. The gods learnt that Rāma was well content, and came with Indra at their head. In the garb of Kols and Kirāts they came and put up neat huts of boughs and grass, two of them; both prettier than words can tell, the one of larger size, the other a nice little cottage.

Doha 128.

In his rustic cell the Lord, attended by Lakshman and Jānaki, shone forth as beautiful as Love in the dress of a hermit between Rati¹ and Spring.

Chaupdi.

Then flocked to Chitra-kūṭ gods, serpents, Kinnars and Digpāls. All the immortals bowed low before Rāma and gazed with joy on that most longed-for vision. Showering down flowers and exclaiming "At length, O Lord, we have found our Lord," the heavenly host in piteous wise declared their intolerable distress, and joyfully started for their several homes. As soon as they heard the news of Raghnandan's stay at Chitra-kūṭ, the saints sallied forth; seeing the holy company draw near, Rāma prostrated himself before them; but they all took him to their bosom, and invoked upon him blessings,² knowing that they would be accomplished. As they beheld the beauty of Rāma and Sita and Sumitra's son, they accounted all their good deeds to have been well rewarded.

Doha 129.

After all due honours paid, the Lord dismissed the saintly throng to practise contemplation, prayer, sacrifice and penance at pleasure in their own retreats.

Chaupdi.

When the Kols and Kirāts got the tidings, they were as glad as if the nine treasures³ had come to their house.

1 Rati is the Indian Venus.

2 Their blessing could do Rāma no good, but its fulfilment would redound to their own credit, as showing them to be true prophets.

3 The nine *Nidhis* or heavenly treasures of Kavera, the god of wealth, are thus enumerated: the *Palma*, *Mahā palma*, *Santha*, *makara*, *Machchhapa*, *Makunda*, *Nila*, *Nanda*, and *Kharba*; but their nature is not exactly defined, though some of them appear to be precious gems. According to the *Tāntrik* system they are personified and worshipped as demi-gods, attendant either upon Kavera, who is sometimes called *Nidhikam* *śi* *Śi* *paś*, 'first of the Nidhis,' or upon Lakshmi, the goddess property. — *Williams*

With leaf platters full of herbs, roots and fruits, they ran like beggars scrambling for gold. Those among them who had already seen the two brothers were questioned about them by the others on the road. Telling and hearing Rāma's perfections, all came and saw him. Laying their offering before him and making obeisance, their love increased exceedingly as they gazed upon their Lord. Motionless as figures in a picture they stood about any how, their body thrilling with emotion and their eyes filled with tears. Rāma, perceiving that they were overwhelmed with affection, spoke to them words of kindness and received them with honour. Again and again bowing low before the Lord, they addressed him in humble strain with folded hands :

Dohā 130.

" Now at length that we have seen our Lord's feet, we have all found a protector : O prince of Kosala, what a blessing for us is your arrival.

Chaupdi.

Happy land and forest and road and hill, where thou, my lord, hast planted thy foot; happy the birds and deer and beasts of the forest, whose life has been crowned by thy sight; happy we and all our kin, who have filled our eyes with thy vision. Thou hast chosen an excellent spot whereon to take up thy abode; here at all seasons of the year thou wilt live at ease. We will do thee service in every way, by driving away elephants, lions, snakes and tigers. The thickets, ravines, mountains, charms and caves have all, my lord, been explored by us foot by foot; we will take you to the different haunts of game, and point out to you the lakes and waterfalls and every other place. We and our people are thy servants; do not hesitate to command us."

Dohā 131.

The lord, whom the Veds cannot utter nor the sants comprehend, in his infinite compassion listened to the words of the Kīrāts, as a father to the voice of a child.

Chaupdi.

It is only love that Rāma loves; understand this, ye who are men of understanding. He charmed all the foresters by his tender loving speeches. Having taken leave and bowed

¹ *Parivāṇa*, 'singing, with' - *brahṇa* 'not' is for the Sanskrit *paripāṇika*.

the head, they sat forth, and discoursing on the way of Lord's perfections they reached their homes. In fashion the two brothers and Sita dwelt in the forest, lighting gods and saints. From the time that Haghana took his up his abode there, the wood became bount in blowing; every kind of tree blossomed and bore its luxuriant creepers formed pleasant and beautiful canopies as though the trees of paradise in all its native loveliness abandoned the groves of heaven. Strings of bees made grateful buzzing, and a delicious air breathed soft, cool, and fragrant.

Dohd 132.

Jays, cuckoos, parrots, *chdvals*, *chakuds*, *chakors*, a birds of every description charmed the ear and ravished the soul with their notes

Chaupdi.

Elephants, lions, monkeys, boars and deer forgot the animosity and sported together. Ecstasies above all were the herds of deer who beheld the beauty of Rāma as he tracked the chase. All the forests of the gods that there are in the world were envious at the sight of Rāma's forest. The Ganges, the Sarasvati, the sunborn Jamunā, the Ner made, daughter of Mount Mekal, and the sacred Godāvari every river, stream and torrent discoursed of the Mandākinī. The mountains of the rising and the setting sun, Kailās, Mandar, Meru, home of all the gods, the crags of Himālaya, and all the hills there be, sang the glory of Chitra-kūt. The delight of the gods was more than their soul could contain, to think it had won such renewal without an effort.

Dohd 133.

"Of highest merit and blessed indeed are all the birds, deer, creepers, trees and grasses of Chitra-kūt," so day and night cried the gods.

Chaupdi.

All creatures with eyes, who looked on Rāma, felt with delight that now they had lived to some purpose. Things without life, touched by the dust of his feet, were gladdened by promotion to the highest sphere. The woods and rocks, all charming in themselves, were so blissful, so entirely the holiest of the holy, that how can I declare their glory, when

they became the abode of the infinitely blessed, and when leaving the Milky Ocean¹ and deserting Avadh, Sita, Râma, and Lakshman came there to dwell? The delights of the forest would be past telling even by a hundred thousand Beshnâgs. How then can I describe them, any more than a common hole tortoise could uplift Mount Mandar? In every thought, word and act Lakshman does him service, with an amiability and devotion more than can be told.

Dohâ 134.

I'or ever gazing on the feet of Sita and Râma and conscious of their love for him, not even in his sleep did Lakshman dream of absent kindred, or father or mother, or home

Châupâi.

In Râma's company Sita lived so happy that she lost all memory of city, family and home. Ever watching the moonlike face of her beloved, she rejoiced like the partridge at night, and seeing her lord's affection daily increase she was as happy as the cockoo by day. Her heart was so enamoured of him that the forest was a thousand times as dear to her as Avadh; dear was the cottage with her love's society, dear were the fawns and birds, now her only attendants; like her husband's father and mother were the hermits and their wives, and sweet as ambrosia the wild fruits and roots. Shared with her lord, a litter of leaves² was a hundredfold more delightful than Cupid's own couch. How can material delights beguile him, the mere sight of whom confers the sovereignty of the spheres?

Dohâ 135.

Remembering Râma, men discard as no more worth than a blade of grass all the pleasures of sense, no wonder then in Sita's case, Râma's own beloved, the mother of the world.

Châupâi.

Anything that would please Sita and Lakshman, that would Raghonath do, exactly as they suggested. He would recite legends and tales of alien times, in the hearing of which Lakshman and Sita took great delight. If ever he made mention of Avadh, his eyes filled with tears; as he

¹ Here Sita, Râma, and Lakshman are all three regarded as incarnations of Vishnu, whose eternal home is the Milky Ocean.

² Alludes to the Sâmkhya doctrine of making a bed of leaves.

called to mind his father and mother, his family and brother, with all Dhrit's affection and amiable attention the compassionate Lord grew most sad, but restrained himself knowing that the time was out of joint. At the sight Sita and Lakshman became distressed also, like the shade that follows a man. When Raghonandan noticed the emotion of his spouse and his brother, being self-restrained and tender and as soothing to his votaries as sandal-wood when applied to the breast, he would begin to relate some sacred story to divert them.

Dohd 136.

Râma and Lakshman with Sita in their leafy boat were as resplendent as Indra in the city of heaven with his spouse Sachi and their son Jayanta.

Chaupdi.

The Lord was as watchful over Sita and his younger brother as the eyelids over the pupil of the eye; while Lakshman was as careful of Sita and Raghubir as a fool of his own body. Thus happily the Lord lived in the woods, grately alike birds, beasts and pious ascetics. I have now told the story of Râma's exile to the woods; here how Somanta reached Avadh. The Nishâd returned after escorting his Lord, and came in sight of the Minister and the chariot. No words can tell the distress with which he found the Minister to be agonized. Crying out "Râma, Râma, Sita, Lokshman," he had fallen to the ground utterly overpowered, while the horses kept on looking to the south¹ and neighing as piteously as a bird that has lost its wings.

Dohi 137.

They would neither eat grass nor drink water, and their eyes shed tears. At the sight of Râma's horses all the Nishâds were deeply grieved.

Chaupdi.

At length summoning up courage the Nishâd said: "now, Somanta, cease mourning; you are a learned man and a philosopher, submit patiently to adverse fortune." With such kindly expostulations he made him mount the chariot, whether he would or no; but he was so unstrung by grief that he could not drive, his heart ached so grievously for Râma's loss. *The horses reared and would not go; you would*

¹ Hoping, as Râma had gone to the south, to get the first glimpse of him coming back again from that direction

think they were wild deer put in harness, jibbing, lying down and turning to look behind them, being overcome by sore pain for Rāma's loss. If any one mentioned the name of Rāma, Lakshman, or Sita, the horses would at once neigh and look at him; the way in which they declared their grief is not to be described, like a snake that has lost its head-jewel.

Dohd 138.

The sight of the Minister and the horses made the Nishād very sad. He told off four trusty grooms and with them a charioteer.

Chaupdi.

After making over the charioteer, Guha returned home, more sorry at leaving than words can tell. The Nishād's drove off to Avadh; sunk every moment in deeper distress, Sumanta, tortured by regrets, a prey to woe, cried: "A curse for life without Ragho-bir! This vile body must perish at last; it lost all glory when bereft of Ragho-bir and became a sink of infamy and crime; why does it not take its departure? Ah! fool that it is, it missed its opportunity, seeing that to-day my heart has not broken in twain." Wringing his hands and beating his head in his remorse he went his way like a miser robbed of his pelf, or like a warrior of high renown, some famous champion, who has had to flee from the battle-field.

Dohd 139.

The Minister's grief was like that of some learned Brāhman well read in the Vedas, a man of good repute, of integrity and birth, who has been entrapped into drinking.

Chaupdi.

Or like some well-born, virtuous and discreet lady, who is entirely devoted to her lord, but whom Fate has loved to desert him; such was the cruel torture that racked the Minister's heart. His eyes so full of tears that he could scarcely see; his ears deaf, his senses all confused, his lips dry his tongue cleaving to his palate, the breath of life only restrained by the bar of Rāma's promise to return; all the colour gone from his face, he looked like one who had murdered his father and mother. His soul was so possessed with the greatness of his loss and his remorse that he might be some grievous sinner trembling at the gate of death. Words would

not come, but to himself he mourned: "How can I be Avadh in the face; when they see the chariot and no Rā in it, they will turn in bewilderment to me.

Dohd 140.

When the agitated citizens run to question me and have to answer them, my heart will be cleft asunder as by thunderbolt.

Chaupdi.

When the piteous queen-mothers ask of me, Good God what shall I say to them? When Lakshman's mother questions me, what good news can I tell her? When Rāma mother comes running, like a cow mindful of its now-weaned calf, and questions me, I can only answer, 'Rāma, Lakshman and Sita have gone into the forest.' Whoever asks, must answer so: this is the treat I shall have at Avadh. When the sorrowful king, whose life hangs upon Rāma questions me, with what face can I answer him, 'I have seen the prince safe to their journey's end and have come back.' When the king hears the news of Lakshman, Sita and Rāma, he will discard his life as not worth a straw.

Dohd 141.

My heart bereft of its beloved is like clay drained of water, but it cracks not: now I know how capable of torture is this body that God has given me."

Chaupdi.

Thus bemoaning himself as he went, he quickly arrived in his chariot at the bank of Tamasā. There he courteously dismissed the Nishāds, who after falling at his feet turned sorrowfully away. The Minister was as dowcast on entering the city as one who had killed his own spiritual guide or a Brāhman, or cow. He passed the day sitting under a tree, and at eventide took the opportunity to enter Avadh in the dark. He slunk into his house, leaving the chariot at the gate. All who heard the tidings came to the king's door to see the chariot, and having recognized it and observed the distress of the horses, their body melted away like hail in the sun. All the citizens were as woe-begone as fish when the waters are dried up.

Dohd 142.

When they heard of the Minister's arrival, all the ladies of the court were agitated. The palace struck him with as much dread as a haunted chamber.

Chaupdi.

All the queens questioned him in great excitement ; no answer came, his voice was all broken. With no ears to hear, nor eyes to see, he could only ask every one he met, ' Tell me where is the king.' Seeing his confusion, the handmaidens conducted him to Kausalya's apartments. On entering, Sumanta found the king in such state as the moon shows when all its lustre has waned. Fasting, sleepless, stript of every adornment, he lay on the ground in utter wretchedness, sighing as piteously as Yayāti¹ after he had been hurled from heaven, his heart every moment bursting with grief, like Sampātī² falling with singed wings, fondly crying ' Rāma, Rāma, Rāma', and again ' Rāma, Lakshman, Sita.'

Dohā 143.

The Minister on seeing him cried ' All hail ! ; and bowed to the ground. At the sound of his voice the king started up hurriedly and exclaimed ' O Sumanta, where is Rime ? '

Chaupdi.

The king clasped Sumanta to his bosom, like a drowning man who has caught hold of some support. He seated him affectionately by his side, and with his eyes full of tears asked : " Tell me, kind friend, of Rāma's welfare : where are Raghunāth, Lakshman and Sita ? Have you brought them back, or have they sought the forest ? " At these words the Minister's eyes streamed with tears. Overpowered by anxiety, the king asked again : " give me tidings of Sita, Rāma and Lakshman." Calling to mind Rāma's beauty and amiableity, he sorrowed yet more : " I promised him the kingdom and then imposed exile ; he obeyed with soul unmoved either by joy or sorrow. Bereft of such a son I yet can live : who so guilty a monster as I ?

Dohā 144.

Take me, my friend, to the place where
Lakshman are. If not, I tell you the
will take flight at once."

Sita and
My soul

¹ Yayāti as a reward for his many
There Indra met him, ceremoni-
craftily drew him out . . .
The more he
without
Indra
§.

heaven
and then
ad done
was left
and

Chaupdi.

Again and again he implored him : " Friend, tell me my son. Hearken, comrade ; contrive some means for speedily showing me Râma, Lakshman and Sita." Summoned up courage the Minister gently replied : " Sir, your majesty is a scholar and philosopher, a model of courage and endurance, and a constant attendant of holy assemblies. Life and death ; pleasure, pain and all enjoyments ; loss and gain the society of friends and their bereavement ; all, sir, are governed by time and fate as unalterably as the succession of night and day. Fools triumph in prosperity, and are downcast in adversity ; wise men account both alike. Consider the matter wisely and take courage ; the good of all depend upon you ; cease vain regrets.

Dohâ 145.

Their first halt was at the Tamasâ ; their second on the bank of the Ganges, where the two heroes and Sita bathed and stayed to drink water.

Chaupdi.

The boatmen showed them great courtesy and they passed the night at Sriugavera. At daybreak they called for milk of the fig-tree and fastened up the hair of their head into a crown-like top-knot. Then Râma's friend called for the boat, and after putting his beloved on board, Râma himself followed, and after him by his Lord's permission, Lakshman too claimed the boat equipt with bow and arrows. Seeing my distress, Raghu-bir restrained his emotion and addressed me thus kindly : " Father, give my salutation to my father, and again and again embrace his lotus feet. There at his feet entreat him with all humility, saying, Father, mourn not for me ; my banishment to the forest is pleasant and profitable to myself, and on your part is a grace, a favour, and a meritorious deed.

Châand 5.

By your favour, father, I go to the forest, there to enjoy complete happiness. After fulfilling your command, I shall return again in safety to behold your feet." Next falling at the feet of each of the queen mothers, console and implore them to make every effort that Kumbhâ's king may live happy.

queens wept and made lamentation ; how can I describe great a calamity ? at the sound of their wailings. S itself grew sorrowful and *Endurance could no more* etc

Dohâ 147.

Avadh was in a tumult at the sound of the outcry in king's palace : as when a cruel thunderbolt has fallen night in some dense forest full of birds.

Chaupti.

The breath of life flickered at the king's mouth, for as a snake robbed of its jewel ; all his senses as he smitten as the lotuses in a lake that has been drained of water. When Kansalyâ saw the king's misery—the sun the solar race setting as it were at noon—Râma's mother summoned up courage and spoke in words befitting occasion : “ Consider, my lord, and reflect that Râma in exile is like the vast ocean, you are the helmsman of good ship Avadh, and your friends are the merchants, passengers ; if you have courage you will get across ; if the whole family will be drowned. Take to heart this treaty of mine, my spouse, and you will yet see again Râma, Lakshman and Sita.

Dohâ 148.

Hearing these tender words from his beloved, the king opened his eyes and looked up, writhing like some beheaded fish when sprinkled with cold water.

Chaupti.

The king with an effort sat up : “ Tell me, Sumant : where is my generous Râma ? Where is Lakshman ? Where my loving Rama ? Where my dear daughter-in-law, the princess of Videha ? ” Thus miserably moaning the night seemed an age long and as though it never would end. The blind hermit's curse came back to his mind

1 The incident to which such brief allusion is here made is told at full length in the Sanskrit Râmâyana, where it occupies nearly 200 lines. One day, when Dasarath was still a youth, he was out-hunting, and had taken up a position near the bank of the Sarjâ, where he hoped to get a shot at some tiger or buffalo, as it came down in the evening to the river to drink. Hearing a splash in the water, he left fly an arrow. From the cry that followed, he learnt to his dismay that he had shot a young hermit, who had been filling his pitcher for the use of his blind and aged parents. His dying words were to implore the king that he would carry the water to the hermit's wife and inform the dearest couple of their son's sad fate. He did so, and was told that as a punishment for his crime he, too, should hereafter die of grief for the loss of a son. The time would be far distant, because the blow was dealt unwittingly, and his confession had further lightened his guilt ; but he concealed the deed, he and the whole of his line had perished later

and he told the whole story to Kausalya. As he related the circumstances his agitation increased: " Bereft as I am of Râma, I have done with life and hope: why should I cherish a body that has failed to fulfil my love's engagement? Ah Raghunandan, dearer to me than life, already I have lived too long without you. Ah Janaki and Lakshman! Ah, Raghubar the raincloud of a fond father's old-fashioned heart."

Book 149

Crying ' Râma, Râma : and again ' Râma : and yet once more ' Râma, Râma, Râma ' ' the king's soul bereft of Raghubar, quitted his body and entered heaven.

Chaupâi.

Thus Dasarath reaped his reward both in life and death, and his spotless fame has spread through countless cycles of creation. In life he saw Râma's moon-like face, and dying for his loss had a glorious death. All the queens wept him in an agony of grief and spoke of his beauty, his amiability, his power and majesty. They made manifold lamentation, throwing themselves upon the ground again and again. Men-servants and maid-servants sadly bemoaned him: and there was weeping in every house throughout the city: ' To-day has set the sun of the solar race, the perfection of justice, the treasury of all good qualities.' All reviled Kaikeyi, who had robbed the world of its very eye. In this manner the night was spent in lamentations till all the great and learned sages arrived.

Book 150

Then the holy Vashistha recited many legends soothing the grief, and checked their grief by the wisdom that he displayed.

Châpâi.

After filling a boat with oil and putting the king's body in it, he summoned messengers and thus addressed them: " Hasten with all speed to Bharat, and say nothing to anybody about the king, only tell Bharat when you arrive. ' The guru has sent for you two brothers.' On receiving the saint's orders, they started at once with speed that would shame the fleetest of horses. Directed these trouble-lad legions at Ayodhya, Bharat was vexed with enormous, he saw fearful visions in his sleep by night, and on awaking formed

all sorts of ill conjectures. He daily fasted Brahmins and gave alms, and with elaborate ritual poured water over the emblem of Mahadev, and with heartfelt prayers implored the god for the prosperity of his parents, his family and his brethren.

Dohā 151.

In this state of anxiety was Bharat found by the herald on their arrival. As soon as he had heard his guru's commands he offered up a prayer to Ganes and started.

Chaupāī.

They went with the speed of the wind, urging on their horses over rivers, rocks and trackless forests. So great was his distress of mind that nothing pleased him; he thought to himself, 'O that I had wings to fly!' A moment seemed like a year. In this manner Bharat drew near to the city. On entering he was met by evil omens. Gruesome noises sounded in uncanny places, asses and jackals uttered presages of ill, which pierced him to the heart as he listened. Even the lakes and rivers, groves and gardens, seemed forlorn; while the city struck him as more melancholy still. Birds, deer, horses and elephants were painful to look at, as though the loss of Rāma were some dreadful disease that had destroyed them. The citizens were as downcast as if they had all lost everything they had in the world.

Dohā 152.

The people who met him did not speak, but bowed and passed on. For the fear and dismay in his mind Bharat could not ask 'Is all well?'

Chaupāī.

The market places and streets were as dreary as though the city had been the prey of a general conflagration. When Kaikeyi heard of her son's approach, the moon of the lotus-like solar race rejoiced. She sprang up gladly and ran with lamp in hand and met him at the door and brought him in. Bharat saw all the household as woe-begone as a bed of lotuses when smitten by the frost, his mother as jubilant as a wild hill-woman who has set the forest in a blaze. Seeing her son sad and distressed, she asked 'Is all well in my mother's house?' Bharat assured her that all was well, and

then asked after the welfare of his own family : " Say, where is my father and where the other queen-mother ? where is Sita and my dear brothers, Rāma and Lakshman ? "

Dohā 153.

On hearing her son's loving speech, the guilty woman's eyes filled with false tears, and she replied in words that pierced Bharat's ears and soul :

Chaupdi.

" My son, I had arranged everything with the help of poor Mantharā, but God somehow spoilt my plan half-way. The king has gone to heaven." On hearing this Bharat was overcome with distress, like an elephant at the roar of a lion. Crying " My father, my father, ahis, my father ! " he fell upon the ground in grievous affliction. " I could not see you ere you left, nor did you my father, commend me to Rāma." Again with an effort, he collected himself and got up : " Tell me, mother, the cause of my father's death." On hearing her son's words Kaikāyi replied, as one who drops poison into a wound, and with a glad heart, vile wretch that she was recounted all that she had done from the very beginning.

Dohā 154.

Bharat forgot his father's death when he heard of Rāma's banishment, and knowing himself to be the cause he was staggered and remained speechless.

Chaupdi.

Seeing her son's distress she comforted him, in such a manner as when one applies salt to a burn : " The king, my boy, is no fit subject for lamentation—won glory and renown and lived happily. In his reign all life's rewards, and in the end has earned of heaven. Regard the matter in this light—self; in state assume the sovereignty of—abrook exceedingly at her—had been applied to—himself he gave—of no all I if ill me at my

breith? After cutting down a tree you water the branches and drain a pond to keep the fish alive.

Dohd 155.

Horn of the solar race, with Daxivath for my father Rāma and Lakshman for my brothers, I have had mother, for a mother. what can be done against Fate?

Chaupdi.

Wretch! when you formed such an evil design in y mind, how was it your heart did not break in pieces? W you asked the boon, your soul felt no pain, your tongue not burn, nor your mouth fester? How could the king to you? his hour of death had come, and God had robbed l of his senses. Not even God knows the ways of a woma heart; such a mine is it of all deceit, crime and sin. T king was so simple, good and pious, what did he know woman's nature? Is there any living creature in the wor who loves not Raghonāth like himself? Yet he was yo special enemy. Tell me the truth, what are you. Wha ever you may be you have blackened your own face; n hence out of my sight.

Dohd 156.

God has created me out of a womb hostile to Rāma who so guilty a wretch as I? hat it is useless for me to sa anything to you."

Chaupdi.

When Satrugbna heard of his mother's wickedness he hurned all over, his anger was beyond control. At that very moment Hamphack came up, dressed out in fine attire and many jewels. On seeing her, Lakshman's young brother was filled with passion, like fire upon which butter has been poured. He sprung forward and struck her such a blow on her hump that she fell flat on her face and screamed aloud. Her hump was smashed, her head split, her teeth broken and her mouth streamed with blood. "Ah! my God! what harm have I done? this is an ill reward for all my services!" Then Satrugbna, seeing her so all vile from head to foot, seized her by the hair of the head and began dragging her about, till the merciful Bharat rescued her. Both brothers then went to Kousalyā.

Dohd 157.

In sordid attire, pale, agitated, with wasted frame and soul oppress'd with woe, she seemed some lovely creeper or golden lotus smitten by the frost.

Chauvdt.

When the queen saw Bharat she sprang up in haste, but fell swooning to the ground overtaken with giddiness. At this sight Bharat was grievously distress'd, and threw himself at her feet, forgetting his own condition: Mother, let me see my father, where is Sita, and where Rāma and Lakshman, my two brothers? Why was Kaikeyi born into the world? or if born, why was she not barren instead of bearing me to disgrace the family, a very sink of infamy, the curse of my home? Who in the three spheres is so wretched as I am, on whose account, mother, you have been brought to this plight? My father dead, Rāma vanished, and I alone the cause of all this calamity! Woe is me, a very fire amongst the reeds, fraught with intolerable torment, anguish and offence."

Dohd 158.

Hearing Bharat speak so tenderly, his mother again took courage and arose and lifted him up and clasped him to her bosom, while she wiped the tears from his eyes.

Chauvdt.

Simple and kind, she took him to her heart as lovingly as though Rāma himself had come back. Then Lakshman's young brother was also embraced, while soul overflowed with sorrow and affection. All who witnessed her kindness said: "She is Rāma's mother, it is natural to her." Seating Bharat in her lap she wiped away her tears and said soothingly; Now, my child, I adjure you to compose yourself; reflect that the times are evil and cease to lament. Think no more of your loss and vexation; remember that the course of time and fate is unsherable. Do not attach blame to any one my son: It is God who has set himself against me. He has made me live through such distress: who knows what may be his pleasure with me now?

Dohd 159.

At his father's command Raghav put aside his ornaments and ordinary attire and assumed the bark dress without either display or exultation.

Chaupdi.

With a cheerful countenance and a soul unmoved by anger or attachment, he did all in his power to comfort us. Sita hearing he was off to the forest, went too; in her devotion to Rāma's feet she could not stay. Lakshman also, when he heard the news, rose up to accompany him, and for all Rāma's persuasions would not remain behind. Then Raghupati bowed his head to all in turn and set out accompanied by Sita and his younger brother Rāma, Lakshman and Sita and went thus into exile. I neither joined them nor sent my spirit after them. All this took place before my eyes, and yet—wretch that I am life did not leave my body. I felt no shame, for all my love, with such a son, as Rāma and myself his mother. The king knew well the time to live and the time to die, but my heart is a hundred-fold harder than adamant."

Dohā 160.

Hearing Kausalyā's words, Bharat and all the seraglio made woeful lamentation; the palace seemed the very home of affliction.

Chaupdi.

Bharat, nay, both brothers, wept piteously. Kausalyā clasped them to her bosom, and comforted Bharat in every way with words of excellent wisdom. With appropriate maxims from the Purānas and Vedas all the queens reasoned with Bharat. And he, pure, guileless and sincere, made fitting answer thus with clasped hands: "The crime of slaying father, mother or guru; of burning cows in their stalls or a city of Brāhman; the crime of murdering wife or child; of poisoning a friend or a king; every mortal or venial sin, of thought, word and deed, as enumerated by the seers; may all these sins be mine, O God, if this, mother, was a plot of mine.

Dohā 161.

"May God award me the fate of those who forsake the feet of Hari and Hara and worship abominable demons, if, mother, this was any plot of mine.

Chaupdi

Those who sell the Veda and trade on plety; backbiters, to talk of others' faults; the treacherous, the perverse, the vicious, the violent; the revilers of the Veda, the enemies

of all creation ; the covetous, the lecherous, the fickle, the boastful, who covet their neighbour's wealth or their neighbour's wife ; may I come to a like ill end with them if, mother, his plot had my consent. The wretches who have no regard for the example of the good, who reject the way of salvation, who worship not the incarnation of Hari and take no delight in the glory of Hari and Hara, who abandon the path of Scripture and follow a contrary road, who by knavish disguise impose upon the world ; may Saakara allot me a fate like theirs if, mother, I knew of this plot.

Chhand G.

Hearken, mother ; in all my thoughts, word and deeds I am the slave of the All-merciful. The omniscient Râma dwells in my heart and discerns perfectly between true affection and feigned." As he thus spoke, his eyes streamed with tears, his body quivered, and his toes drew lines upon the ground. Again his mother took and clasped him to her bosom, knowing him to be indeed a votary of Râma's.

Dohp 162.

Hearing Bharat's true and honest and generous words, his mother exclaimed : " Son, you have ever in thought, word and deed been Râma's friend

Chauṛī:

Râma is the very life of your life, and you are dearer than life to him. The moon may drop poison, ice distil fire, fish avoid water, a sage persist in folly ; but you could never become Râma's enemy. If any one in the world says this was of your contriving, he shall never even in his sleep have any peace or happiness." With these words his mother took Bharat to her arms while her breasts dropped milk and her eyes filled with tears. As they sat and made such long lamentation, the whole night was spent. Saints Yama-deva and Vasishtha came and summoned all the Ministers and nobles and did everything to console Bharat by appropriate discourse on religious topics.

Dohd 163.

" Son, take heart and perform the duties of the day." Bharat arose at the guru's command and ordered everything to be done.

1 For the two words *lila*, *leeward*, it would seem preferable to read, *leoparded*, if there were any manuscript to support it.

Chauṛḍi.

As directed in the Veda, he had the body of the king washed and a sumptuous funeral car prepared. Then clasp- ing the feet of each of the queens he bid them stay.¹ They stayed in the hope of seeing Rāma. Many loads of sandal- wood and aloes were brought and immense quantities of sweetscented spices. The pile was raised on the bank of the Sarju like a fair ladder reaching to heaven. So all the rit of cremation were accomplished; the prescribed bath;² the oblation of sesamum seeds, the ceremony of the ten bal of rice,² which Bharat performed after due study of the Vedas, the Purāṇas and the Code or Ritoal. Whatever orde was given at any time by the great sage was thereupon executed accordingly a thousand times over. For his por- tion he gave abundant gifts; cows, horses, elephants, all kinds of carriages.

Dohā 164.

Thrones, jewels, robes, grain, lands, money, and houses did Bharat take and present to the Brāhmins: their every wish was gratified.

Chauṛḍi.

All the ceremonies that Bharat performed on his father's account were more than a million tongues could tell. Then came the great sages, after determining an auspicious day and summoned all the nobles and ministers, who went and sat down in the royal council chamber, where they sent and summoned Bharat and his brother. Vasiṣṭha seated Bharat by his side addressed him in words full of wisdom and piety. First the holy man repeated the whole history of Kaikeyi's monstrous doing and extolled the king for his piety and faithfulness to his promise, who by his death had manifested his love. As he spoke of Rāma's good qualities and amiable disposition the saint's eyes filled with tears and his body quivered with emotion. As he went on to tell of the affection shown by Lakṣhman and Sita, the ascetic sage was drowned in love and grief.

Dohā 165.

"Hearkeno, Bharat"—thus sadly spoke the prince of

¹ That is to say, he would not allow them to ascend the funeral pile with the body of the king and perish with him as Satis.

² One ball is offered on the first day, two on the second, and so on till tenth, when the ceremony is complete.

sages—" Fate is overstrong ; loss and gain, life and death, honour and dishonour are in God's hands.

Chaupdi.

Having so considered, why blame any one, or why be angry with any without cause ? Ponder this in your heart, my son ; king Dasarath is not to be pitied. Pitiable the Bráhmaṇ who is ignorant of the Veda and has abandoned his faith and become absorbed in the delights of sense ; pitiable the king who knows not the principles of government and to whom his subjects are not as dear as his own life ; pitiable the merchant, miserly and rich, who regards not the duties of hospitality nor the service of Mahádev ; pitiable the Sudra who insults a Bráhmaṇ, who is boastful, ambitious and proud of his knowledge ; pitiable again the wife who deceives her own husband, and who is perverse, quarrelsome and self-willed ; pitiable the religious student who breaks his vows and obeys not the commands of his guru,

Dohá 166

Pitiable the householder who, overcome by delusion, forsakes the path of religion ; pitiable the ascetic who is enamoured of the world and has lost his judgment and self-governance ;

Chaupdi.

Pitiable the anchorite who has given up penance and takes delight in pleasure ; pitiable the backbiter and the angry without a cause, the enemies of their own parents, their spiritual guide and their kinsmen ; pitiable in every way is the malevolent who cherishes self and is utterly merciless ; pitiable in every way is he who does not eschew guile and become a follower of Ueri ; but the king of Kosala is not to be pitied ; his glory is spread abroad through the fourteen spheres. Their neither has been, nor is now, nor shall be hereafter, a king like your father, Bharat. Brahmá, Vishnu, Siva, Indra and all the Regents of the air sing the virtues of Dasarath.

Dohá 167.

Tell me, my son, in what way can any one magnify him, who has such noble sons as Ráma, Lakshman, you and Satanghna ?

Chitpadi.

The king is altogether fortunate : it is vain to lament on his account. Thus bearing and considering, cease from grief : obediently submit to the royal commands. The king has given you the throne, and you must needs fulfil your father's word. The monarch who for the sake of his word abandoned Itîma though in the anguish of separation for Itîma he lost his life, and thus held his word dearer than life, is a father, my son, whose word must be obeyed. Do your head to the royal command : it will be in every way for your good. Parasurâm, to obey his father's order, slew his own mother, as all the world bears witness ; and Yayâtî son gave him up his youth¹ ; in a father's order there can be no sin nor disgrace.

Dohâ 168.

They who cherish their father's words, without discussing right or wrong, they are vessels of honour and glory and dwell in the palace of the king of heaven.

Chitpadi.

You must certainly make good the king's word ; cherish your subjects and cease to grieve. He will receive comfort in heaven : for you it will be a merit and honour, and no fault. It is laid down in the Veda, and approved by all men, that he takes the crown to whom the father gives it. Reign then, nor further distress yourself, but accept my advice as the best for you. Râma and Sita will rejoice when they hear of it and no wise man will call it wrong. Kausalyâ and all the queens will be happy in the happiness of the people. Râma knows your secret thoughts and will take it quite in

¹ The legend of Yayâtî is thus given in the Vishnu Purâna, IV, 10 :—He was the second son of king Nahusha, and succeeded to his father's throne. He had two wives, Devayâni, the daughter of Usanas (also called Sukrachârya, the preceptor of the Dâityas), and Sarmishtha, the daughter of Vishvapânu, king of the Danavas. Having been cursed by Usanas, whose daughter had complained to him of her husband's infidelity, he became old and infirm before his time, but was allowed to transfer his decrepitude to any one who would consent to take it. Four of his sons, to whom he successively applied for relief, refused to grant it, and received in consequence their father's curse, that none of their posterity should possess dominion. But when he made the same request of his fifth and youngest son, Puru, he at once consented to give up his youth and receive in exchange his father's infirmities. After some years of enjoyment Yayâtî himself withdrew to a hermitage in the woods and resigned the throne to Puru, whom he appointed supreme monarch of the world, making his elder brothers his viceroys under him.

good part; on his return you can deliver up the throne and serve him with cheerful affection."

Dohd 169.

The ministers with clasped hands exclaimed: "You must needs obey your guru's command: when Raghupati returns, you can then do as shall seem good."

Chaupdi.

Kansalyá took courage and cried: "My son, you have your father's and your guru's commands, which you must respect and affectionately carry out. Cease to lament, knowing it to be the will of Fate that Rāma is in banishment, the lug in heaven, and you in such perplexity. You, my son," comforted his mother, "are the sole refuge of your family, our people and the ministers of state. Seeing God against us and the fates untoward, summon up resolution. I, your mother, adjure you, obediently comply with your guru's command; cherish your people, relieve the affliction of your family." The guru's speech and the ministers' approval had been as grateful to Bharat's hearing as sandal perfumes, but when he heard his mother's tender appeal fraught with the throes of sincere affection—

Chhand 7.

When he heard his mother's pathetic appeal, Bharat was overcome; his lotus eyes rained with tears that bedewed the lush shoots of desolation in his soul. All who then beheld his condition entirely forgot about themselves—ah, Tulsī!—I reverently extolled him as the very perfection of true.

Sorathd 6.

Clasping his lotus hands, Bharat, the champion of honour, at last made answer to them all in noble words that seemed dipped in nectar.

Chaupdi.

"The guru has given me good advice, which has been approved by ministers, people, and all. My mother, too, has given me proper commands, and I must needs bow and obey. Injunctions of a guru, a father or mother, or master, or lord, should be cheerfully performed as soon as heard, and that for the best; to deliberate whether they are right or wrong is a failure of duty and involves grievous sin. You

have now given me honest advice, which it will be good me to follow ; yet, though I understand this clearly, soul is still discontent. Hearken them to my prayer, according to my circumstances so instruct me, forgi my presumption in answering you : when a man is distress good people do not reckon up his merits and merits.

Dohá 170.

My father is in heaven, and Sita and Ráma in exile, you tell to be king ; is it my gain or your own advantage that you expect to result from this ?

Chaupdi.

My gain is to serve Sita's lord, and of this I have been robbed by my mother's wickedness. After reflecting and searching my thoughts I find no other way of happiness than this. Of what account is a throne with all its cares, if I cannot see the feet of Lakshman, Ráma and Sita ? With the clothes a mass of jewels is of no use ; of no use is asceticism without divine meditation ; of no use is any enjoyment to a diseased body ; prayer and penance go for naught without faith in Hari ; without life, beauty of body is naught ; and all is naught to me without Ráma. Permit me to join Ráma this is one word is my only happiness. If again in making me king it is your own advantage that you desire, you speak under the influence of foolish affection.

Dohá 171.

In your infatuation you hope for happiness from the reign of such a wretch as I, Kaikeyi's son, of wicked nature, Ráma's enemy, and lost to shame.

Chaupdi.

I speak the truth ; hearken all and believe ; in a king is required a righteous disposition. If you persist in giving the crown to me, earth will sink into hell. What guilty wretch is equal to me, for whom Sita and Ráma have been exiled ? The king banished Ráma, but died in loving him. I, the miserable cause of all this wrongdoing, sit and listen to it all unmoved. I see the palace with no Ráma there, yet live to endure the world's jeers. Holy Ráma eschews all pleasures of sense, and I, a greedy king, am hungrier after enjoyment. In what words can I tell the hardness of my heart, which surpasses even adamant ?

DoM 172.

That every result is harder than its cause is no fault of mine ; the thunderbolt is harder than brass, and iron more stiff and unbending than the rock from which it is quarried.

Chart 41.

If my worthless life can cling to a body born of Kaikeyi it will have a surfeit of misery : if, bereaved of my beloved, life is still dear to me, I shall have much brighter to see and hear. Kaikeyi has banished Lakshman, Itāma and Sita and for her own advantage has caused the death of the king : she has taken upon herself widowhood and disgrace and has caused the people sorrow and affliction, has allotted me glory and honour and dominion and has settled everybody's business. What good is there now to me ? and yet you too cry out to make me a king. I have been born into the world from Kaikeyi's womb, and all this is only my due : God has fashioned all my destiny, but why should my people combine to give a helping hand ?

1404 173.

Stuck as I am by fate, overcome by organic disease,² and then stung by a scorpion, you give me wine to drink: tell me, tell me what kind of treatment is this?

Chapter 14

The wise Creator has ordained for me everything that befits a son of Kāṁkeyi. That I am also Dhanuṣṭh's son and Rāma's younger brother is an honour which God has bestowed upon me to no purpose. You all tell me to allow myself to be crowned for kingly power is desired by all men. How and whom shall I answer? You talk at random as the fancy takes you. Apart from myself and my unhappy mother, tell me who will say that I have acted rightly? excepting myself, who else is there in the whole animate or inanimate creation that does not love Śita and Rāma as their

1 The Thunderbolt is said to be made from the bones of the fish. The fish, when directed upwards to death, give out the gold which he supplied with silver metal the Mahabysa Devas, by whom they were engendered. When the bones had been fashioned into thunderbolts, the Tapani (the Yama Yajny) Indra, Sathir, the gods, and the devas, and also their families, the clouds, etc. etc.

I showed up for this gathering at 10
from a train depot west of the hotel
the hotel, Apple Station, where we
which is owned by the hotel owner.

4. The Commission
 is authorized to
 make all necessary

own life ? That a universal calamity should be my great gain, this is my illfortune and no blame to any one. You are moved by anxiety, kindness and affection, and anything you say is all for the best.

Dohd 174.

Râma's mother is so utterly guileless and bears me such great love that she speaks from natural amiability, on seeing my remorse.

Chaupdi.

The guru, as all the world knows, is an ocean of wisdom, and the universe is like a plum in the palm of his hand. He too is making ready for my coronation : when God is against me, every one is against me. Except Râma and Sita there is not any one in the whole world who will not say this was a scheme of mine, and I must listen and bear it patiently : wherever there is water, there at last will be mud. I am not afraid of the world calling me vile ; I have no thought for heaven : the one great intolerable anguish of soul is this, that through me Sita and Râma have been rendered unhappy. Well has Lakshman reaped his life's reward who left all and clave to Râma : while my birth has been the cause of Râma's banishment. Wretch that I am, why thus lament in vain.

Dohd 175.

I declare before you all my grievous distress ; unless I see Râma's feet, the fire in my soul cannot be quenched.

Chaupdi.

No other remedy can I discover : without Raghubar what care I for life ? This wish alone is stamped upon my soul ; at daybreak let me follow my lord. Although I am a guilty wretch, and all his trouble is no my account, still when he sees my suppliant mien he will in his great mercy forgive me all. Raghnarâo is so meek and utterly guileless of disposition, such a home of mercy and tenderness, that he would never injure even an enemy : while I, bad as I am, am his son and his servant. Be pleased, sirs, then to give me your blessing and permit me to depart, knowing it to be for my good ; so Râma will come again to his kingdom, after heering my prayers and considering my devotion.

Dohâ 176.

Though born of a wicked mother, and myself evil and ever doing wrong, still I am confident of Raghunâd that he will know me for his own, and not abandon me."

Chaupâi.

Bharat's words pleased all, imbued as they were with the nectar of piety. The people suffering from the baneful poison of separation revived as if at the sound of a healing charm. The queen-mothers, the ministers, the gurn and all the men and women in the city were agitated by the vehemence of their affection and kept on telling Bharat's praises : ' His body is the very personification of devotion to Râma ; ah, my lord Bharat, how can we say otherwise, seeing that Râma is as precious to you as your life ? If any churl in his folly ascribe to you your mother's sin, the wretch, with all who are his from generation to generation, shall have their abode in hell for hundreds of ages. The jewel is not infected with the guilt and villany of the serpent (in whose head it is found), but is an antidote to poison and subdues pain and poverty.

Dohâ 177.

By all means let us follow Râma to the wood ; Bharat has given good advice ; sinking as we all were in an ocean of despair, you have held out help to us '

Chaupâi.

There was as great joy in the hearts of all as when the chântak and peacock hear the sound of thunder. To start to-morrow seemed an excellent resolution ; Bharat was to every one dear as his own life. After reverencing the sage and bowing the head to Bharat, they all took leave and went to their several homes, praising as they went his affectionate disposition, whose life was a blessing to the whole world. Exclaiming to one another, ' what a glorious idea ! ' they all went to make their preparations. Whoever was left with orders to keep watch at home felt it like his death-stroke, and one would cry : " No one ought to be told to stay : who does not desire life's best reward ?

Dohâ 178.

Perish property, hooss, fortune, friends, parents, kinsmen and all, that does not help to bring one to Râma."

Chauḍi.

In every house carriages of all kinds were making ready, and the start to-morrow was a heart-felt joy. Bharat pondered on going home: "The city, with its houses, elephant palaces and treasures, and all its wealth, is Rāma's. It recklessly go and leave it, in the end it will not be good for me; to injure one's own lord is a crowning sin. A good servant acts for his master's interests, however much others may abuse him." So thinking, he called such faithful servants as would never dream of failing in their duty, and after declaring to them his intention and instructing them in their work, he told them off for the posts for which they were severally fit. When he had thus diligently posted the guards he proceeded to visit Rāma's mother.

Dohd 179.

Understanding the ways of love, he sympathized with a mother's anxiety and ordered to be got ready convenient palanquins and seated carriages.

Chauḍi.

The men and women of the city like the *chakras* and *chakri* were anxious at heart for the *diwa*, when they might start. The whole night had been spent in watching, when Bharat summoned his wise counsellors and said to them: "Take all materials for the coronation, and there in the forest, sire, invest Rāma with the sovereignty: start at once." At his word they bowed and speedily made ready horses, carriages and elephants. The king of sages (Vasishtha) first mounted his chariot and led the way with his spouse Arundhati and all the materials for sacrifice. A host of Brāhmins renowned for their asceticism, followed in vehicles of different kinds, and next the citizens on their own conveyances all set forth for Chitra-kūt. The elegance of the palanquins in which the different Rānis were seated is beyond description.

Dohd 180.

After making over the city to his faithful servants and ceremoniously starting the procession, Bharat himself with his brother started too, his thoughts fixed on Rāma and Sita.

1 *Dohd* here would seem to be not for *dakai*, 'lamentation,' but for *drohā*, 'injury.'

Chaupdi.

All the people were as eager for a sight of Rāma as when a herd of elephants makes a rush for a stream. Reflecting within themselves that Sita and Rāma were in exile, Bharat and his brother went on foot. The people were moved by their affection and themselves dismounted and left horses, elephants and carriages. But Rāma's mother stopped her palanquin by his side and softly said: "My son I entreat you to mount your chariot, or all your people will be sufferers: if you walk, they will all walk, and they are so wasted with sorrow that they are not fit for the journey." Obedient to her commands he bowed his head to her feet, and with his brother mounted the chariot. They halted the first day at the Tamusā,¹ and the second on the bank of the Gomati.²

Dohd 181.

Out of devotion to Rāma, some vowed to drink only water, some to eat nothing but fruit, others to make only one meal and that at night, and they forswore all luxuries of dress and food.

Chaupdi.

After resting at the Sai³ they started at dawn and drew near to the city of Srīngavera.⁴ When the Nishād heard the news he thought sadly to himself: "For what reason is Bharat going to the forest? he has some evil design at heart. If he had no wrong intention, why should he bring an army with him? He thinks to kill Rāma and his brother, and then to reign in ease and security. Bharat has not taken to heart the maxims of sound polity; there was disgrace already, and now there will be loss of life. If all the gods and demons were to combine to fight, they would

1 The Tamusā, 'the dark-coloured' (more commonly spelt Tons) is a branch of the Ghagra (the Sanskrit Gharghara, 'the roaring'), which leaves that river about 10 miles above Ayodhyā, and after passing the town of Azamgarh falls into the Sarjū [Sarayu].

2 The Gomati [the name meaning 'rich in cattle'] rises in a lake near Pilbhit, and after a course of 482 miles, in which it passes the cities of Lucknow, Sultānpur and Jāunpur, falls into the Ganges.

3 The Sai a river in Audh, which rises about midway between the Gomati and the Ganges, and after a course of some 230 miles falls into the former, 10 miles below the city of Jāunpur.

4 The site of the ancient Srīngavera is marked by a village bearing the same name, under the modernised form Sangaur, 21 miles to the north-west of Allahabad. The river has changed its course, and only a small branch now flows through the old channel.

never conquer Rāma in battle. What wonder that Bharat should act thus ; fruits of ambrosia do not grow from a poison stock."

Dohā 182.

Having thus reflected, Guba cried to his kinsmen : " Be on the alert, up and sink the boat and close the ferry.

Chaupāi.

Make ready and blockade the pass, equip yourselves with every instrument of death. Take up arms against Bharat, and never let him cross the Ganges alive. To die in the battle and on the Ganges bank ; in Rāma's cause to lay down this frail body ; and mean as I am to join battle with a king like Bharat ; all this is a great gain for me, even if I meet my death. If I war and fight on my lord's behalf, I reap brilliant renown throughout the fourteen spheres. If I lose my life for Ragunāth, I shall have both hands full of luscious sweets. Whoever is not numbered among the just, nor counted among Rāma's votaries, is all the time that he lives only a burden to earth, and an axe at the foot of the tree of his mother's youth."

Dohā 183.

The Nishād king thus fearlessly excited that ardour of his followers, and mindful of Rāma called in haste for quiver and bow and coat of mail.

Chaupāi.

" Hasten, brethren, to complete your equipment, and after hearing my command let no one hesitate." All cheerfully responded, " 'Tis well, my lord," and mutually encouraged each other's zeal. Bowing again and again before the Nishād all the gallant warriors, eager for the fray, invoking the sandals of Rāma's lotus feet, girt themselves with quiver, slung on the bow, donned their coats of mail, put helmet on head, and furnished up axe and bludgeon and spear—some so expert in the use of shield and sword that they seemed when they sprung into the air as though they had left the earth for good. When each and all had completed their full arrangements, they went and bowed before king Guba. Seeing his gallant warriors so fit and ready, he addressed them each by name with courteous phrase.

Dohâ 184.

"Do not play me false, my brethren ; this is a great day's work for me." At this they cried with vehemence, "Fear not, captain.

Chaupdi.

By Râma's favour and your might, my lord, we will leave the enemy without a single fighting man or horse. While life last, we will never draw back our foot, and will make the earth one heap of corpses and skulls." When the Nishâd lord had inspected his gallant band he cried "Beat the drum for the onset" When he had so said, some one squeezed on the left. The soothsayers exclaimed, "A prosperous issue to the battle !" One old man thought over the omen and said "Bharat must be met, but there will be no fighting. He is going to make entreaty to Râma, the omen says this ; there will be no battle." On hearing this, Guba said : "The elder has spoken well ; fools act in haste and repent. Unless we ascertain Bharat's temper and disposition, we may do ourselves harm by fighting without knowledge.

Dohâ 185.

Close up, my men, and stop the pass, and all join to discover the mystery. When we know whether he is a friend, an enemy, or a neutral, we can then lay our plans accordingly.

Chaupdi.

We shall soon test his devotion and honest intent ; hatred and love are not to be concealed." So saying, he began to make ready a present, and sent for bulbs, roots and fruits, birds and beasts, with the finest of fish, large *pâtins*,¹ which were brought by the fishermen in basketsful. When everything was arranged they went out to meet him, and had the most auspicious omens of good fortune. As soon as he saw the great sage afar off, he declared his name and prostrated himself before him. Vêishtha, knowing him to be a friend of Râma's, gave him his blessing, and told Bharat about him. He, on hearing that he was Râma's friend, left his chariot and advanced on foot to meet him with exuberant affection. Guba declared his home and

¹ The *pâtin* is a kind of she-fish, the *Silurus Putorius* or *Baalâ*.

race and name, and making obeisance laid his forehead to the ground.

Dohd 190.

Not Bharat, seeing him about to prostrate himself, took him to his bosom with as much uncontrollable rapture as though it were Lakshman he had met.

Chaupdi.

Bharat received him with the very greatest affection, and the people extolled the manner of his love. There was a jubilant cry of 'Glory, Glory,' as the gods applauded and rained down flowers upon him. "Though this man is in every way vile, both by custom of the world and by scriptural prescription, so that contact with his shadow requires ablution, yet Rāma's brother has embraced him in his arms and thrilled all over with delight at meeting him. One who cries 'Rāma, Rāma,' even in a yawn, a multitude of sins will not rise up against him. Here is one whom Rāma had clasped to his bosom and thereby purified him and all his family. If water of the Karmnāvi falls into the Ganges, tell me who will refuse to severance it? again, it is known throughout the world that Vālmīki was made equal to Brahmā simply for repeating Rāma's name backwards.

Dohd 187.

Even a Chaudāl,¹ a Savara, a Khasiya, a stupid foreigner, an outcast, a Kol, or a Kirāt, by repeating the name of Rāma becomes most holy and renowned throughout the world.

Chaupdi.

It is no wonder, it has been so for ages; who is there whom Raghubīr cannot exalt?" As the gods told the greatness of Rāma's name, the people of Avadh listened and were glad. Bharat affectionately greeted Rāma's friend and asked him of his health and welfare. At the sight of Bharat's affectionate disposition, the Nishād was at once utterly overpowered; so great was his confusion, his love and his

¹ The word translated 'Chaudāl' is in the original *Sra-pach* literally 'a dog-cooker,' i. e., either one who feeds on dog's flesh, or who cooks food for dogs 'a dog-keeper.' A Savara is a wild mountaineer. The Khasiya is a native of Khasa, a hill tract in Northern India. The word for 'foreigner' is Jaman, i. e., Yavan, which originally denoted specially a Greek, an Ionian, and then came to mean any foreign barbarian. *Adonstame* *anavar* ears are to the division of mankind into Greeks, and Barbarians, it is a little strange to find the Greek selected as the typical barbarian.

delight, that he could only stand and stare at Bharat. Collecting himself, he again embraced his feet and with clasped hands made this loving speech: "When I beheld his blessed lotus feet I accounted myself blessed for ever. Now my lord, by your high favour my prosperity is secured for thousands of generations.

Dohd 188.

Reflecting on my past deeds and my descent and again considering the greatness of the Lord, any man in the world who adores not the feet of Raghubir must be under supernatural delusion.

Chaupdi.

False, nowardly, low-minded and low-born as I am, an utter outcast by the laws both of God and society; since the time that Rāma took me for his own, I have become the glory of the world." After witnessing his devotion and hearing his graceful humility Lakshman's younger brother next embraced him. Then the Nishād introduced himself by name and respectfully saluted the royal dames, who received him even as they would Lakshman and gave him their blessing: "May you live happily for millions of years" The citizens too were as glad to see him as if he had been Lakshman and cried: "Here is one who has lived to some purpose; whom Rāma's own brother has taken to his arms and embraced" When the Nishād heard them thus magnify his good fortune, he was glad at heart as he showed them the way.

Dohd 189.

At a signal all his attendants, having learnt their master's will, went on and made ready tents under the trees and rest-houses by the ponds, gardens and groves.

Chaupdi.

When Bharat beheld the city of Srīngavera, he was overcome by emotion and was unnerved in every limb. As he leant upon the Nishād, it was as goodly a sight as though embodied Humility and Love had met together. In this manner Bharat with all his army went to see the earth-purifying stream of the Ganges. As he made his obeisance to the ford where Rāma had crossed, he was as entranced as though he had met Rāma himself. The citizens bowing low gazed upon the divine stream with rapture, and after

bathing prayed with clasped hands; "May our love to Rámchandra's feet never grow less." Bharat exclaimed: "Thy sands, O Ganga, are the bestowers of all happiness, the very cow of plenty to thy votaries: with folded hands I beg this boon, unalterable devotion to Sita and Ráma."

Dohd 190.

When Bharat had thus bathed and knew that all his mothers had bathed too, he received the *guru's* permission and took them to their tents.

Chaupdi.

Wherever the people had pitched their tents, Bharat took every care of them all. After paying homage to *guru* and obtaining his permission, the two brothers v to Ráma's mother. Then Bharat, after kissing their feet with many tender phrases did reverence to all the *gods* and having left them to the dutiful care of his brother went away with the Nishad. Hoodwinked they went, body fainting with excess of love, as he begged his companion to show him the spot—that the fierce longing of eyes and soul might be a little assuaged—where Sita, Rá and Lakshman had spent the night. As he spoke, his eye overflowed with tears, and the Nishad in great distress his speech led him at once to the place.

Dohd 191.

Where Raghubar had rested under the sacred *sinnapa* tree With great reverence and devotion Bharat prostrated himself

Chaupdi.

When he spied the delectable grassy couch, he again made obeisance and reverently paced round it. He po upon his eyes the dust of the foot-prints, with an enthusiasm of devotion beyond all telling. And seeing two or three golden spangles, he placed them upon his head as relics of Sita. With streaming eyes and aching heart he thus in gentle tones addressed his companion: "They are dim and lustreless through Sita's absence, and all the people of Avadh are equally woe-begone. To whom can I compare her father, Janak, who was conversant at once with all life's pleasures and all philosophy? Her father-in-law, the sun-like monarch of the solar race, was the envy of even the lord of heaven. Her husband is the beloved

Ragbunāth, by whose greatness alone it is that any one is great.

Dohā 192.

I gaze on the couch of Sita, that devoted wife, that jewel of good women, and my heart breaks not with agitation ; surely it is harder than a thunderbolt

Chaupdi.

Lakshman so young and comely and made to be fondled ; never was there such a brother, nor is there, nor will be : so beloved by the people, the darling of his father and mother, and dear as their own life to Rāma and Sita ; the picture of delicacy, the daintiest of striplings, whose body has never been exposed to the hot wind, how can he bear the hardships of the forest ? O my heart would shame for hardness a million thunderbolts ! Rāma at his birth was the light of the world, an ocean of beauty, of virtue, and all good qualities, Rāma's amiability was the delight of his subjects, his household, his guru, his father and mother, and all. Even enemies would praise Rāma : his courtesy of speech and manner stole every heart. Not a million Sarasvatīs, not a hundred million Sashāngs could reckon up all my lord's virtues.

Dohā 193

The image of bliss, the jewel of the family of Kīshn, the storehouse of all auspicious delights, slept on the ground on this littered grass : how wonderful are the ways of Providence !

Chaupdi.

Rāma had never heard mention of pain, the king cherished him like the tree of life, and day and night all his mothers guarded him as the eyelids guard the eyes, and as a serpent guards the jewel in its head. And now he is roaming on foot through the woods, with nothing to eat but wild roots and fruits. A curse on thee, Kākeyi, root of all evil, thou hast undone my best beloved : cursed be my wretched self, that ocean of iniquity, on whose account all these calamities have come to pass. God created me to disgrace my family, and my wicked mother has made me the ruin of my lord." Hearing these words the Nishād affectionately implored him : " Why, my lord, make these vain laments ? Rāma is

dear to you, and you are dear to Râma ; even she is blameless : the blame rests with adverse fate.

Chhand 8.

The ways of adverse fate are cruel ; it has made your mother mad. That every night Râma again and again broke out into respectful praise of you. There is no one so dearly beloved by Râma as you. I declare this on oath : be assured that all will be well in the end, and take comfort to your soul.

Soruthâ 7.

Râma is omniscient, full of meekness, tenderness and compassion : of this make firm assurance in your heart ; and come, take rest "

Chaurâdi.

Hearing his companion's speech he took comfort and with his thoughts directed to Raghubîr went to his tent. When the citizens were informed heavy with woe they too came to see. Having reverently paced around, they made obeisance and pressed Kaikeyi to their hearts' content. Their eyes streamed with tears as they reproach the cruelty of fate. One would praise Bharat for his devotion, another would say the king had sown the greatest love ; they reproached themselves and praised the Nishâd : who can describe their agitation and distress ? In this manner they all kept watch throughout the night and at daybreak began the passage. First the *guru* was put on a fine handsome boat, and then all the queens on another boat newly built. In an hour and a half all had crossed over ; as they came to land Bharat took count of them all.

Dohâ 194.

After performing his morning rites and reverencing his mother's feet and bowing the head to the *guru*, he sent the Nishâds on ahead and started the host.

Chaurâdi.

He made the Nishâd king lead the van and started all the queens in their palanquins. He charged his younger brother with their escort, and made *guru* go with the Brâhmans. He himself bowed reverently to the Ganges, and invoking Râma, Sita and Lakshman, set forth on foot, while his horse was led by the bridle. Again and again his faithful servants cried : " Be pleased, my lord, to mount

your horse." " Râma," he answered, " has gone on feet, and are chariots, elephants and horses made for me ? It would be right for me to walk on my head ; a servant's work should always be the hardest." When they saw his behaviour and heard his tender speech, all his servants melted away for pity.

Dohâ 195.

At the third watch of the day Bharat entered Prayâg, crying ' O Râma, Sita ; Râma, Sita ! ' with irrepressible affection.

Chaupâi.

The blisters on his feet glistened like drops of dew on a lotus bud. The whole company were distressed, when they heard that Bharat had made the day's march on feet. After ascertaining that all the people had bathed, he went and did homage to the threefold stream. All who had dipped in the parti-coloured flood gave alms and did honour to the Brahmans. As Bharat gazed on the commingling of the dark and white waves, his body throbb'd with emotion and he clasped his hands in prayer : " O queen of the holy places, bounteous of every blessing, whose power is declared in the Vedas and renowned throughout the world, I abandon my prepar calling and make myself a beggar : is there anything so vile that a man in distress will not do it ? As I know you to be all-wise and beneficent, accomplish the prayer of thy suppliant.

Dohâ 196.

I crave not wealth nor religious merit, nor voluptuous delights, nor deliverance from transmigration ; but only that in every new birth I may persevere in love to Râma ; this is the boon I beg, and nought else.

Chaupâi.

Râma knows my wickedness ; the people call me the ruin of my lord and master ; through your favour may my devotion to the feet of Sita and Râma increase more and more every day. Though the flood neglects her all her life, and while she begs for rain, casts down upon her thunder and hail, yet were the flood to cease her importunity, she would be despised ; she perseveres in her affection, and is much honoured. Again, as the quality of gold is refined by the fire, so may my vow to the feet of my

beloved endure through all tribulation." In answer to Bharat's speech there came a soft and auspicious voice from the midst of the Tribeni: "Son Bharat, you are altogether upright; your love to Rāma's feet is unfathomable; you distress yourself without cause; there is no one so dear to Rāma as you are."

Dohd 197.

As he heard the river's gracious speech, Bharat's bo-
quivered with heartfelt gladness; the heaven resound
with shouts of applause, and the gods rained down flowers

Chaupdi.

The inhabitants of Prayāg, aged anchorites and be-
students, householders and celibates, were all enrapture
and said to one another as they met in groups: "Bharat
affection and amiability are thoroughly genuine." Still
hearing of Rāma's many charming qualities, Bharat ap-
proached the great saint Bharaadvāj. When the saint saw
him prostrate himself upon the ground, he looked upon
him as his own good angel incarnate, and ran and raised
him up and took him to his arms and gave him the blessing
he desired, and made him sit down. He bowed his head
and sat, shrinking into the inmost recesses of shame-
facedness; greatly distressed lest the saint should ask any
question. Seeing his confusion the saint said: "Hearken,
Bharat; I have heard everything; God's doings are beyond
our power.

Dohd 198

Be not distressed at heart by the thought of what your
mother has done. Son, it is no fault of Kaikeyi's; it was
Sarasvati who stole away her senses.

Chaupdi.

If you say thus, "No one will excuse me;" I reply,
Scripture and the practice of the world are both accepted
as authorities by the wise; and your glory, my son,
will be sung unsullied, while the Veda and custom will
both be honoured, for every one admits that this is accord-
ing both to custom and the Veda that he takes the throne
to whom his father gives it. The truthful king summoned
you to confer upon you the honour of sovereignty and its
higher duties. Rāma's banishment is a monstrous wrong.

which the whole world is grieved to hear of : but the queen was demented by the power of Kato, and in the end she has repented of the evil she has done. You are not the least in fault ; whoever says you are is a vile and ignorant wretch. Had you reigned, it would have been no sin, and Râma would have been pleased to hear of it.

Dohâ 199.

But now, Bharat, you have done still better ; your present purpose is excellent ; devotion to the feet of Raghubar is the root of every blessing in the world.

Châupdi.

This is your wealth and the very breath of your life ; is there any one with good fortune equal to yours ? Nor, my son, is it strange that you should act thus ; you are a son of Dasarath's and Râma's own brother. Harken, Bharat ; in Raghupati's heart there is no one upon whom so much love is lavished as upon you. Lakshman, Râma and Sita are all most fond of you ; they spent the whole night in your praises. I learnt their secret when they came here to Prayâg to bathe ; they were overwhelmed with love for you. Raghubar has as great affection for you as a fool has for a life of pleasure. And this is no great credit to Raghurai, who cherishes all his suppliants and their kin ; while you, Bharat, as it seems to me, are the very incarnation of love to him.

Dohâ 200.

That which seems a reproach¹ to you, Bharat, is a lesson to all of us ; it is an event which inaugurates a new flood of passionate devotion.

Châupdi.

Your glory, my son, is a newly created and spotless moon ; its lotuses and partridges are Râma's servants ; it is ever rising and never sets, nor wanes in the world its heaven, but increases day by day ; the three spheres, like the chakras are exceedingly enamoured of it, and the sun of Râma's majesty never robs it of splendour. Not by day as well as night it is ever bountiful to all, and Kaikey's evil deeds cannot eclipse it. Full of the nectar of devotion to Râma,

¹ Your disobedience to the wishes of your mother and the commands of your guru in refusing to accept the throne.

and unsullied by any stain for wrong done to the *guru*¹, you are saturated with the nectar of faith, and have brought this nectar within the reach of the whole world. King Bhagiratha brought down the Ganges², whose invocation is a mine of all prosperity; but Dasarath's virtues are past all telling; why say more? He has no equal in the world.

Dohā 201.

Through his devotion and humility Rāma was made manifest, whom the eyes of Siva's heart are never wearied of beholding.

Chaupdi.

You have created an incomparable moon of glory, in which for the figure of the hare is stamped love to Rāma. Cease, my son, from lamentation; you have found the philosopher's stone and yet fear poverty! Hearken, Bharat; I tell you falsehood; a hermit and ascetic dwelling in the forest, I obtained a glorious reward for all my good deeds when I beheld Rāma, Sita and Lakshman; the fruit of that fruit is the sight of you: Prayāg and I are both highly favoured. Bharat, I congratulate you; you have achieved universal renown." So saying the saint was overwhelmed with emotion. As they hearkened to his words, the whole assembly rejoiced; the gods applauded his goodness and rained down flowers. Shouts of 'Glory, Glory,' resounded in heaven and in Prayāg; Bharat was lost in rapture at the sound.

¹ There is a popular legend that Vrihaspati, the guru of the gods, on one occasion when he returned from his bath in the Ganges, found his wife in the embraces of the Moon-god. He was not able to vent the adulterer, but threw his dripping bathing robe at him and hit him in the face, thus causing the spots that are still to be seen there. Throughout this stanza Bharat's glory is compared to a newly created moon, which is in every respect superior to the ordinary moon which we see in the heavens. The one sets and wanes, the other is always on the increase; the one mainly delights only lotuses and partridges, the other is the joy of Rāma's faithful servants, the one shines only by night, the other by day as well; the one yields nectar, it is true, but none can get at it; the other is impregnated with the nectar of faith, which is brought within the reach of all, the one is branded with the marks of Vrihaspati's indignation, the other is spotless; though Bharat too offended his guru by refusing to reign at his command, the one is stamped only with the figure of a hare [the man in the moon of European nurseries], the other is inscribed with love to Rāma.

² Bhagiratha, the son of king Dilipa, after a thousand years spent in austerities, brought down the Ganges from heaven to earth, and with its vivifying flood watered and restored to life the ashes of the sixty thousand sons of his great-grandfather, Magara, who had been destroyed by the Rishi Kapila. This was a great achievement, but Dasarath's was a greater, by whom Rāma was begotten into the world.

Dohd 202.

With quivering body, with his heart full of Rāma and Sita, and his lotus eyes flowing with tears, he bowed to the saintly assembly and thus spoke in faltering accents :

Chauṛdī.

" In a concclave of saints and in this so holy a place, truth most needs be spoken ; any oath is superfluous and vain if in such a spot I were to say anything false, no sin or viledeed would equal mine. You are all-wise, and therefore I speak honestly ; Rāma, too, knows the secrets of the heart. I am not grieved for what my mother has done, nor pained at heart lest the world deem me caltiff. I have no dread of the loss of heaven, no sorrow for my father's death, whose good deeds and renown are glorious all the world over, who had such sons as Lakshman and Rāma, and who, as soon as he lost Itāma dropt his fragile body ; why make long mourning for the king ? But Rāma, Lakshman and Sita, without shoes to their feet, in hermit's dress, are wandering from wood to wood :

Dohd 203.

Clad in deer-skins, feeding on wild fruits, sleeping on the ground on a litter of grass and leaves, under trees, ever exposed to the inclemency of cold and heat and rain and wind,

Chauṛdī.

This is the burning pain that is ever consuming my breast, so that I cannot eat by day nor sleep by night. For this sore disease there is no remedy ; I have searched in mind the whole world over. My mother's evil counsel, the root of all calamity, like a carpenter fashioned an axe out of my advantage, made a handle of the ill-wood of Resentment, and fixed the term of banishment as it were a horrible spell. To me she applied this infamous contrivance and has hurled me down to wide-spreading ruin. These disasters will cease when Rāma returns to him in Avadh ; there is no other remedy." When the saints heard Bharat's speech, they were glad and all gave him high praise : " Son, grieve not so sorely : at the sight of Rāma's feet all sorrow will pass away."

Dohd 204.

The great saints comforted him and said, " Be our welcome guest ; accept such herbs and roots and fruits as we can offer, and be content."

Chaupdi.

On hearing the saints' words Bharat was troubled at heart : the time was not one for feasting, and yet he was very loth to decline. At last, reflecting that a *guru's* command is imperative, he kissed his feet and replied with clasped hands : " I must needs bow to your behest, for this, my lord, is my highest duty." The great saint was pleased at Bharat's words and called up all his trusty servants : " An entertainment must be provided for Bharat : go and gather herbs, roots and fruits." They bowed the head and said ' Certainly, my lord,' and gladly set about each his own work. But the saint thought to himself : " I have invited a distinguished guest, who should be treated like a god." At his command Anirūd and the other good Fairies came : " What are your orders, master, and we obey."

Dohā 205.

" Bharat and his brother and all their host are distressed by the loss of Rāma ; show them hospitality and ease them of their toil ;" thus cheerily spoke the great saint.

Chaupdi.

The Fairies bowed to his commands and thought themselves most highly favoured, saying one to another : Rāma's brother is indeed a guest beyond compare." Then kissing the saint's feet, " To-day we will do such things that the whole of the king's party shall be pleased." So saying, a number of such charming pavilions were erected, that the equipages of the gods were put out of countenance at the sight of them. They were furnished with so much luxury and magnificence that the immortals beheld them longingly. Men-servants and maid-servants with every appliance were in attendance and gave their whole mind to their work. In an instant of time the Fessies completed all the arrangements though no dream of heaven was ever so beautiful. First the people were assigned their quarters, all bright and pleasant and in accordance with their taste.

Dohā 206

Then, as the saint had ordered, Bharat and his family had their assigned them, which astonished even the Creator by their magnificence : so great the power of the holy ascetic's penance.

Chaupdi.

When Bharat beheld the saint's power, the realms of all the rulers of the spheres seem to him as trifles. The luxuries that had been prepared cannot be described; any philosopher would forget his self-restraint on seeing them. Thrones, couches, drapery and canopies; groves and gardens; birds and beasts; sweet-scented flowers, fruits like nectar, and many a lake of limpid water; with luscious food and drinks of innumerable kinds, so that the people were quite put out of countenance by what they saw, as though they had been ascetics. Each one had as it were his own cow of plenty and tree of paradise. Indra and Sachi grew covetous at the sight. The season, spring; the air soft, cool, and fragrant; all the great objects of life ready at hand; garlands, perfumes, dancing-girls and delights of every kind to charm and astonish the spectator.

Dohā 207.

Affluence, like the *chakri*¹, and Bharat as her mate, by compulsion of the saint's order were prisoned together that night, as by a fowler, in the cage of the hermitage, till dawn broke.

Chaupdi.

Then he bethed at the holy place and with his host bowed the head to the sage. Having submissively received his commands and blessing, he prostrated himself and made much supplication. Then taking guides well acquainted with the road, he set out resolutely for Chitrakot; supported on the arm of Rāma's friend, he seemed, as he went, the very incarnation of Love. With no shoes and no shelter for his head, in the fulfilment of his loving vow and his unfeigned integrity, he asked his companion for a history of the wanderings of Rāma, Sita and Lakshman. In soothing accents he told it. When he saw the tree where

¹ According to Hindu belief the *chakri* and his female mate, the *chakri*, are doomed for ever to nocturnal separation. Even though they may be caught and imprisoned together in one cage they cannot enjoy each other's society till the break of day. In the same way Bharat, though detained for the night by the saint's order at the hermitage in the midst of luxury, could not enjoy it by reason of his vow. Vālmiki represents him as less alone, mīna, and, in describing the banquet, makes mention of wine and flesh meat of various kinds—venison, wild boar, peafowl and partridges—all of which Tulsi Dās has omitted in concession to modern prejudices.

Rāma had rested, his heart could not contain its emotion. At the sight of his condition, the gods raised dowa flowers, and the path that he trod grew smooth and pleasant.

Dohā 208.

"The clouds afford him shade and the air breathes soft and refreshingly : Rāma's road was not thus, as it is now for Bharat.

Chaupāī.

All created things, whether living or lifeless, that saw the Lord, or were seen by him, were rendered fit for salvation, and the sight of Bharat has now healed them of the curse of transmigration ! This is no great thing for Bharat, whom Rāma is mindful to remember. A single mention of the name of Rāma on earth makes a man safe and a saviour of others. But Bharat is Rāma's beloved and own brother ; why should he not bring a blessing on the road he treads ? As sages, sages and hermits thus reasoned and gazed upon Bharat, they rejoiced at heart. Indra was troubled by the sight of his power : "In the world things turn out well for the good and badly for the bad." Then turning to his *guru* (Vrihospati), "Something must be done, sir, to prevent the meeting between Rāma and Bharat.

Dohā 209.

Rāma is so modest and sympathetic, and Bharat such an ocean of affection ; our scheme threatens to be spoilt ; we must bestir ourselves and devise some new stratagem."

Chaupāī.

Hearing the speech, the teacher of the gods smiled, to find the thousand-eyed so blind, and said : "Leave tricks alone ; it will be all trouble in vain ; any deception here would be absurd. O king of heaven, any delusion practised on a servant of the lord of delusion must recoil on the contriver. I interfered once, knowing it was Rāma's wish, but any underhand work now would only do harm. Listen, O king : it is Rāma's nature never to be angry at any sin against himself, but whoever sins against one of his servants is consumed in the fire of his wrath. Popular tradition and the

Vedas abound in such legends; Durrâsast¹ knows well this great trait in his character. And is there any one so faithful to Râma and Bharat, who is ever repeating Râma's name and Râma his?

Dohâ 210.

Think not, lord of the immortals, to injure any servant of Raghubar's, unless you would suffer the pain of disgrace in this world, sorrow in the next, and a daily increasing burden of regret.

Chaupâi.

Hearken to my advice, king of the gods: Râma has the greatest love for his servants; he is pleased at any service done to a servant, while enmity to a servant is the height of enmity himself. Although he is ever the same, without either passion or anger, and contracts neither sin nor merit, virtue nor defect; and though he has made fate the sovereign of the universe, and every one has to taste the fruit of his own actions, still he plays at variations according as hearts are faithful or unfaithful. Though without attributes or form, illimitable and impossible, Râma has yielded to the love of his followers and taken a material form. He has always regarded the wishes of his servants, as the Vedas and Purânas and gods and sages bear witness. Knowing this, refrain from naughtiness and show fitting devotion.

Dohâ 211.

Any worshipper of Râma is zealous for the good of others, sorrowful, with the sorrowful, and is full of compassion; then fear not Bharat, O king, who is the crown of worshippers.

Chaupâi.

The lord is an ocean of truth and a well-wisher of the gods, and Bharat obeys his orders. You are troubled by your own selfishness; there is no fault in Bharat: it is a

¹ King Ambarisha was a devout worshipper of Vishnu (with whom Râma is here identified) and thereby excited the jealousy of the irascible sage Durrâsast, the most intolerant of all the adherents of Siva. On some trivial pretext he cursed the king who at once fell senseless to the ground, but Vishnu was ready at hand to succour his faithful follower and sent his fiery discus upon Durrâsast, which chased him all over the world and up into heaven, where the gods said nothing could be done for him till he went back and humbly begged pardon of Ambarisha.

desolation on your part." When the great god heard the words of the heavenly preceptor he got understanding and his anxiety passed away. In his joy he rained down flowers and began to extol Bharat's good qualities. In this manner Bharat went on his way, while saints and sages looked and praised. Whenever he sighed Rāma's name, it seemed like the hushing breeze of love. Thunderbolts and stones melted at his words; as for the people, their emotion is beyond description. Encamping half-way, he came to the Jamuoa, and as he gazed on its water his eyes filled with tears.

Dohā 212.

As he and his retinue gazed on the lovely stream, the colour of Rāma's body, he was plunged into a sea of desolation, till he climbed the boat of discretion.

Chaupdi.

That day he halted on the bank of the Jamuoa, giving every one time for what they had to do. In the night boats came from all the ghāts in greater number than could be counted. At daybreak all crossed in a single trip. The good service of Rāma's companion pleased him greatly. After bathing and bowing to the river, he again set forth with the Nishād king and Satrugha. First of all in his glorious car went the great saint, followed by all the royal host; after them the two brothers on foot; their dress, apparel and ornaments all of the very simplest. With them their servants and friend and the minister's son, invoking Lakshman, Sita and Rāma. Any spot wherever Rāma had encamped or rested they lovingly visited.

Dohā 213.

At the maws, the dwellers by the roadside left their household work and ran after them; seeing his form, they were overcome with love and joy and had their life's reward.

Chaupdi.

Lovingly one said to another: "Friend, are they Rāma and Lakshman, or not? In age, figure, complexion and beauty they are the same, dear girl, and resemble them in an equally affectionate disposition. But their dress is not the same, friend, nor is Sita with them, and before them

1 In the Sanskrit poem there is nothing that corresponds to this colloquy between Indra and Vrihaspati. It is introduced by Tulsi Dās as a peg on which to hang a theological exposition.

marches a vast host of horse and foot, elephants and chariots. Nor are they glad of countenance, but have some sorrow at heart ; from this difference, friend, a doubt arises." The women were persuaded by her arguments and cried : " There is no one so clever as you." After praising her and admiring the truth of her remarks, another woman spoke in winning tones, and lovingly related the whole history, how Rāma had lost the delights of empire ; and again set to praising Bharat for his affectionate disposition and happy nature.

Dohd 214

" He travels on foot, feeding only on wild fruits, and abandoning the crown given him by his father, is going to Rāma to persuade him to return ; is there any one at the present day like Bharat ?

Chaupai.

To tell and hear of Bharat's brotherly devotion and his course of action dispels all sin and sorrow. Anything that I can say, friend, is all too little ; he is Rāma's brother ; how could he be different from what he is ? All of us who have seen him and Satraguna have truly become blessed among women." Hearing his virtues and seeing his forlorn state they lamented ; " He is not a fit son for such a mother as Kaikeyi." One said : " It is no blame to the queen that God has been so kind to us. What are we, outcasts from the world and the Veda, women of low birth and mean livelihood, whose home is a wretched hovel in some poor village of this miserable country, that we should have such a vision, a sufficient reward for the highest religious merit ? " There was the same delight and wonder in every town, as though the tree of paradise had sprung up in the desert.

Dohd 215.

At the sight of Bharat, the good fortune of the people by the wayside manifested itself in like manner, as though by the will of providence Prayāg had been made accessible to the people of Lankā.

Chaupai.

Hearing these praises of his own and Rāma's many virtues, he went on his way, ever mindful of Raghunāth. Whenever he spied any holy place, or hermitage, or temple,

he bathed and reverently saluted it, praying in his heart of hearts for this unalloyed, perseverant devotion to the feet of Sita and Rāma. If there met him a Kirat, or Kol, or other dweller in the woods, anchorite or stud-ot, hermit or ascetic, whoever he might be, he saluted him and asked in what part of the forest were Lakshman, Rāma and the Vidohan princess. They told him all the news of the lord, and at the sight of Bharat reaped their life's reward. If any person said 'We have seen them well,' they were counted as dear as Rāma and Lakshman themselves. In this manner asking constantly of every one, he heard the whole story of Rāma's forest life.

Dohd 215.

Halting that day, Bharat started again at dawn, forgoing Raghunāth : all who were with him being equally desirous with himself for a sight of Rāma.

Chaurdi.

Every one had auspicious omens ; lucky throbbings in the eyes and arm ; Bharat and the host rejoiced, " Rāma will be found and our sore distress will be at an end." Each indulged his own fancy, and as they marched all seemed intoxicated with the wine of love, their limbs relaxed, their feet unsteady on the ground, and the accents of their voice inarticulate from excess of emotion. Then was the time that Rāma's guide pointed out the monarch of mountains in all its beauty, near which on the river's bank the two heroes and Sita were dwelling. All at the sight fell to the ground with cries of ' Glory to Rāma, the life of Jānaki ! ' The royal host was as overwhelmed with emotion as though Rāma had come back to Avadh.

Dohd 217.

Bharat's love at that time was such that not Seshnag could describe it: it is as far beyond the poet as the bliss of heaven is beyond a man attained by selfishness and sensuality.

Chaurdi.

Being all unmanned by their love for Raghubar, they had gone but two kos by the close of day, then scanning land and water they halted. When the night was past, the beloved of Raghunath sallied forth again. On the other hand Rāma while it was yet dark, awoke, and Sita told him what she had seen in a dream : " Methought Bharat had come

with an army, being tortured in body by the fever of separation from his lord; all were sad, wretched and downcast, and the queens consort were greatly altered.' On hearing Sita's dream, the healer of sorrows grew sorrowful and his eyes filled with tears: "This dream, Lakshman, bodes no good; we shall hear of something that we by no means wished." So saying, he and his brother bathed, worshipped Purāri and propitiated the saints.

Chhand 9.

After propitiating the gods and reverencing the saints, the lord went and sat down with his gaze to the north. The dust in the air and the many birds and deer taking to flight disquieted him and he returned to the hermitage. He stood up and looked, anxious in mind as to the cause. Then came Hiréts and Kols and told him all the news.

Sorathā 7.

When he heard the glad tidings his heart was full of joy and his body quivered all over: white his eyes, like the autumnal lotus, were filled with the moisture of affection.

Chaupāi.

Again Sita's lord became anxious: 'What can be the cause of Bharat's coming?' Then came one and said: 'There is with him no small army in full equipment.' Hearing this, Rāma was greatly disturbed; on the one hand was his father's injunction, on the other his regard for his brother. Thinking to himself over Bharat's disposition, the lord's mind found no sure standing-point; but at last he calmed himself with the reflection: 'Bharat is said to be good and sensible.' Lakshman saw that his lord was troubled at heart, and spoke out as he thought the occasion demanded: "I speak, sire, before I am asked; but sometimes impertinence in a servant is not impertinent. You, master, are the crown of the wise; I a mere retainer, but I say what I think.

Dohā 218.

You, my lord, are kind and easy, a storehouse of amiability; you love and trust every one, and think them all like yourself.

Chaupāi.

A worldly man, who has got power, becomes mad and infatuated and so betrays himself. Bharat was well-taught,

good and clever, and, as every one knew, was devoted to his lord's feet : but now that he has become king, he breaks down in his course all the bounds of duty. A wicked and ill-disposed brother having spied out his time, and knowing that Rama is alone in the forest, he has taken evil counsel and equipt an army, and has come to make his sovereignty secure. After plotting all sorts of wicked schemes, the two brothers have assembled their army and come. If he had no treacherous mispractice at heart, why should he assemble chariots and horses and elephants ? But why reprove Bharat : all the world goes mad on getting dominion.

13.64 ± 19

The Moon-god debauched his guru's wife; Nahush mounted a palanquin borne by Brahmins; and who fell as low as Veni, the enemy of established usage and the Veda?

Clouds.

Sakura-habu, Indra, Triamku; all were brought to disgrace by the intoxication of kingly power! Bharat has planned this clever scheme, so as not to leave himself a

[illegible]

১৯৭১ সালে এই গণনাতেই প্রকাশিত হয় যে দেশের মোট জনসংখ্যার ১০ শতাংশের বেশি মানুষ ১৫ বছরের নিচে বয়সের। এটিই ছিল বাংলাদেশের জনগণের বয়সের গড়। ১৯৭৬ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে। ১৯৮১ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে। ১৯৮৬ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে। ১৯৯১ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে। ১৯৯৬ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে। ২০০১ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে। ২০০৬ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে। ২০১১ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে। ২০১৬ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে। ২০২১ সালের গণনাতেও এই প্রবণতা বজায় থাকে।

[illegible]

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the author to the editor, dated 1954. The letter discusses the author's work on the history of the city of Moscow, particularly focusing on the period of the 17th century. The author mentions that he has been working on this project for several years and that he has gathered a large amount of material. He expresses his hope that the editor will find the work interesting and useful.

single enemy in the field ; but in one point he has made a mistake, in depicting Rāma as if he had no friends ; he will discover this to-day with a vengeance, when he sees Rāma's indignant face in the battle." So saying he forgot all prudence, and his whole body, so to speak, bristled with pugnacity. Falling at his lord's feet and putting the dust of them upon his head, he cried in tones of natural and honest vehemence : " My lord, think it not wrong of me ; Bharat has tried me not a little ; how long shall I endure to remain quiet, my lord bring with me and my bow in my hand ?

Dohā 220.

Am I not of warrior descent, a scion of the house of Raghu, and known throughout the world as Rāma's brother ? What is so low as the dust ? Yet if stirred by a kick it rises and falls upon your head."

Chanda.

As he stood with clasped hands and sought permission, he seemed like Heroism itself aroused from slumber, binding up his hair in a knot, girding on his quiver by his side,

followed after Kārtavyrja and cut off his thousand arms and slew him. The king's sons, to avenge their father's death, attacked Janakadagra in this hermitage ; and in consequence of this, Parashurām made his famous vow to exterminate the whole Kshatriya race.

INDRA, the king of heaven, became enamoured of Ahalya, the wife of the sage Gautama, and visited her disguised as her husband. The sage saw him as he left her room and cursed him with perpetual loss of virility. Ahalya was changed into a stone till Rāma should come and deliver her, see Book I, pp. 51, 143.

TRISHANKU was a king of Ayodhya, who in his pride aspired to celebrate a great sacrifice and by his merit ascend to heaven in person. He first requested Vashistha to conduct the ceremony, but the saint saw through his motives and refused him. He then applied to Vashistha's sons, but they, thinking that he only wanted to bring about a quarrel between them and their father, cursed him so that he became a Chandal. While in this low estate he killed Vashistha's cow, and for these three sins, pride, mischief-making, and cow-killing, three great horns grew out of his forehead. He then put himself under the protection of Vālmīki, who engaged to perform the sacrifice and invited all the gods to it. They, however, declined to come, whereupon Vālmīki created new gods, completed the sacrifice, and translated Trishanku to the skies. But so soon had he arrived there than the gods buried him down again - and falling headling he was suspended midway, where he is still to be seen as the constellation in the southern hemisphere called Tiranka. The kalpa that dropped from his mouth forms the river Kamakā, which flows between Gargras and Githar and which it is considered a pollution to touch.

1 The general meaning of the passage would seem to be, Bharat had given such provocation that the meanest creature in the world would resent it ; much more should I, who am a warrior by birth.

trimming his bow, and taking arrows in hand. "To-day I shall distinguish myself as Râma's servant and will give Bharat a lesson in fighting. Reaping the fruit of their contempt for Râma, both brothers shall sleep on the couch of battle. It is well that the whole host has come; to-day I shall manifest my wrath and have done with it. I will lion tears in pieces a herd of elephants, or as a hawk clutches and carries off a quail, so will I lightly overtop upon the field Bharat and his brother and all their army. If Siva himself should come to their aid, in Râma's name I would worst him in battle."

Dohâ 221.

Lakshman spoke so furiously that the regents of spheres, beholding and hearing his solemn oath, looked in terror and longed to flee away.

Chauṛī

The world was entranced: a voice was heard in the air declaring the mighty power of Lakshman's arm: "Son, no man can tell, or who can understand your might and majesty? In any business, whether right or wrong, should be done deliberately; so every one agrees. They who act rashly and without reflection afterwards repent, the Vedas say are anything but wise." On hearing this voice from heaven Lakshman was abashed, as both Râma and Sita addressed him courteously: "What you have said, brother, is sound wisdom: the intoxication with power is the worst of all the merest taste of it maddens a king who has not been trained in the school of philosophy. But hark, Lakshman: in the whole of God's creation we have never seen nor heard of any one so good as Bharat."

Dohâ 222.

He would never be intoxicated with power, even though he sat upon the throne of Brahmâ, Vishnu and Siva. What I can a few drops of *kâñji* curdle the milky ocean?

Chauṛī.

The sun may grow dim at midday; yea, sooner may the pure ether be absorbed in cloud; sooner may Agastya be drowned in the puddle of a cow's footprint, or earth forget to be long-suffering; sooner may the buzz of a mosquito puff away Mount Meru, than kingly pride, my brother, touch Bharat. O Lakshman, I swear by you and by our father

there is none so true a brother as Bharat. The Creator has fashioned the world by mixing the milk of goodness with the water of evil ; Bharat is the swan in the lake of the Solar race, who from the day of his birth has known to distinguish between the good and the evil ; choosing the milk of goodness and discarding the water of evil, he has illumined the whole world with his glory." As Raghurâi thus recited Bharat's virtues and amiable disposition, he became drowned in a sea of love.

Dohâ 223.

The gods, hearing his speech and seeing his affection for Bharat, all applauded Râma, saying : " Who as compassionate as the Lord ?

Chaupâi.

If Bharat had not been born into the world, who was there on earth to be the champion of all right ? Bharat's good qualities are more than all the poets could describe ; who save you, Raghonâth, could comprehend them ? " When Lakshman, Râma and Sita heard these words of the gods they were more glad than can be told. Now Bharat and all his host bathed in the sacred Mandâkinî. Then leaving the people on the bank and having asked permission from his mother, his *guru* and the Minister, he set out to visit Sita and Raghurâi with the Nishâd king and his brother. As he thought upon his mother's deeds he was ashamed, and formed a thousand ill conjectures in his mind : " What if Râma, Lakshman and Sita, on hearing my name, should leave the place and go elsewhere ?

Dohâ 224.

Taking me to be my mother's accomplice, nothing that he might do would be too much. If, again, he overlooks my sin and folly, and receives me kindly as his well-wisher ;

Chaupâi.

Whether he spurns me as a black-hearted wretch, or welcomes me as his servant, my only refuge is at Râma's feet ; he is the best of masters, the fault is all his servants. The *châtak* and the fish are celebrated throughout the world for the thoroughness and constancy of their vows of love." With these thoughts in his mind he went on his way, his whole body rendered powerless by excessive love and trepidation ; his mother's sin, as it were, turning him back, while his

strong faith, like some sturdy bull, dragged him forward. Whenever he thought of Rāma's good nature, his feet moved swiftly along the way ; his course was like that of a wren carried about by the stream. Seeing Bharat's ardour and affection, the Nishād was transported out of himself.

Dohd 225.

Auspicious omens began to occur, and the Nishād, bearing them and making a calculation said : " Sorrow pass away, joy will succeed ; but in the end there will be distress again."

Chaupdi.

Knowing his servant's words to be all true, he went on and drew near to the hermitage. When Bharat saw the woods and rocks, he was as glad as a hungry wretch getting a good meal. Like people afflicted by every calamity¹, worn out with troubles², ill fortune and pestilence who rejoice on escaping to a prosperous and well-governed country, so were Bharat's feelings. The forest where Rāma dwelt was as bright and happy as people are happy to have got a good king ; with Asceticism for King, Wisdom Minister of State ; with the beautiful and sacred groves his realm ; with Continence and Faithfulness for champion and the rocks for his capital ; with Peace and Good will his virtuous and lovely queens ; a king perfect at all points a suppliant at Rāma's feet, and therefore easy in mind.

Dohd 226.

Royal Wisdom, having conquered King Delusion with his host, held undisputed sway in his capital : all was joy, happiness, and prosperity.

Chaupdi.

The frequent hermits' cells about the woods were his cities, towns, villages and hamlets ; the many birds and beasts of all descriptions were his innumerable subjects. The hares, elephants, lions, tigers, bears, buffaloes and wolves, a wonder to behold, forgetting their antipathies grazed together, like a duly marshalled army complete in all its parts. The roar of the mountain torrents and the

1 Public calamities, or visitations of God, *lit.*, are reckoned as seven in number, viz. droughts, floods, locusts, rats, purgals, tyranny, and invasion.

2 Trouble (*trīp*) is of three kinds, specified in Book VII, *Dohd 21* : *daśika*, *daśika*, and *śāntika*, physical and spiritual.

cries of mad elephants were like the din of kettle drums ; the *chakrads*, *chakors*, *chitraks*, parrots and cuckoos made a delightful concert ; swans were in their glory ; the bees buzzed and the peacocks danced like the festive *encourage* of some Rāja, while the creepers, trees and grasses, with the flowers and fruits, formed his brilliant court.

Dohd 227.

Beholding the beauty of Rāma's hill, Bharat's heart was overpowered with love, like as an ascetic is overjoyed when he completes his vow and reaps the fruit of his penance.

Chauyds.

Then the pilot mounted a height and reaching out his hand cried to Bharat : " See, my lord, those huge trees *pdhar*, *jdnan*, mango and *tamdā*,¹ in the midst of which is conspicuous a *bar* tree, so beautiful and grand that the soul is charmed at the sight, with dense dark shoots and red fruit, affording a pleasant shade in all seasons of the year, a mass of black and purple, as if God had brought together all that was lovely to make it. Under this tree, near the river, sir, where Rāma has roofed in his sylvan hut, are many graceful shrubs of *Tulsi*, planted, some by Sita's lord and some by Lakshman, and in the shade of the *bar* tree Sita with her own lotus hands has reared a charming altar.

Dohd 228

There the well-instructed Sita and Rāma are ever wont to sit in the midst of the hermits, listening while sacred legends are read and all the *Vedas*, *Shāstras* and *Parānas*."

Chauyds.

As he listened to his friend's speech and gazed upon the tree, Bharat's eyes overflowed with tears. The two brothers advanced reverently ; Sārādā would fain to do justice to their love. When they saw the prints of Rāma's feet they rejoiced like some beggar on finding the philosopher's stone, and applied the dust to their head, heart and eyes, with as much delight as if they had found Rāma himself. Seeing Bharat's utterly indescribable condition, birds, beasts and all created things, whether animate, or inanimate, were absorbed in devotion. The guide in his excitement lost the way, but the

¹ The *pdhar* is the *Ficus venosa*, the *jdnan*, the *Fageria jambolana*, the *tamdā*, the *Xanthochymus pictatus* the *bar*, or *banyan*, the *Ficus Bengalensis*.

gods showed it to him and rained down flowers. Saints and sages gazed in rapture and burst out into praises of his sincere affection: 'Who in all the world is like Bharat, who makes fools wise and the wise fools?'

Dohd 229.

Ragho-bir, the ocean of compassion, after churning the depths of Bharat's soul with the Mount Meru of bereavement, brought out from it the nectar of love.

Chaupdi.

The two fair brothers and their guide were not visible to Lakshman, by reason of the dense shade of the forest; but Bharat could see his lord's sacred hermitage, the charming home of everything delightful. As he entered it his burning grief was assuaged, as when an ascetic is rewarded with salvation. He saw before him Lakshman affectionately conversing with his lord, his hair fastened in a knot, a hermit's robe girt about his loins, his quiver slung, arrows in his hand, and his bow on his shoulder. By the altar an assembly of saints and sages, among whom Sita and Rama were conspicuous in hermit's attire, with matted hair and body darkened by exposure; like Rati and Kamadeva in saint's disguise. He, who with one smiling glance can dispel every anguish of soul, had bow and arrows ready in his lotus hands.¹

Dohd 230.

In the midst of the circle of saints, Sita and Rama shone forth as fair as Faith and the Supreme Spirit incarnate in the council chamber of wisdom.

Chaupdi.

He, his brother and their guide were so absorbed that joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain were all forgotten. Crying 'Mercy, mercy, O lord and master!' he fell flat on the ground, like a log. Lakshman recognized his loving cry and made obeisance, knowing that it must be Bharat. On the one hand he was moved by brotherly affection, but on the other was the stronger claim of obedience to his lord. Unable to embrace him and yet loth to refrain; what poet

¹ The idea would seem to be that Rama, though the benefactor of the whole world, was obliged in the forest to go armed, to protect himself against attack.

could describe Lakshman's state of mind? Though obedience was the weightier, and therefore he stayed, he was like a child pulling against a kite high in the air. Bowing his head to the ground, he said affectionately: "It is Bharat, O Raghunāth, who greets you" On hearing this, Rāma started up in loving agitation, his robe flying in one direction and his quiver and bow and arrows in another.

Dohā 231.

Whether he would or no, the All-compassionate took and raised him up and clasped him to his bosom. Those who witnessed the meeting of Bharat and Rāma lost all self-consciousness.

Chaupāī.

How can such an affectionate meeting be described? Their thoughts, words and actions were beyond any poet. Both brothers were filled with the utmost love; self, reason, knowledge and understanding were all forgotten. Tell me who can portray such perfect love? by what shadow can the poet's mind attain to it? If the poet has a model, he can work out his meaning by the force of words, and players dance when they have an accompaniment; but the love of Rāma and Bharat is unapproachable, beyond the conception even of Brāhma, Vishnu and Siva; how then can I describe it? If an instrument is only strung with grass¹, can it make sweet music? When the gods saw the meeting of Bharat and Raghunāth they were alarmed and trembled all over; but when Vrishpati had spoken to them, they awoke from their folly and rained down flowers and applauded.

Dohā 232.

After affectionately embracing Satrugna, Rāma greeted the pilot; and then Lakshman too as a brother courteously greeted Bharat.

Chaupāī.

When he had fondly embraced his younger brother, Lakshman next took the Nishād to his bosom. Then the two brothers, Bharat and Satrugna, after reverencing all the sages and joyfully receiving from them the desired blessing in a rapture of love, placed on their head the dust of Sita's lotus feet. As they again and again prostrated themselves

¹ I know no other instance of the use of the word *gāḍa* in the sense of "grass," which is the meaning that the best Hindu commentators give it here. It ordinarily means 'a sheep.'

she raised them up, and with a touch of her lotus hands motioned them to be seated; in her heart invoking a blessing upon them, and so absorbed in affection as to lose all self-consciousness. When he saw Sita so thoroughly propitious, he became free from anxiety and all fear passed away. No one made any remark nor asked any question: the soul was so full of love that it ceased to act. Then the pilot took courage and bowing with clasped hands made humble petition:

Dohd 233.

"Distressed by your absence, my lord, there have been with the great sage your mothers and all the people of city, your servants, captains and ministers."

Chauddi.

When the Ocean of amiability heard the guru had come, he left Satruguna with Sita and went off in haste the very minute; he Râma, the steadfast, the righteous, the merciful. On seeing the guru, he and his brother were delighted and fell on their faces to the ground. The old man ran and raised them up and embraced them, and greeted both brothers with the utmost affection. The pilot quivering with emotion, gave his name and prostrate himself afar off; but the Rishi must needs greet him as friend of Râma's, as though love had been split upon the ground and he stopped to pick it up. Faith in Râma is the root of all goods; in heaven the goods appearing rain down flowers: "There is no one so utterly vile as he, nor any one in the world equal to the great Vasishtha."

Dohd 234.

Yet the king of saints on seeing him was overjoyed and embraced him before Lakshman; so glorious in their manifestation are the effects of faith in Râma's lord."

Chauddi.

Finding all the people sad, Râma, the all-marvellous and all-wise God, gave every one his wish in the way he most desired. In an instant he and his brother embraced them all and at once removed the sore anguish of their pain. This was no such great thing for Râma to do; similarly the sun is reflected at once in a thousand water jars. All the citizens with rapturous affection embraced the guru and praised his good fortune. Hearing his mothers as well as begone as the sprays of some delicate creeper emitted by

the frost. Rāma first of all saluted Keikēyi, softening her will by his gentleness and piety. Falling at her feet he soothed her with many words, attributing all the blame to Fate, Destiny and Providence.

Dohd 235.

Raghobar embraced all his mothers and consoled them, saying: 'Mother, the world is subject to God: there is no one to blame.'

Chaupdi

The two brothers kissed the feet of their *guru's* wife; as also of the Brāhman ladies who had accompanied her, paying the same honour to them as to Ganga and Ganri; and they with gentle voice gladly gave them their blessing. When he embraced Somitrā, after clasping her feet, he was like a beggar who has picked up a fortune. Then both brothers fell at the feet of queen Kanvāya and their whole body was convulsed with love: the mother took them tenderly in her bosom and bathed them with tears of affection. How can any poet describe the mingled joy and grief of such a time, any more than a dumb man can express the sweetness that he tastes? After embracing their mother, Rāma and his brother requested the *guru* to accompany them, and at his command the citizens crossed over, admiring the scenery as they went.

Dohd 236.

Taking with them the Brāhman, the Minister, the queens, the *guru*, and some others chosen out of the people, Bharat, Lakshman and Raghunath proceeded to the holy hermitage.

Chaupdi.

Sita came and embraced the saint's feet and received the precious blessing that her soul desired. The affectionate manner in which she greeted the *guru's* wife and the Brāhman ladies is beyond description. Again and again she kissed all their feet and received their benediction rejoicing her heart. When the queen-mothers looked at Sita, they closed their eyes and shuddered to see her so delicate, like some cygnet fallen into the clutch of a fowler; what a cruel thing God has done! As they gazed at her, they became distressed beyond measure, that she should have to bear all that Fate had put upon her. Then Janak's daughter summoning up courage, while her dark lotus eyes were

effused with tears, went and embraced all her mothers-in-law ; and that moment Earth shook with pitiousness.

Dohd 217.

Again and again kissing all their feet, Sita most tenderly embraced them ; and from their heart came the loving benediction : ' May you long live a happy wife ! '

Chau-di

Sita and the queens being thus agitated by emotion, the learned guru bade them all be seated. First he expounded to them the instability of the world and spoke a little of the joys of heaven, and then announced the king's death. At the news Raghunath was grievously distressed ; thinking he had died out of love for him, the firmest of the firm was sore shaken. On hearing the sad tidings, which fell upon them like a thunder-bolt, Lakshman, Sita and all the queen broke out into lamentations, and the whole assembly was as much agitated as if the king had died only that very day. Then the great sage exhorted Râma and directed him and all the people to bathe in the sacred stream. All that day the lord fasted even from water ; and though the saint allowed them, no one else would drink either.

Dohd 238.

At daybreak, according to the order given him by the saint, the lord Raghunandan reverently and devoutly performed his father's funeral obsequies.

Chau-di.

Having celebrated every rite as prescribed in the Veda, he became pure, even he, the Soo to annihilate the night of sin, whose name, is a fire that consumes the cotton of wickedness, and which if merely invoked is the source of all prosperity. He became pure, in like manner as, theologians say, a bathèr in the Ganges who invokes other *tirâths* is purified. After his purification, when two days had passed, Râma said affectionately to the guru : " My lord, all the people are much inconvenienced by having nothing to take but water and the wild produce of the woods. When I look at Bharat and his brothers, the Minister and all the

1 In the Ganges are concentrated the virtues of all holy places ; any one who bathes in it is purified, and it is therefore a work of supererogation for him to invoke any other power. He cannot make himself cleaner than he had become already ; nor could Râma, the all-pure, become purer by any act of ceremonial purification.

queens, a minute seems to me like an age. Return, I pray, with all of them to the city : for you are here, the king is in heaven, and there is no one left at Ayodhya. I have said too much and have presumed greatly : but do, sir, as you think best."

Dohá 239.

"O Râma, bulwark of righteousness, home of compassion, it is but natural for you to speak thus : the people are wearied, let them rest for two days and enjoy your presence."

Chaupdi.

On hearing Râma's words, the assembly was in dismay, like a ship tossed on the ocean ; but when they heard the saint's auspicious speech, it was as if the wind had turned in their favour. At the three set times they bathed in the sacred stream, the mere sight of which destroys any multitude of sins ; and ever feasting their eyes on the incarnation of blessedness, and again and again prostrating themselves before him, they looked and rejoiced. Then they went to see Râma's hill and wood where all was good and nought evil : the torrents flowing with streams of nectar ; the air so soft, cool and fragrant that it soothed every pain of mind or body ; the trees, creepers and grasses of infinite variety ; the many kind of fruits, flowers and sprays ; the magnificent rocks and the pleasant shade under the trees, all made the forest beautiful beyond description.

Dohá 240.

The ponds were gay with lotuses, the haunt of cooing waterfowl and buzzing bees, while forgetful of mutual antipathies, beasts roamed in the forest and birds of varied plumage.

Chaupdi.

The Kols, Kirats and Bhils, the inhabitants of the woods, brought delicious honey sweet as nectar, and piled up earthen bowls with herbs, roots, fruits and flowers daintily arranged. With humble salutations they offered them to all, telling the taste, character, quality and name of each. The people offered a liberal price, but they would not accept it, and begged them for Râma's sake to take it back, saying in gentle tones in the depth of their affection : The good accept what they know to be of love. You are holy, and we low Nishâds ; by Râma's favour we have been

admitted into your presence, an honour as difficult of attainment for us as for the desert of Maru to be watered by the Ganges. Rāma is merciful and the Nishads' patron; as is the king, so should be his family and subjects.

Dohd 241.

Consider this in your mind, and without more demur recognize our affection and make friends with us; accept these fruits and herbs and flowers and so render us happy.

Chaupdi.

You have come to the forest as our welcome guest though we are all unworthy to do you service. And what it, sirs, that we offer you? Fuel and fodder are a Kīrāt tokens of friendship, and our greatest service is not to steal and run off with your clothes and dishes. We are a rude people, often taking life, of vile nature and vile pursuit low-minded and low-born, who day and night commit sin without either clothes for the body or food to satisfy the belly; how could we possibly have ever dreamt of the knowledge of virtue, but for the effectual apparition of Rāma. Since we beheld our lord's lotus feet, our sore distress and sin have both been removed." On hearing this speech the citizens were much affected and broke out into praise of their good fortune.

Chhand 10.

All began to praise their good fortune and addressed them in loving terms, being delighted to find in their speech and attitude such devotion to the feet of Sita and Rāma. Every one, man or woman, thought little of his own devotion, on hearing the language of the Kols and Bhils; through the mercy of the jewel of Raghu's line (says Tulsi) a boat floats, even though laden with iron.

Sorathd 9.

Day after day all the people felt as great delight, as they roamed through every part of the forest, as the frogs and peacocks when invigorated by a shower at the beginning of the rains.

Chaupdi.

The citizens of Ayodhyā were so absorbed in excess of love that a day was gone in a minute. Sita, assuming as many forms as she had mothers-in-law, waited reverently

upon them all with equal attention. No one but Rāma noticed the miracle ; for Sita is the very power of delusion, and the Delusion's lord. Sita won over all the queens by her services, and they being pleased gave her both instruction and benediction. Looking at Sita and the two noble brothers, the wicked queen repented bitterly : and Kaikeyi now prays in her heart : " Is there no escape for me ? Does God refuse me even death ? as it is declared in the Vedas and by popular tradition, and as the poets also have sung, that if Rāma be against you, not even in hell can you find a restingplace." Now this was the question in every one's mind : " Good God, will Rāma return to Avadh or not ? "

Dohā 242

Bharat was so anxious and sorely perplexed that he could neither sleep by night nor eat by day, like as a fish sunk in the last of the mud is in trouble about water.¹

Chaupai.

" It was Fate in my mother's form that did me this injury, as when a ricefield ripening for the harvest is smitten by hail. In what manner can Rāma's coronation be secured ? There is nothing now left for me to do. He would certainly return in obedience to an order of the guru ; but then the saint will only order what knows Rāma to wish. At his mother's bidding, too, he would return, but Kaumiyā would never insist upon anything. Of what account am I, who am only his vassal, and am fallen upon evil times, and have God against me. If I resist him, it would be a grievous sin ; for the duty of a servant to his master outweighs Kailās." Without being able to settle a single plan in his mind, Bharat spent the whole night in thought. At daybreak he bathed, bowed his head to his lord, and was sitting down when he was sent for by the Rishi.

Dohā 243.

After saluting the guru's lotus feet and receiving his permission, he took his seat : while all the Brāhmanas, nobles and ministers of state came and assembled in council.

¹ The fish thinks to himself, ' There is now only a little mud left, in which I can just manage to live, if that too dries up, what on earth am I to do for water ? ' In like manner Bharat was thinking : ' The two days are now nearly over ; when they are gone and I am left without Rāma, how shall I be able to survive ? '

Chauṛḍi.

The great sage addressed them in words appropriate to the occasion : " Hearken, ye counsellor, and ye, wise Bharat. The champion of righteousness, the sun of the Solar race, king Rāma, the autocratic, the lord God, the ocean of truth, the protector, the bulwark of scripture, has taken birth for the benefit of the whole world. Obedient to the word of his guru and his father and mother ; destroying the armies of the wicked and befriending the gods ; i- policy and devotion, in all things that pertain to this life : the next, there is no one equal to Rāma in the knowled- of what is right. Brahmā, Vishno and Siva ; the sun, th moon, the guardians of the spheres, Delusion, life, Fate, an this Iron age ; the sovereigns of hell, the sovereigns of earth and all the powers that be : magic and sorcery and every spell in the Vedas and the Tantras—ponder it in your heart and consider well—all are obedient to Rāma's commands.

Dohā 244.

If we observe Rāma's pleasures and commands, it will be well for us all ; now, wise sirs, think it over, and all resolve to do whatever may be decided.

Chauṛḍi

Rāma's coronation will be agreeable to all, as a rare source of happiness and the one way to felicity. How is he to be brought back to Ayodha ? Think before you speak, and upon that plan we will act." All listened respectfully to Vasishtha's speech, full as it was of justice, religion and worldly wisdom ; but no answer was forthcoming ; every one was dumbfounded, till with bowed head and clasped hands Bharat spoke : " In the Solar race there have been many kings, each one greater than the other ; all owed their birth to their parents, but their good or ill fortune was the gift of God. And, as all the world knows, it was through your blessing that they triumphed over sorrow and attained complete prosperity : whatever the course of fate that you, sir, marked out for them, none could alter it ; it was fixed immovably

Dohā 245.

And yet now you ask advice of me—such is my grief
" When the guru heard this affectionate speech, love
—g up in his heart

Chaupdi.

"My son, this is a true saying, it is all Rāma's meroy; without Rāma no one can ever dream of happiness. There is one way, my son, though I am ashamed to propose it; but a wise man will sacrifice the half when he sees the whole going; do you two brothers go into exile, then Lakshman, Sita and Rāma will come back." On hearing this favorable speech, the two brothers rejoiced and their whole body thrilled with excitement; they were as pleased at heart and as radiant all over as if king Dasarath had been restored to life and Rāma were already enthroned. The people gained much and sacrificed little; but the queens all wept, for their pain was equal to their joy.¹ Said Bharat: "What the saint has proposed is already as good as none; he has granted me the one thing above all others that I most desired. I will stay all my life in the forest; there is nothing I should like better

Dohd 246.

Rāma and Sita know my heart and you are full of knowledge and wisdom; if, my lord, you mean what you say, make your word good."

Chaupdi.

Hearing Bharat's words and seeing his love, the saint and the whole assembly were transported out of themselves. Bharat's vast generosity was like a sheet of water and the saint's proposal like a woman standing on its brink, anxious to cross and trying different ways, but unable to find either ship, boat, or raft. Who can describe Bharat's magnanimity? Can the ocean be contained in a river-shell? The saint was inwardly at heart charmed with Bharat, and accompanied by the assembly went to Rāma. The lord saluted him and led him to a seat of honour and on receiving the saint's permission all sat down. Then spoke Vasishtha in well-considered words, according to the circumstances of the place and time: "Hearken, Rāma; you are omniscient and wise, a store-house of piety, prudence, virtue and intelligence;

Dohd 247.

You dwell in the hearts of all and know what they really wish or do not wish: now advise what will be best for your subjects, your mothers and Bharat

¹ For, though they recovered two of their sons, they lost the other two.

Chaupdi.

A man in pain talks wildly, and a gambler watches only his own play."¹ "On hearing the saint's speech, Raghurái replied: "My lord, the remedy is in your own hands. To attend to your wishes will be best for all. Only give the order, and cheerfully, I assure you, whatever your commands may be, I answer for myself in the first place, those instructions I will dutifully obey; and after me, each, as he has his orders, will hasten to do his service." Said the saint: Ráma, you say truly; but Bharat's affection has disturbed calculation; therefore I say again and again my judgment is overcome by Bharat's piety; in my opinion, Siva be my witness, whatever will please Bharat is the best thing to be done.

Dohá 248.

Listen respectfully to Bharat's prayer; reconsider the matter; and after weighing well the duties of a king and the texts of Scripture, take the advice given you both by philosophers and men of the world."

Chaupdi.

Seeing the *guru's* love for Bharat, Ráma's heart rejoiced exceedingly, for he knew Bharat to be a champion of righteousness, and in thought, word and deed his own faithful servant. In obedience to the *guru's* commands, he made this sweet, gentle and excellent reply: "I swear by you, my lord, and by my father's feet that in all the world there has been no brother like Bharat. All who love the lotus feet of their *guru* are highly blessed: so say both the world and the Veda. But who can tell Bharat's blessedness, to whom such love has been shown by you? When I look at him, my younger brother, my senses are abashed, as I thus praise him to his face. Whatever Bharat says, that will be good for us to do." Having so said Ráma remained silent.

Dohá 249.

Then the saint said to Bharat, "Put aside all diffidence, my son, and tell the Ocean of mercy, your own dear brother, what you really have at heart."

¹ Therefore we come for advice to you, being too much excited and having too great a personal interest in the matter to judge for ourselves calmly and impartially

Chauḍi.

Hearing the saint's address, and having already received Rāma's consent, he was satisfied of the good-will both of his *guru* and his master ; but seeing the weight of the whole business put upon his head, he could say nothing and remained lost in thought, as he stood in the assembly, quivering all over his body, and his lotus eyes filled with the moisture of affection : " The king of saints has already spoken for me : what more is there for me to say ? I know my lord's amiable disposition, that he never shows displeasure even to the guilty ; and for me he has a special tenderness and love ; even in play he never gave me an angry look. From a child I have never left him, and never at any time has he wounded my feelings. I have observed my lord's gracious ways ; when beating me in any game he would allow me to win.

Doha 250.

I am too much overcome by affection and modesty to say a word before him ; to this day my eyes, thirsting for his love, have not been satiated with the sight of him.

Chauḍi.

God could not endure my fondness, and cruelly interposed an obstacle by means of my mother. I saying this now I do myself no honour. Who is made good by his own good estimation ? To get into my mind that my mother is a wretch and I myself good and upright is a thousand times worse. Can rice be produced from stalks of *kodo*,¹ or the shells of a pond sweat pearls ? Not a shadow of blame or wrong-doing attaches to any one ; it is my ill-luck, like some fathomless ocean. Not perceiving that it is the fruit of my own sins, I revile my mother, to my own undoing. I search my heart, but am beaten all round. In one matter only am I really fortunate ; with Vasishtha for my *guru* and Sita and Rāma for my masters, things must come right in the end.

Doha 251.

In this honourable assemblage, in the presence of my lord and my *guru* and in this holy place, I speak my true sentiments ; the saint and Rāma know whether my affection is sincere or feigned, and my words true or false.

¹ The *kodo* (Sanskrit *kodama*) is the *Paspalum frumentaceum* or *acrobachnathum*, which bears a small grain of inferior quality, eaten only by the poor.

Chaupdi.

The whole world is witness to the king's death, the result of his uncompromising love, and to my mother's wickedness ; the queens are so woe-begone that I cannot bear to look at them ; the citizens are consumed by intolerable anguish ; and I am the cause of all their troubles ; and yet though I hear and feel all this, I can still endure the torment. When I heard that Raghonáth had taken with him Lakshman and Sita, and in pilgrim's weeds had set out for the woods, without shoes and walking on foot, he Saakara my witness, how I survived the misery. Again, when I saw the Nishád's devotion, my heart must have been harder than adamant not to break. And now I have come and with my own eyes have seen everything ; surely in this life my wretched soul has borne all that can be borne. The serpents and scorpions on the road at the sight of them forget their virulent venom and savage viciousness ;

Dohá 252.

But to her Râma, Lakshman and Sita appeared as enemies ; and how can God spare her son, or on whom would he rather inflict intolerable pain ?

Chaupdi.

On hearing these lamentable words of Bharat's fraught with distress and love, humility and discretion, the whole assembly was lost in sorrow and anxiety, as when the frost emits a bed of lotuses. The learned sage comforted Bharat by reference to various ancient legends, and Râma, the moon of the files of the Solar race, spoke thus in seemly wise ; " Brother, grieve not your heart in vain ; know that, the ways of life are in God's hands. To my mind, brother, all the men of highest renown for virtue in all time, past, present or future, and in the three spheres of creation, fall short of you. Whoever even imagines wickedness in you shall perish both in this life and in the next. It is only fools, who have never studied in the school of philosophy and religion, who ascribe blame to your mother.

Dohá 253.

Sin, Delusion and the burden of every ill are destroyed by the invocation of your name, glory is won in this world and eternal happiness in the world to come.

Chāmpāi.

Be Siva my witness; I state the fact truly: the world, Bharat, exists by your support. Do not, brother, entertain evil surmises to no purpose; love and hatred cannot be hid: birds and beasts come up close to a saint, but flee at the sight of a fowler, though he tries to stop them. If beasts and birds can distinguish between friends and enemies, how much more man, whose body is a vessel of virtue and intelligence. I know you thoroughly, brother; how can I do anything that would be discordant with your spirit? The king, to keep his word, abandoned me and, to keep his vow of love, discarded life; if I now break his word, I shall be heartily grieved; and yet my respect for you is greater; the guru moreover has given me his commands; in short, whatever you say, that I am ready to do

Dohā 254.

Set your mind at ease; cease this timidity and speak out; I will do it at once." When they heard Rāma, the ocean of truth, speak thus, the assembly rejoiced.

Chāmpāi.

But the king of heaven and all the gods were alarmed and began to think 'Things will all go wrong.' Though they took counsel together, nothing came of it; mentally¹ all had recourse to Rāma for protection. After again considering, they said to one another: "Rāma is moved by the faith of the faithful." Remembering the story of Ambarisha and Unrvasas, Indra and the gods were greatly dejected. 'Long time the gods endured distress, till at last Prahlād revealed Narsingha.'² They beat their heads and whispered in the ear: "Now our only chance lies with Bharat there is no other plan, sir, that I can see. Rāma accepts service done to one of his servants; do you all with loving heart do service to Bharat, and he will subdue Rāma to his own temper."

1 If they had gone to him in person their whole scheme would have been frustrated, for Rāvan would have heard of it and thus have become aware of Rāma's divinity.

2 The legends of Ambarisha and Prahlād show how ready Vishnu (i.e. Rāma) has always been to hear the prayers of his followers, and how fierce is his indignation against those who persecute them; it was therefore useless for the gods to think of opposing Bharat; their only plan was to win him over to their side.

Dohā 255.

When the *guru* of the gods heard this their plan, he said:
Well done, you are in great good fortune ; devotion to Bharat's feet is the source of every good in the world.

Chaupdi.

The service of the servant of Sita's lord is as good as thousand *Kamadhenu's*. Now that you are resolved to faith in Bharat, cease to have any anxiety ; God has provided a way. See, Indra, the extent of Bharat's power ; he subdued Ravana with the greatest ease. Make your mind easy, never fear, knowing that Bharat is Rama's shadow. The Lord, who knows the heart, was disturbed when he heard the plans and fears of *Vrihaspati* and the other gods. Bharat, knowing that the whole responsibility rested on him, was raising a thousand different arguments in mind. After much deliberation, he came to the conclusion that his happiness consisted in obeying Rama. "He breaking his own vow in order to satisfy me, and in this showing me no little love and affection.

Dohā 256.

Sita's lord has in every way done me great and unbounded favour." Then bowing low, and with his lotus hands clasped in supplication, Bharat thus spoke :

Chaupdi.

"All-merciful and omniscient lord, what now can I say myself or have others to say for me ? My *guru* is pleased and my master kind : the imaginary torments of my troubled soul are all over. I feared disgrace, but my fear was unreasonable ; it is no fault of the son's side, if a man mistakes the points of the compass¹. My ill-luck, my mother's wickedness, God's adverse action, and the malignity of fate set themselves firm and combined to overthrow me ; but the protector of suppliants has maintained his character. This is no strange procedure of his ; it is declared both by Scripture and tradition, and is no secret. The world is evil : the Lord only is good ; tell me by whose goodness is he good save by his own ? Your attributes, sire, are those of

1 Your mercy is as sure as the course of the sun ; but even with sun for his guide, a man may lose his way by mistaking the points of the compass. In like manner I was alarmed through my ignorance of the course that your mercy was taking.

the tree of paradise, which is never either for or against and one in particular.

Dohd 257.

All who draw near and acknowledge that its shade relieves every sorrow, high or low, rich or poor, ask and obtain the fruit that they desire.

Chaurdi.

Now that I have seen the affection of my guru and my master, my anxiety is gone : my mind is freed from doubt. Now, O Mine of compassion, do whatever will be for the good of your servant, without being a trouble to the soul of my lord. The servant who worries his master and seeks only his own advantage is a base-minded varlet. A servant's gain is to do his master's service, to get him every comfort, and not be greedy. If my lord returns to Ayodhya, every one will be a gainer ; but obedience to orders will be a thousand times greater gain ; it is the highest good in this world, and in the next it is the fruit of all well doing and the ornament of bestitude. Listen, sire, to this my one request, and then do as you think proper. I have brought with me all the requisites for the coronation ; if you approve, my lord, have them brought into use.

Dohd 258.

Send me and my brother into the woods, and give the people back their king ; or else let Lakshman and Satruguna return and let me accompany you :

Chaurdi.

Or all three brothers go into the woods, and only you and Sita return. O most merciful lord, do whatever is most pleasing to yourself. You have cast the whole burden upon me, sire, who am unversed both in politics and theology ; I make all my proposals on the ground of worldly interest, but when a man is in distress he cannot reason. A servant who hears his master's orders and answers him is one that shame himself would be ashamed to be hit : and yet though I do this and am a lathemless owner of faultiness, still my master in his kindness prizes me as good. Now, O merciful one, that plan best pleases me which will cause my lord's soul the least vexation. By my lord's feet I swear that I speak the truth ; there is only one scheme for securing the world's happiness.

Dohd 259.

If my lord cheerfully and without reserve will only give each one of us his orders, they will be reverently obeyed, and all this trouble and perplexity¹, will be at an end."

Chaup i.

On hearing Bharat's guileless speech the gods were glad of heart and extolled his generosity and rained down flowers; the people of Avadh were overwhelmed with uncertainty, and the hermits and all the dwellers in the woods were greatly rejoiced. Raghunāth maintained an anxious silence. Seeing his state, the whole assembly became disturbed. At that very moment arrived messengers from Janak.² Saint Vasishtha on hearing of it sent for them at once. They made obeisance and looked towards Rāma. At the sight of his attire they were exceedingly grieved. The great saint asked the embassy the news: 'Tell me is all well with the king of Videha?' At this question the noble heralds with a deprecating air bowed their heads to the ground and with clasped hands replied: "Your courteous enquiry, sire, makes all well ;

Dohd 260.

Otherwise, my lord, welfare died with the king of Kosala; the whole world is in hereavement, but especially Mithilā and Avadh.

Chaupdi.

When Janak and his court heard of king Dasarath's death, every one was mad with excess of grief. All who at that time saw Videha thought that name a truly appropriate one.³ As he listened to the tale of the queen's wickedness, the monarch became as helpless as a serpent without its headjewel. Bharat king, and Rāma in exile / Janak's soul was sore distressed. He enquired of all his wise men and ministers, 'Consider and tell me what ought now to be done.' Reflecting on the state of Avadh and the double

1 *Anarog*, which I translate 'perplexity,' is explained by the Hindu commentators as meaning the same as *glad* or *grief*. The word is not given in Dr. Fillion's or any other Hindustani-English Dictionary that I have seen. *That is for a dot*.

2 Janak's visit and the long discussions that follow it, which occupy almost all the remainder of this book, are the invention of Tulsī Dās, and find no counterpart in the Sanskrit poem.

3 *Videha*, meaning literally 'not of the holy,' and Janak being out of his mind, bewails himself, as we should say, for grief.

difficulty, if he went or if he stayed, no one gave any answer. After reasoning with himself, the king resolved to send four clever spies to Avadh, to discover whether Bharat meant well or ill, and return in haste without being seen.

Dohā 261.

The spies went to Avadh, ascertained Bharat's movements and saw what he was doing, that he had started for Chitra-kūt, and then went back to Tirhūt.

Chaupdi.

On their arrival, they announced in Janak's court to the best of their ability all Bharat's doings. The queen, the citizens, the ministers and the king were all agitated with grief and love at the report. Restraining his emotion and glorifying Bharat, he summoned his warriors, and captains¹, and having stationed guards for the palace, city, and realm and made ready horses, elephants, chariots and conveyances of every description, all in less than an hour, the king set out and halted nowhere on the road, but this morning at daybreak bathed at Prayāg. The host has begun to cross the Jamunā and we, my lord, have been sent on ahead for news." So saying, they bowed the head to the ground. The saint at once gave them an escort of six or seven Kīrātis and allowed them to take leave.

Dohā 262.

The people of Avadh were all delighted to hear of Janak's arrival; but Raghunandan was greatly disquieted and Indra overwhelmed with alarm:

Chaupdi.

The wicked Kaikeyi was sinking with remorse, 'to whom shall I be able to speak or whom can I blame?' while the people were delighted with the thought that now they had got another day or two to stay. In this manner the day was spent. On the morrow all bathed and worshipped Ganes, Gaori, Siva and then encircled the feet of Lakshman's lord and era, the men² raising their join- ing out the skirt of their dress.

¹ *Sāhasī*, which is
Dictionary

² That
skirt . . .
out of

in any

now the
-holding

Jānaki our queen, may Avadh, our capital, the centre of all delights, be gloriously re-peopled, court and all, and Rāma install Bharat as heir-apparent. Revive us all, O lord, with this ambrosial bliss and grant the world its life's desire.

Dohā 263.

May Rāma sway the state, assisted by his *guru* the council and his brothers; and may we die with Rāma still Avadh's king." This was the universal prayer

Chauṛī

When they heard the citizens' loving words, the wisest saints thought little of their own penance and austerities. When the people had in this manner performed their daily devotions, with much joy they went and saluted Rāma. High and low and of middle estate, men and women, all looked up to him as their own special patron, and he discreetly received them all with due honour. Every one extolled his inexhaustible generosity: "From a child it was said of Raghunāth that he cherishes all in whom he recognizes sincerity and affection, with his bright face, bright eyes and guileless ways, he is a very ocean of amiability and gentleness." Thus affectionately telling Rāma's good qualities, all began to magnify their own good fortune. "There are few people in the world who can have been so meritorious as we, whom Rāma has thus accepted for his own."

Dohā 264.

At the time when all were thus absorbed in love, they heard of the approach of the king of Mithilā: the Rao of the lotuses of the Solar race rose in haste, he and the whole assembly.

Chauṛī.

Raghunāth led the way, accompanied by his brothers, the *guru* the Minister and the people. As soon as king Janak saw the holy hill, he dismounted from his chariot and saluted it. In their eagerness and excitement to see Rāma, no one felt the slightest fatigue from the toilsome journey, for their soul was with Rāma and Sita; and who without a soul can be conscious of bodily pain or pleasure? In this manner Janak and his host advanced, drunken with the drunkenness of love. When they came near and in sight, they lovingly and reverentially began mutual salutations. Janak kissed the feet of the hermits, and Rāma with his

air, soft, cool and fragrant, was delightful to every one : and the beauty of the scene was beyond description, as though Earth herself had prepared Janak's reception. When each and all of the people had finished bathing and had received permission from Râma, Janak and the saint, they gazed with rapture on the magnificent trees and threw themselves down here and there : while leaves and fruits, flowers and roots of every kind, fresh and fair, and sweet as nectar,

Book 268.

Were courteously sent to all, in baskets full, by Râma's *sura* : on which they made their repast, after reverencing their donors, the gods their guests and the *sura*.

Chapter.

In this manner four days were spent, in which the people saw Râma and were happy. In both camps there was this desire at heart : " It is not good for us to return without Sita and Râma. Life in the woods in their society is a thousand times better than heaven. If any one, in his longing for home, would desert Lakshman, Râma and Sita, his fate is an unlucky one. It is the height of good fortune for us all to dwell in the forest near Râma, bathing three times a day in the Mandâkini, seeing Râma, which will be a constant delight, rambling about on the sacred hill and among the hermitages in the wood, and feeding on sweet herbs and roots and fruits, so contentedly that the fourteen years will pass like a minute, without our knowing how they go.

Book 269.

We are not worthy of so great happiness : they all exclaimed. " What lock can be like it ?" Such was the spontaneous devotion to Râma's feet in both camps.

Chapter.

In this manner as all were expressing their hearty desire in affectionate words, which it reached the ear to hear, Sita's mother sent a handmaid who ascertained that it was a convenient time and returned. On learning that Sita's mother-in-law were at home, Janak's queen and her attendants came to visit them. Kausalya received them with due honour and gave them such words as circumstances allowed. On both sides there was such love and tenderness, that the most rigid thunderbolt would have melted,

11-67

whose soul full of love for Rāma : but without knowledge love for Rāma is imperfect, like a boat without a helmsman." When the saint had finished his exhortation to the king, all the people bathed at the Ramghat. Every one, men and women alike, were so agitated with grief that they spent the day without drinking water : even the cattle, birds and deer would eat nothing : much less would his own kindred think of doing so.

Dohā 266.

At daybreak the royal son of Nimi¹ and the royal son of Raghu having bathed with all their retinue went and sat under the banyan tree, sad at heart and wasted in body

Chauṛī.

The Brāhmins from Ayodhya, as also those from the capital of the king of Mithilā : Vaidhṛta, the guru of the Solar race, and Satānand, Janak's family priest, who while on earth had explored the path of heaven, began long exhortations full of religion, morality, asceticism and philosophy. Then Viśramitā eloquently admonished the assembly with many a reference to ancient legend ; till Raghubarath suggested to him : " Since every one since yesterday has gone without water." Said the saint : " Rāma has spoken in season : two-and-a-half watches of the day are now spent." Understanding the saint's pleasure the king of Tirhut replied : " It is not good for us to eat bread here."² The king's word pleased every one, and having obtained his permission they went to bathe.

Dohā 267.

At the very moment arrived the people of the woods, bringing large baskets laden with fruits, flowers, leaves and roots of every description.

Chauṛī.

By Rāma's favour the mountain had become a granter of desires : merely to look at it removed sorrow. The ponds, streams and glades were bursting as it were with joy and love ; all the creepers and trees broke out into blossom and fruit : the birds and beasts made a most melodious concert. In short, the gladness of the forest was surpassing ; the

¹ Nimi was a former king of Videha and one of Janak's ancestors.

² This refers to the custom which forbids a Hindu ever to take food in the house of his son-in-law.

always known that Bharat was the glory of his house, and the king repeatedly told me so. Gold is known by assay and precious stones by the test; a man's temper is tried by fortune. It is not right for me now to have spoken thus: but sorrow and love have left me little reason." On hearing these words, as pure as Ganga's stream, all the queens were overcome with emotion.

Dohā 272.

Kausalyā continued: "Hearken to me, queen of Mithilā, and take courage. Who is able to advise you, the consort of the wisest of men?"

Chaupdi.

Having found a fitting opportunity, speak, madam, to the king as if of yourself, and suggest that he should stop Lakshman and let Bharat go to the forest. If the king agrees to this proposal, I will then devise and carry out some proper plan. I am greatly disturbed about Bharat, for his love is so profound that if he stays I surmise evil." When they saw her generosity and heard her frank appeal, they were all overpowered with sympathy. There was a shower of flowers from heaven with cries of Glory! Glory! saints, ascetics and sages grew faint with love. The queens, despite their fatigue, still looked and waited; till Somitrā made bold to say: "Madam nearly an hour of the night is gone." At this Kausalyā rose and affectionately

Dohā 273.

Said, "Pray return at once to your tent; of a truth now our help is in God and the king of Mithilā."

Chaupdi.

Seeing her affection and hearing her modest speech, Jaishankar's queen clasped her holy feet: "Madam, this modesty on your part is only natural, since you are Dasarath's wife and Rāma's mother. Monarchs give honour to the lowest of their servants; in the same way as fire tops itself with smoke and a hill with grass. King Jaishankar is your servant in thought, word and deed, and Mahādev and Bhavāni are your constant auxiliaries. Who is there on earth who can act as your supplement? Does the sun shine by the help of a torch? After going into exile and assisting the gods, Rāma will hold undisputed sway at Ayodhyā. Through the might of his arm gods, serpents and men will

could it have seen and heard. Their body quivered unnerved, their eyes full of tears, and all lost in they drew lines with their toes on the ground, a separate incarnation of love to Sita and Rāma, or were tearful Sympathy repeated in many forms. Sita's mother : "God's judgment has gone astray, a thunderbolt for a chisel to break up foam !

Dohā 270.

We hear of ambrosia but see only venom ; all his are hard ; crows, owls and cranes are everywhere, but only in the inaccessible Mānas lake."

Chaupdi.

Upon this, queen Sumitrā said sadly : "God's w contrary and unaccountable. He creates and cherishes then destroys : his purposes are as idle as child's Said Kausalyā : "It is no one's fault ; pain and loss and gain are governed by actions : the effects of are inscrutable ; God only knows them, who awards fruit to every act, whether it be good or bad. The deoee dominates over all, whether for rising, staying, falling, whether for poison or ambrosia. It is vain, to give way to sorrow ; God's schemes are, as I have unchangeable and from everlasting. Consider the of the king's life or death ; look now, friend, and whether it was a loss to him or gain." Sita's replied : "Noblest of noble women, consort of kings, your eloquent words are true.

Dohā 271.

If Lakshman, Rāma and Sita stay in exile, all is right in the end and no harm done." "But" (said K with a troubled heart.) "I am anxious about Bharat.

Chaupdi.

By God's favour and your blessing, my son and wife are both pure as Ganges water. Though I never yet sworn by Rāma, I now invoke him to witness, that I speak truly. The greatness of Bharat's generosity, goodness and humility, his brotherly affection, hope and charity, even Sarasvatī's eloquence would I declare ; can the ocean be ladled out with a shell ? I

1 For *suta-bhāṭa*, 'a son's wife,' might be better to read as 'good brother.'

her to their arms and gave her kind instructions and invoked rich blessings upon her. Sita could not speak out, but was anxious at heart : " It is not well for me to spend the night here." The queen saw her wish and explained it to the kings, inwardly praising the excellence of her disposition.

Dohd 276.

After again and again embracing her, they graciously gave her leave to depart. Having now an excellent opportunity, the discreet queen adroitly mentioned Bharat's going.

Chaupdi.

When the king heard of Bharat's conduct, brilliant as gold, refreshing as sweet perfumes, consolatory as ambrosia or the soft light of the moon, he closed his tearful eyes and his body thrilled with rapture, as he broke out into ecstatic praises of his glory. " Mark me well, fair-faced and bright-eyed dame, the legend of Bharat is effectual to loosen the bands of existence. According to my ability, I too have mastered somewhat of theology, statecraft and spiritual meditation ; but whatever my ability, if I would tell Bharat's greatness, I cannot make a pretence of reaching even its shadow. Brahmá, Ganes, Seshnág, Siva, Sarasvati, the inspired poets and the sages most renowned for wisdom, when they hear or meditate upon Bharat's doings, his glory, his vigour, his piety, his temper, his virtues and his spotless dignity, all are enraptured ; it has a flavour of purity like the Ganges, surpassing ambrosia.

Dohd 277

His perfection is limitless ; he is incomparable protoplasm ; I know none like Bharat but himself. Can Mount Meru be weighed in any balance ? The wit of the whole race of poets is at fault.

Chaupdi

He is, fair dame, as impossible to describe as it is impossible for a fish to walk on dry land. Hearken, lady : Râma knows, but even he cannot describe Bharat's illimitable greatness. If Lakshman returns and Bharat goes to the forest, every one will imagine it to be good for all : but, madam, Bharat's love and confidence in Râma are past all telling. Bharat is the perfection of love and devoted attachment, but Râma is the lord of impartiality. Bharat's mind

all dwell in peace, each in his own place. This has all been foretold by Yajñavalkya ; and the words of a saint, madam, can never be false."

Dohā 274.

So saying, she fell at her feet and affectionately made request for Sita ; permission was accorded and Sita set out with her mother.

Chaupāī.

Sita embraced all her old domestics in such manner as in each case was most befitting. When they saw her in her dress, they were all distraught with exceeding sorrow. Janak, on receiving the permission of Rāma and the guru, came to the tent to see his daughter and clasped her to his bosom, the sanctifying guest of the soul of love. His bosom swelled with a flood of affection and his royal soul resembled Prayāg ; with his love for Sita conspicuous as the spreading banyan tree, on which devotion to Rāma appeared like the child, clutched for support by the king's bewildered senses as by the sage Chiranjiv when on the point of drowning. Videha was so overwhelmed by his feelings that he had no sense left ; such is the power of love for Sita and Raghobar.

Dohā 275.

Sita could not bear to see her father and mother so overcome by affection, but calling to mind both the time and her own duty, Earth's daughter summoned up courage.

Chaupāī.

When Janak looked at her in her anchorita's dress, he was filled with love and consolation : " Daughter, you have sanctified both families : everybody in the world proclaims your brilliant renown. The stream of your fame excels the Ganges and has spread over millions of universes. The Ganges has only three great sites¹ on earth, but the congregations of saints that have been made by you are innumerable." At her father's sincere and loving eloquence Sita was abashed and shrank into herself. Again her father and mother took

1 The sage Markandeya had the presumption to ask Nārāyaṇa to show him a specimen of his delusive power. The god in answer to his prayer drowned the whole world in a sudden flood. Only the Akṣay-bat, or imperishable fig-tree at Prayāg, raised its head above the waters, with a little child seated on one of its topmost boughs, that put out its hand and rescued the terrified saint as he was on the point of sinking.

2 They are Hari-dwār, Prayāg, and Rāgar.

Dohd 220.

O king of men, you are the wisest among the most wise, the champion of true piety : who save you can at this time and these troubles ? "

Changda

Janak was so moved by the saint's address and by the sight of his agitation that all his philosophy and asceticism were forgotten. Faint with love, he reasoned to himself " I have not done well in coming here. Dasarath ordered Ikma into exile, but himself gave the best proof of his affection : I have now sent him from one wood to another and return in triumph forthwith with increased reputation for wisdom " Seeing the agitation of the anchorites, saints and Brahmins, the king was still more overcome with emotion : but considering the circumstances he made an effort, and with his retinue set forth to visit Bharat. Bharat advanced to meet him and gave him the best seat the time allowed. " Son Bharat, said the king of Tirhut, " you are well acquainted with Ikma's character

Dohd 221.

He is devoted to truth, a zealot in religion, not of kind-ness, he endures inconveniences without murmuring. but if you have any orders to give, speak

Changda

At this Bharat's whole frame quivered and his eyes filled with tears, but getting a strong restraint upon himself he replied : " My lord, I love and revere you as my father, and I tell you as dear as me our family even : father and mother I have none. Here are Vasanthra and the other sages and all the assembly, you too yourself, as owners of wisdom : I am your obedient son and servant : regard me in this light, my lord and instruct me. In this assembly and at this hour give you my, words of me, and I am in answer, though I am cruel of soul and despatched, but I speak great words out of me with much " Pardon me, father, the laws are against me. It is ordered in the Vedas, Taittiri and Puranas and all the world knows that loyal service is duty : I have to a master conflicts with unfilialness the deed and I cannot show the reverse

has never even dreamt of all the felicities of this world and the next ; only his love for Rāma's feet has brought him success. This, as I consider, is Bharat's belief.

Dohā 278.

He would never be beguiled into thwarting an order of Rāma's ; do not then in your affection give way to sorrow," said the king, and sighed as he spoke.

Chaupāī.

As the wedded pair thus affectionately discoursed of Bharat's excellences, the night passed like a minute. At daybreak both the royal camps awoke and bathed and worshipped the gods. After bathing, Rāma approached his guru, embraced his feet, and on receiving permission spoke thus : " My lord, Bharat and the people and my mothers are distressed and inconvenienced by their sojourn in the woods. The king of Mithilā too and his retinue have been enduring hardships for many days ; be pleased to do, my lord, as seems to you good ; the happiness of all is in your hands " So saying, Rāma was greatly abashed. The saint thrilled with delight on seeing his disposition " Without you, Rāma, the greatest bliss would seem to both camps like hell.

Dohā 279.

O Rāma, you are the soul of their soul, the life of their life, the joy of their joy. Any one, my son, who would desert you for the sake of the pleasure of home has destiny against him.

Chaupāī.

Perish the happiness life and religion, in which is no love for Rāma's lotus feet ! That piety be impiety, and wisdom un wisdom, in which love for Rāma is not supreme ! Through you men are made happy, and without you they are unhappy ; you know the heart of every one. Your commands rule all, and every motion is thoroughly manifest to your benignity. Return now to the hermitage." The king of saints was over-powered with love. When Rāma had bowed and retired, the guru composed himself and went to Jank, and repeated to him what Rāma had said, enlarging upon his amiability, affection and excellent disposition : " Now sire, do whatever will be for the advantage of all without prejudice to religion.

Chauydi.

Indra practised this villainy, thinking "Success or defeat is all in Bharat's hands." When Janak approached Rāma, the glory of Raghu's line received them all with honour. Then spoke Vasishtha in terms appropriate to the time, the assembly and the principles of religion, mentioning the conversation between Janak and Bharat, and eloquently repeating all that Bharat had urged. "Son Rāma, any order that you may give, all will obey; this is my conclusion." Upon this Raghunāth, clasping his hands, made truthful and guileless reply in gentle tones; in the presence of yourself, sir, and the king of Mithilā, for me to speak is altogether out of place. Whatever command you may be pleased to give I swear by yourself I am ready to comply."

Ithā 285.

On hearing Rāma's oath, the saint and Janak and the whole assembly were confounded; and fixed their eyes on Bharat's face helplessly and without power to answer.

Chauydi.

Bharat saw the distress of the assembly, and being Rāma's brother, put a strong restraint upon himself. Seeing the unsuitness of the time, he subdued his emotion, in the same way as Agastya bowed down the Vindhya mountain.¹ Grief like Hiranyāksha carried away his soul as it were the earth; but at once from his spotless perfection like the womb of the universe came forth the mighty Boar² of discretion and wrought immediate deliverance. Clasping his hands, he bowed reverentially to all, to Rāma, the king, the guru, and the saints: "Pardon me if to-day I act most unbecomingly and with the tongue of a child speak stubborn words." As he mentally invoked the gracious Śaradā, from the depths of his soul there came to his lips words a swear-like strain fraught with pure intelligence, piety and righteousness.

¹ Agastya is said to have compelled the Vindhya mountain to prostrate themselves before him and when once down they were never able to rise again. This he did to oblige the sun, who found the range as high that he could not with difficulty climb it to do his daily passage from west to east.

² The allusion is to the third Avatar, when Vishnu in the form of a Boar rescued the earth, which had been moved by the demon Hiranyāksha and carried off to the depths of the ocean.

Dohd 282

Have regard to Rāma's wishes, so pious as he is, and remember that I am but a servant—do as all approve at; as will be best for all, but forget not their love."

Chauṛdī.

When the king heard Bharat's speech and witnessed his generosity, he and his court burst out into praise—Simple but profound, soft and delicate but severe; pregnant with meaning in a small compass; his speech was as mysterious as the shadow of a face in a glass, with an hand can grasp. The king, Bharat, the minst, and all the venerable assembly went to Rāma, by whom the gods were made as glad as the lilies by the moon. On hearing the news all the people were as distressed as fish in unaccustomed waters. The gods seeing first the emotion of the family *varu*, and then Janak's exceeding affection, and Bharat so full of devotion to Rāma, were sorely anxious and began to despond in their selfishness. The sight of Rāma's kindness made the company of heaven conspicuously dismayed.

Dohd 283.

Indra cried sadly. Rāma is overcome by love and modesty; we must combine to devise some scheme, or else we shall be undone."

Chauṛdī.

The gods invoked Saradā in flattering terms: "Protect, O goddess, the gods your suppliants. Exert your power of delusion and change Bharat's purpose; by some deceptive artifice rescue the host of heaven." When the wise goddess heard their prayer, she understood their stupid selfishness and said: "you tell me to change Bharat's purpose; you have a thousand eyes and yet cannot see Moonlight Mero. The delusive power of Brahmā, Vishnu and Siva is exceedingly great, but it cannot see through Bharat's purpose, and yet you tell me to pervert it. What? can the moonlight rob the moon? Bharat's heart inhabited by Sita and Rāma; can darkness invade the splendour of the sun? So saying, Saradā withdrew to Brahma's heaven, and the gods were as downcast as the *chalcas* at the approach of night.

Dohd 284.

The self-seeking gods were troubled at heart and devised artifices of fear, error, sorrow and vexation.

Dohd 288.

Who now has corrected his servant and treated him with honour, and made him the crown of the head of the just. Who is there, save the all-merciful, who, whether we will or no, maintains our fair fame ?

Chaupdi.

Whether it was from grief and affection or from mere childishness that I came here in despite of your commands, you in your compassion have looked upon me as a friend and in every way taken it in good part. Seeing your blessed feet and knowing my lord's natural benignity, I look upon this great assembly as a piece of good fortune, and my great sin as evidence of my lord's kindness¹ : for by his gracious favour he has satisfied my whole being and his compassion has exceeded everything. Out of the goodness of his own disposition my good lord has made sure of my fidelity. I have now displayed great eudocia in disobedient respect for this august assembly and speaking boldly or humbly, just as the fancy moved me ; but pardon me, sire, for I am in grievous perplexity.

Dohd 289.

It is a great mistake to say too much to a true friend or really wise men or good master. Be pleased, sire, to give your commands and set me all right.

Chaupdi.

I swear by the dust of my lord's lotus feet, the glorious consummation of truth, virtue and happiness ; with an oath I protest that the desire of my soul, whether waking, sleeping or dreaming, is to serve my lord with spontaneous devotion, without any regard to self-interest, fraud, or my own ends in this life or the next. There is no duty so imperative as submission ; let your servant, sire, obtain this favour.² So saying he was utterly overwhelmed with emotion ; his body quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and in great agitation he clasped his lord's lotus feet. So pathetic a scene defies description. The Ocean of compassion honoured him with gracious words and took him

¹ The meaning would seem to be : the greater my sin, the greater his kindness in forgiving it, and the greater the assembly, the greater my glory in having so many witnesses to his love.

² That is to say, favour him with some order, that he may show how good a servant he is, by his immediate submission to it.

Dohd 286.

With the eyes of his mind, Bharat saw that the assembly was faint with love ; bowing low and invoking Sits and Itāma he thus spoke ;

Chaupdi.

" My lord is my father and mother, my friend, my god and my master ; object of my adoration, my best benefactor, reader of my heart ; the kindest of patrons, the perfection of amiability, the protector of the humble ; the learned, the all-wise ; the powerful benefactor of suppliant ; quick to appreciate merit and to ignore demerit and wickedness ; my sovereign, my god-like God ; while no servant can be so bad as I am. In my infatuation I have come to the head of an army, in defiance of the commands of my lord and my father. In the world there are god and villain, high and low, ambrosia and poison and death ; but never have I seen or heard of any one who even in thought could cancel an order of Rāma's. Yet I have been the contumacious, and my lord in his kindness has taken it in service.

Dohd 287.

Out of his own mercy and goodness he has made me good ; my errors have become adornments and my fall has been spread all around.

Chaupdi.

Your mode of procedure, your gracious, speech, and generosity are known throughout the world ; they are sung in the Vedas and Tantras. The cruel, the perverse, the vile, the low-minded, the outcast, the base, the ill-conditioned, the godless, the reckless, so soon as you hear that they have come before you as suppliants and have made a single prostration, are all reckoned as friends. Though you see faults, you never take them to heart ; and if you but hear of virtues you proclaim them in the assembly of the saints. What other master is there so kind to his servants, so perfect in all points, who never dreams of reckoning up what he has done himself, and is heartily vexed at any embarrassment of his servants. He is my sovereign lord, and there is none other. With arms upraised, I declare on oath. A beast may dance and a parrot be a clever talker ; but all depends upon the music of the dancing-master and the method of the teacher.

he piled up trouble on the heads of all. Every one was infatuated by the god's delusive power; their love for Râma was so violent that they would not be separated from him. They were all distracted; with nothing settled in their mind; at one moment longing for the woods, at another anxious to return home. The people in their distress had the current of their ideas as divided as the water at the confluence of a river with the sea. Thus wavering in mind they got no comfort in any quarter; no one told another his secret thoughts. Seeing this the Ocean of compassion smiled to himself and said: "Indra is like a dog in his ways."

Dohâ 290.

Excepting Bharat, Janak, the saints, the ministers and the more intelligent nobles, the heaven sent delusion took effect upon all, according to the circumstances of the individual.

Chaupâi.

The Ocean of compassion saw the people distract by their love and by Indra's potent deception; the assembly, the king, the guru, the Brâhmins and the ministers, all with their hearts under the spell of Bharat's devotion; motionless as pictures, gazing upon Râma, nervously uttering words which they seemed to have learnt by rote. The eulogy of Bharat's affection and constant humility is delightful to hear, but difficult to pronounce. Seeing only the slightest morsel of his devotion, the saints and the king of Mithilâ were absorbed in love; how then can I, Tulsî, tell its greatness? It is only by the blessing of faith that the ambitious design of my heart has prospered. I am little; I know the enormous greatness of my subject, and I shrink in confusion before a crowd of other poets; unable to utter the vehemence of my passionate love for his perfection, the motions of my fancy are like the ramblings of a child.¹

Dohâ 291.

Bharat's bright fame is as the bright moon rising in the bright sky of a faithful heart, ever intently watched by my daring fancy as by an undug partridge.

1 Most readers of the original will agree with the poet that his powers of expression have here been scarcely adequate to the intensity of his feelings. All this part of the poem abounds with obscure and involved passages, the precise interpretation of which is often very difficult to determine, and I cannot flatter myself that I have invariably succeeded in hitting upon it.

by the hand and seated him by his side; while himself and all the assembly were faint with love, after hearing Bharat's prayer and seeing his noble nature.

CHANT II.

Baghurin himself, the august assembly, the priest, the king of Mithila, all were faint with love, and mentally appreciated the exceeding greatness of Bharat's nobility, self-cision and devotedness. The gods too commended Bharat and rained down flowers, though with a heavy heart. Even one, says Tulsī, was so distracted by what he had heard, the lotus that withers at the approach of night.

SCENE II.

Seeing every man and woman in both assemblies grieved and downcast, Indrat, vile wretch, still sought his own happiness, killing as it were the already dead.

CHAMPAN.

Though king of the gods, there is no limit to his deceitfulness and villainy: he loves another's loss and his own gain; Pākarsipa's ways are like those of a crow—crafty, disreputable and with no faith in any one. Having in the first instance formed an evil design and accumulated evils

I Though Tulsī has constantly appealed to the authority of the Vedas it is clear that like 375 out of 1,000 of the most educated of his countrymen at the present day, he has lost the faintest idea of their contents; rather, as he would not have spoken thus disrespectfully of Indra, who is one of the principal Vedic deities, while Śiva, whom he places in a much higher sphere and regards as one of the manifestations of the Supreme Spirit—while Indra and the others are mere demigods—is a power far above them the Vedas, though sacred from beginning to end, would fail to supply any authority. If a Brahman were now to set up a temple at Kuthra or Kanāras to Indra, or Mitra, or Varuna, or any other Vedic deity, he would be thought as eccentric as an Englishman who should rededicate a street in London to the precincts of St. Paul's Cathedral in the city of London. Perhaps more; for the characters of both Greek and Roman deities are still too strongly familiar to modern Europeans and have an avowed influence upon art and literature; while the Vedic mythology has nearly perished, and scarcely a single name in it would be recognised by any native of India except a professed Pantheist. Nor is this very surprising, inasmuch as the Vedas were not really composed by Hindus, nor have Hindus in any past time ever adopted them as a religious standard. It regard them in that light now—as the founders of the Indian nation soon discovered—as impracticable absurdity. Taking from a time when neither Englishman nor Hindu had yet come into existence, they are the common inheritance of all nations of Aryan descent. Their intrinsic value is nil; the only interest they possess is due to the fact that they are the earliest surviving record of the first semibarbaric utterances of modern humanity.

2 Pākarsipa, 'Pāk's story,' is one of Indra's names, is consequent of his having destroyed a demon called Pāk.

he piled up trouble on the heads of all. Every one was infatuated by the god's delusive power; their love for Râma was so violent that they would not be separated from him. They were all distracted; with nothing settled in their mind; at one moment longing for the woods, at another anxious to return home. The people in their distress had the current of their ideas as divided as the water at the confluence of a river with the sea. Thus wavering in mind they got no comfort in any quarter; no one told another his secret thoughts. Seeing this, the Ocean of compassion smiled to himself and said: "Indra is like a dog in his ways."

Dohd 290.

Excepting Bharat, Janak, the saints, the ministers and the more intelligent nobles, the heaven sent delusion took effect upon all, according to the circumstances of the individual.

Chaupdi.

The Ocean of compassion saw the people distract by their love and by Indra's potent deception; the assembly, the king, the guru, the Brâhmins and the ministers, all with their hearts under the spell of Bharat's devotion; motionless as pictures, gazing upon Râma, nervously uttering words which they seemed to have learnt by rote. The eulogy of Bharat's affection and constant humility is delightful to hear, but difficult to pronounce. Seeing only the slightest morsel of his devotion, the saints and the king of Mithilâ were absorbed in love; how then can I, Tulsî, tell its greatness? It is only by the blessing of faith that the ambitious design of my heart has prospered. I am little; I know the enormous greatness of my subject, and I shrink in confusion before a crowd of other poets; unable to utter the vehemence of my passionate love for his perfection, the motions of my fancy are like the stammerings of a child.¹

Dohd 291.

Bharat's bright fame is as the bright moon rising in the bright sky of a faithful heart, ever intently watched by my daring fancy as by an undigged partridge.

¹ Most readers of the original will agree with the poet that his powers of expression have here been scarcely adequate to the intensity of his feelings. This part of the poem abounds with obscure and involved passages, the correct interpretation of which is often very difficult to determine, and I must flatter myself that I have invariably succeeded in hitting upon it.

Chaupdi.

Bharat's generosity is scarce fathomable by the Vedas ; pardon, ye poets, the frivolities of my poor wit. Who, that hears or tells of Bharat's perfect nature, does not become enamoured of the feet of Sita and Râma ? Whoever invokes Bharat and still finds love for Râma a difficult matter is a monster without a parallel. Seeing the state that every one was in, the merciful and all-wise Râma, who knows their devotion to him, being the staunch champion of religion, a master of policy, an ocean of truth and love and amiability and everything good, having considered the place and circumstances, the time and assembly, Raghurâj, the maintainer of justice and affection, delivered a speech, the quintessence of eloquence, grateful as ambrosia at the time of hearing, and salutary also in the end : " Brother Bharat, you are the champion of righteousness, perfectly conversant with all the laws of the world and the Vedas ;

Dohâ 292.

For purity of thought, word and act, your only equal, brother, is yourself. In this venerable assembly and in such distressing circumstances how can all the virtues of my younger brother be told ?

Chaupdi.

Brother, you know the custom of the Solar race and the renown and the affection of our father, that Ocean of truth ; the circumstances of the time and of this assembly, the reverence due to these venerable personages, and the secret thoughts of all men, whether they be indifferent, or friends, or foes, are understood by you, as also your own highest gain and mine and the requirements of religion. I have entire confidence in you and yet I speak as the circumstances suggest. My words, brother, in the absence of my father, have been kept straight only by the favour of our guru ; otherwise all my subjects, together with the citizens, the people of the palace and myself, would have been undone. If the lord of day sets at the wrong time, tell me, will not the whole world be in confusion ? Such trouble, brother, fate had ordained ; but the saint and the king of Mithilâ have averted it.

Dohâ 293.

The State ; our honour and fair name ; Religion ; our

land, wealth and homes ; all have been defended by the power of the *guru* ; and everything will be well in the end.

Chaupdi.

My followers and yours, the palace and the forest, are both protected by his favour. The order of a father or mother, a *guru* or a master, is like Sashnag, the supporter of a whole world of righteousness. Obey it yourself, brother, and let me obey it, and thus become a protector of all the Solar race. Obedience is the one means for the attainment of every success, a triple flood of Glory, Salvation and Power. Having thus reflected, endure the grievous burden and make your people and family happy. I have distributed my afflictions amongst you all ; but upon you is the full weight of the greatest difficulty. I know your tenderness, though I speak so harshly ; the times, brother, are out of joint ; the fault is not mine. In an emergency a brother is used for a shield, in the same way as the stroke of a sword is parried by the hand."

Dohd 294.

A servant is like a hand, or foot, or eye ; a master is like the head. Hearing this description of love, say Tulsî, the greatest poets are full of admiration.

Chaupdi.

When they heard Shagobar's speech, imbued as it were with the nectar of an ocean of tenderness, the whole assembly became lost in an overpowering trance of love. Siradâ herself was struck dumb at the sight of them. Bharat was immensely consoled by the graciousness of his lord and his putting away of every trouble and wrong-doing. Cheerful of aspect and with the grief of his soul effaced, he seemed like a dumb man who has received the gift of speech. Affectionately bowing again and again and folding his lotus hands, he thus spoke : " My lord, I am as happy as if I had gone with you ; I have reaped the reward of being born into the world. Now, O merciful sire, whatever may be your order, that will I dutifully and reverently obey. But, sire, grant me some support, by the help of which I may struggle on to the end of the time.

Dohd 295.

In compliance with the *guru's* order, I have sought bare water from all

purpose of

your royal inauguration : what are your orders concerning it ?

Chauṛḍī.

"I have one great desire at heart, but for fear and shame I cannot tell it." "Tell me what it is, brother," Upon this his lord's command, he replied in affectionate and winning terms : "With your permission I would go and see Chitrakut with all its hermitages, shrines and woods, its birds and beasts, its ponds and streams, its waterfalls and rocks, and the spot so specially marked with the prints of my lord's feet" "Certainly, brother : only obtain Aṭi's permission, and then wander without fear through the woods. It is the saint's blessing, brother, that makes the forest unobscured, truly a most exquisitely beautiful. In whatever place the king of sages may direct, there deposit the holy water" On hearing his lord's words, Bharat was glad and joyfully bowed his head to the saint's lotus feet.

Dohā 296.

The selfish gods, when they heard this most delightful conversation between Bharat and Rāma, praised the whole family and rapturously showered down flowers upon them.

Chauṛḍī.

"Blessed be Bharat and glory to our lord Rāma," cried the gods in their irrepressible delight. The saint the king of Mithilā and every one in the assembly rejoiced on hearing Bharat's speech. King Videha broke out into ecstatic praises of the many virtues and the affection both of Bharat and Rāma ; master and servant of equally charming disposition, their fidelity and love the purest of the pure. The ministers too and all the spectators affectionately extolled them, as each best could. In both camps there was blended joy and sorrow, when they heard the conversation between Rāma, Bharat and the saint. Rāma's mother, feeling pleasure and pain equally balanced, exhorted the queens, reckoning up both good and evil. One would magnify Rāma another would praise Bharat's amiability.

1 One of the temples of Chitrakut bears the name of Charan-pada, and has been erected over a rock which is said to bear the impression of Rāma's foot. Supposing there were any truth in the legend, it would seem rather from the name that it ought to commemorate the place where Rāma gave Bharat his sandals.

Dohd 297.

Then said Atri to Bharat : " There is a fine well near the hill ; there deposit the holy water, pure, unsullied, incomparable."

Chaupdi.

On receiving Atri's command, Bharat despatched all the water vessels, and himself with Satraghnas, the saint and elders, went to the deep well.¹ There he poured out the holy water on that sacred spot ; and Atri in a rapture of affection thus spoke : " Son, this has been a holy place from all eternity ; but time had obscured it, and it was known to no one, till my servants, seeing the spot to be a desirable one, made this great well for the sake of a good supply of water. By the decree of fate the whole universe has been benefited, and a merit most difficult to compass has been rendered easy. People will now call it Bharat's well, hallowed in a special degree by the combination in it of the water of all holy places. Every one who lovingly and religiously bathes in it, will be made pure in thought, word and act."

Dohd 298.

All then went to Raghonáth, telling the virtues of the well ; and Atri explained to him the blessed efficacy of holy places.

Chaupdi.

The night was pleasantly spent in loving discourse on matters of religion and sacred legends until it was dawn. After performing their daily duties, Bharat and his brother, having received permission from Râma and Saint Atri, attended by all their retinue in simple attire, proceeded on foot to visit Râma's wood. Earth, in confusion of heart at being trodden by their delicate and unshod feet, smoothened herself, and cleared away all the sticky grass and thorns and stones and cuts and everything rough and unpleasant. Earth made the way delightfully easy for them ; they were refreshed by soft, cool and fragrant breezes ; the gods rained down flowers ; the clouds afforded shade ; the trees gave blossom and fruit ; the grass made a soft carpet ; the deer

¹ Yâlmiki makes no mention of this well. Under the name of the Bharat kûp, it is now one of the seven principal stations visited by the pilgrims to Chitra-kûṭ.

your royal inauguration : what are your orders concerning it ?

Chaupdi.

I have one great desire at heart, not for fear and shame I cannot tell it." "Tell me what it is, brother," Upon this his lord's command, he replied in affectionate and winning terms : "With your permission I would go and see Chitrakut with all its hermitages, shrines and woods, its bird and beasts, its ponds and streams, its waterfalls and rocks, and the spot so specially marked with the prints of my lord's feet." "Certainly, brother : only obtain Atri's permission and then wander without fear through the woods. It is the saint's blessing, brother, that makes the forest so conspicuous, holy and exquisitely beautiful. In whatever place the king of sages may direct, there deposit the holy water." On hearing his lord's words, Bharat was glad and joyfully bowed his head to the saint's lotus feet.

Dohá 296.

The selfish gods, when they heard this most delightful conversation between Bharat and Râma, praised the whole faintly and reptarously showered down flowers upon them.

Chaupdi.

"Blessed be Bharat and glory to our lord Râma," cried the gods in their irrepressible delight. The saint the king of Mithilâ and every one in the assembly rejoiced on hearing Bharat's speech. King Vidura broke out into ecstatic praises of the many virtues and the affection both of Bharat and Râma ; master and servant of equally charming disposition, their fidelity and love the purest of the pure. The ministers too and all the spectators affectionately extolled them, as each best could. In both camps there was blended joy and sorrow, when they heard the conversation between Râma, Bharat and the saint. Râma's mother, feeling pleasure and pain equally induced, exhorted the queens, reckoning up both good and evil. One would magnify Râma another would praise Bharat's amiability.

† One of the temples of Chitrakut bears the name of Charam-pada and has been erected over a rock which is said to bear the impression of Râma's foot. Supposing there were any truth in the legend, it would seem rather from the name that it ought to commemorate the place where Râma gave Bharat his sandals.

Dohâ 297.

Then said Atri to Bharat : "There is a fine well near the hill ; there deposit the holy water, pure, unsaltered, incomparable."

Chaupâi.

On receiving Atri's commend, Bharat despatched all the water vessels, and himself with Satrugna, the saint and elders, went to the deep well.¹ There he poured out the holy water on that sacred spot ; and Atri in a rapture of affection thus spoke : "Son, this has been a holy place from all eternity ; but time had obscured it, and it was known to no one, till my servants, seeing the spot to be a desirable one, made this great well for the sake of a good supply of water. By the decree of fate the whole universe has been benefited, and a merit most difficult to compass has been rendered easy. People will now call it Bharat's well, hallowed to a special degree by the combination in it of the water of all holy places. Every one who lovingly and religiously bathes in it, will be made pure in thought, word and act."

Dohâ 298.

All then went to Raghonâth, telling the virtue of the well ; and Atri explained to him the blessed efficacy of holy places.

Chaupâi.

The night was pleasantly spent in loving discourse on matters of religion and sacred legends until it was dawn. After performing their daily duties, Bharat and his brother, having received permission from Râma and Saint Atri, attended by all their retinue in simple attire, proceeded on foot to visit Râma's wood. Earth, in confusion of heart at being trodden by their delicate and anshod feet, smothered herself, and cleared away all the spiky grass and thorns and stones and ruts and everything rough and unpleasant. Earth made the way delightfully easy for them ; they were refreshed by soft, cool and fragrant breezes ; the gods rained down flowers ; the clouds afforded shade ; the trees gave blossom and fruit ; the grass made a soft carpet ; the deer

¹ Vâlmiki makes no mention of this well. Under the name of the Bharat-kûp, it is now one of the seven principal stations visited by the pilgrims to Chitra-kût.

of the saint your mother and the Minister, and protect your country, your subjects and your capital."

Dohá 303.

A chief should be like the mouth, which also (Tulsi) does all the eating and drinking, and yet sustains and nourishes to a nicety each separate member of the

Chaupdi.

A king's duty includes everything, in the same way he consoled his brother; but without some his mind would not be satisfied nor at rest. The minister and the whole assembly were like-ministers of Bharat; and Rāma overpowered with modesty and took compassion upon him and gave him his sandals. Bharat reverently received and placed upon his head these the more foot-gear of the All-merciful, but rather guardians of his people's life; a casket to contain the love of Bharat; the two letters of the alphabet for the soul struggles; the folding-doors that guard the hands for holy work; the pure eyes of serene righteousness. Bharat was as glad to receive this mail as if Rāma and Sita had themselves stayed.

Dohá 304.

As he bowed and begged permission to depart, he took and clasped him to his bosom. Wicked Indra found a sad opportunity made the people weary.

Chaupdi.

But his villainy was a good thing for all; the hope the time of exile would soon be over was the life of life. Otherwise the separation from Lakshman, Sita and Rāma would have been such a blow that all would have died of it. The mercy of Rāma solved this difficulty, the hostile gods became servicable allies. Rāma drew his arms around Bharat with a burst of affection that he described. Body, soul and speech overflowed with love; the firmest of the firm lost all firmness, and his eyes streamed with tears. The assembled gods grieved to see his condition: the saints and gurus who were as firm as Janak, the gold of whose soul had been

¹ The two letters are the consonants in the name Rāma; for a poem on which see Dohá 21, Book I, page 14.

Dohā 301.

But, O merciful and compassionate king of Kosala, teach me some way by which your servant may see your feet again when the time is over.

Chaupdi.

Your citizens, your kinsmen, and all your subjects, sire, are true and real, and bound to you by ties of affection. The sorrows of this miserable life, borne by your command are a delight; without my lord, highest heaven is a worthless gain. The all-wise master knows the fancies, the desires, the habit of mind of all his servants: the protector, of suppliants will be our protector, and both in this world and the next will secure our deliverance. I have thee the most perfect confidence; not a particle of anxiety disturbs my calculations. My own distress and my lord's forbearance have combined to make me thus presumptuous. Pardon, my lord, this my great offence, and shriek not from instructing your servant what to do." All who heard Bharat's prayer applauded it; like a swan it had separated the milk prayer applauded it; like a swan it had separated the milk of truth from the water of error.

Dohā 302.

The all-wise Rāma, the brother of the meek, on hearing his brother's meek and guileless speech, replied in terms appropriate, to the place, the circumstances and the time:

Chaupdi.

"The guru and the king, brother, take thought for you, for me and our people, whether at home or in the forest. So long as Visvāmitra, Vasiṣṭha, and Janak direct us, neither you nor I can dream of trouble. For us two brothers, both for me and you, obedience to our father's command is the highest object we can have, our greatest gain, our glory, our duty and our salvation. A king's good is a good thing both in the Vedas and in the estimation of the world. Whoever observes the injunctions of guru or father and mother, or master, takes an easy path and never stumbles. Remember this, and putting aside all regrets, go and reign at Ayodh for the appointed time. The burden of the realm, hatred, the people and the family will weigh no heavier on the dust of the guru's feet. Observe the instructions

of the saint your mother and the Minister, and protect your country, your subjects and your capital."

Dohā 303.

A chief should be like the mouth, which alone (says Tulsī) does all the eating and drinking, and yet supports and nourishes to a nicety each separate member of the body.

Chaupdi.

A king's duty includes everything, in the same way as every latent desire exists potentially in the mind. In various ways he consoled his brother ; but without some memento his mind would not be satisfied nor at rest. The *guru*, the minister and the whole assembly were like-minded with Bharat ; and Rāma overpowered with modesty and affection, took compassion upon him and gave him his sandals, which Bharat reverently received and placed upon his head. Not these the more foot-gear of the All-merciful, but rather twin guardians of his people's life ; a casket to contain the jewel of Bharat's love ; the two letters¹ of the alphabet for which the soul struggles ; the folding-doors that guard the house ; the hands for holy work ; the pure eyes of service and righteousness. Bharat was as glad to receive this memento as if Rāma and Sita had themselves stayed.

Dohā 304.

As he bowed and begged permission to depart, Rāma took and clasped him to his bosom. Wicked Indra finding a sad opportunity made the people weary.

Chaupdi.

But his villainy was a good thing for all ; the hope that the time of exile would soon be over was the life of their life. Otherwise the separation from Lakshman, Sita and Rāma would have been such a blow that all would have died of it. The mercy of Rāma solved this difficulty, and the hostile gods became serviceable allies. Rāma closed his arms around Bharat with a burst of affection that cannot be described. Body, soul and speech overflowed with love ; the firmest of the firm lost all firmness, and his lotus eyes streamed with tears. The assembled gods were grieved to see his condition ; the saints and *gurus* who were as firm as Jaoak, the gold of whose soul had been tested

¹ The two letters are the consonants in the name Rāma ; for a paucopie on which see *Dohā 21*, Book I, page 18.

by the fire of wisdom, and whom the Creator had created as unimpressible by the world as the leaves of the lotus by the water ;

Dohd 305.

Even they, seeing the unparalleled and boundless affection of Rāma and Bharat, were overwhelmed in body, soul and speech, lost all reason and restraint.

Chauḍi.

If Janak and Vasishṭha were dumbfounded, the emotion of ordinary persons is not worth speaking about. People would think any poet harsh when they heard him describe the parting of Rāma and Bharat ; Eloquence herself, remembering the unspeakable pathos of the scene, would be struck dumb with confusion. Raghobar first embraced and consoled Bharat and then rejoiced to take Satrugna to his arms. Knowing Bharat's wishes, his servants and ministers began each to set about his own work. In both camps there was sore distress at the news, as they commenced their preparations for the march. The two brothers, after reverencing their lord's lotus feet and submissively receiving his commands, set out on the way, bowing to the saints, the hermits and forest gods and again and again hewing them respect.

Dohd 306.

Lakshman, too, they embraced, and making obeisance, placed on their head the dust of Sita's feet, and received her affectionate blessing, the source of happiness

Chauḍi.

Rāma and his brother bowed the head to the king with many expressions of modesty and praise : " In your kindness, sire, you have suffered great inconvenience, you and our retinue, by coming to the forest ; now grant me your blessing and return to the city." The monarch mastered a emotion and went. After reverencing the king and nobles, and taking leave of them, they were the equals of Hari. The king reached their mother's feet.

V.

12
10

the
they
ap-
ing
the
perfect-
edious
the
the
the

court, the citizens, the good ministers and all : with courteous speech and all least, as was most befitting. The Ocean of compassion respectfully dismissed them all, men and women, high, middle-class and low.

Dohā 307.

With sincere affection the Lord kissed the feet of Bharat's mother and embraced her, and escorting her to the palki that he had in readiness, effaced all her alarm and distress.

Chaupdi.

After saluting her father and mother and the court, Sita came back purified by the love of her beloved. Reverently she embraced all her mothers-in-law, with an affection which the poet's soul shrinks from describing. Harkening to their instruction and receiving the blessing she desired of them, Sita stood hardened with conflicting love. Having sent for elegant palkis, Rāma with words of consolation escorted each of his mothers to their carriage. Again and again both brothers embraced them and led each by the hand with equal affection. When the horses, elephants and different vehicles were ready, the king and Bharat started the host. Their hearts full of Rāma, Sita and Lakshman, all the people went disconsolate ; even the bullocks, horses, elephants and cattle were out of heart and went only by force and against their will.

Dohā 308.

The Lord with Sita and Lakshman kissed the feet of the guru and the guru's wife, and turned and came back to their leafy hut with mingled pleasure and amazement.

Chaupdi.

The Nishād was dismissed with honour and departed ; sorely grieved at heart to leave. The Kols, Kirāts and Bhils, the people of the woods, turned again and again, after they had been dismissed, to make yet one more obeisance. The lord with Sita and Lakshman sat under the shade of the fig-tree and sorrowed for the loss of their dear friends. Rāma, overpowered with affection, discoursed to his spouse and brother in eloquent terms on Bharat's love and generosity, and with his own blessed mouth declared that faith and devotion were in his every thought, word and deed. At that time the birds, deer and fish, every

his devotion a fixed and unsullied moon shining ever clear amidst a galaxy of stars. All the greatest of poets would fail to describe Bharat's composure, wisdom and magnanimity, his faith, his impassibility, and the perfect splendour of his virtues; not even Seshnâg, Ganes and Sarasvatî could attain to them.

Dohâ 313.

Paying daily homage to his lord's sandals, his affection was greater than his heart could contain: he constantly referred to them in the disposal of all matters of state,

Chaupdi

His body quivering with emotion, Sita and Râma in his heart, their names upon his tongue, and with tears in his eyes. Râma, Lakshman and Sita dwelt in the forest, but Bharat dwelling in the palace endured the bodily penance. Every one after considering both sides said that Bharat was in every way praiseworthy. The religious were amazed who heard of his fasting and penance; the king of saints, who saw his condition, was put to shame. Bharat's mode of life was utterly holy, sweet and charming, and the cause of every blessing; it removes the grievous distress of this sinful age: is the sun to dispel the darkness of the great delusion; the lion to quell the elephant host of sin; the pacifier of every kind of affliction; the joy of the faithfol; the liberator from the burden of existence the essence of the ambrosia of Râma's love.

Chhand 13.

If Bharat had never been born, full of the ambrosia of devotion to Râma and Sita who would have practised such self-restraint and penance, such composure, patience and rigorous fasting, transcending every imagination of the saints? Who in legendary disguise would have removed our burning sorrows and poverty, our arrogance and sin? What poor wretch like Tulsî now in this iron age would have ventured to set Râma before you?

Sorathâ 12.

All, says Tulsî, who make a vow and listen with reverence to Bharat's acts shall assuredly acquire a great devotion

Dohd 311

On receiving his command and his blessing, he sent for a great astrologer and fixed the day, and then devoutly placed upon the throne his lord's sandals.

Chauṛī.

After bowing his head at the feet of Rāma's mother and the guru, and receiving the commands of his lord's sandals, the champion of righteousness made for himself a hut of leaves at Nandigrāma¹, and there abode, with his hair gathered up into a knot on his head, attired in hermit's dress, and his couch of grass spread in a cave in the earth, lovingly practising the austerities of religious life in food, dress, posture, fasting and prayer; discarding in thought, word and deed, as of no more value than a broken blade of grass, all clothes and adornments and every luxury and enjoyment. The city of heaven envied the capital of Avadh, and the god of riches was confounded at the sight of Dasarath's wealth; yet in that city Bharat dwelt as indifferent as a bee in a garden of champā trees.² A man so highly blest as to be enamoured of Rāma spurns like vomit all Lakshmi's delights.

Dohd 312.

This is no such great achievement for Bharat, the very shrine of the love of Rāma; even the chd'al and the swan are models in their way, the one of marvellous constancy, the other of discrimination.

Chauṛī.

Day by day his body grew thinner, but his lustre and vigour were not diminished, and the beauty of his face remained the same. Nourished by an ever-increasing devotion, his virtue waxed stronger and his soul was unclouded: as the waters decrease in the brightness of the autumn, but the reeds spring up and the lotuses blossom. His tranquillity, self-control, piety, fasting and prayer were like stars in the pure heaven of Bharat's soul: his faith like the pole-star, the return from exile as the full moon, his constant remembrance of the Lord as the glistening milk-way.

¹ Nandigrāma, now contracted to Nandganw, is a few miles from Ayodhya.

² Though the champā bears a very sweet-scented flower, it is said that no bee ever sucks it.

his devotion a fixed and unsullied moon shining over clear amidst a galaxy of stars. All the greatest of poets would fail to describe Bharat's composure, wisdom and magnanimity, his faith, his impassibility, and the perfect splendour of his virtues; not even Seshuág, Ganes and Sarasvati could attain to them.

Dohá 313.

Paying daily homage to his lord's sandals, his affection was greater than his heart could contain: he constantly referred to them in the disposal of all matters of state,

Chaupáí.

His body quivering with emotion, Sita and Ráma in his heart, their names upon his tongue, and with tears in his eyes. Ráma, Lakshmao and Sita dwelt in the forest, but Bharat dwelling in the palace endured the bodily penance. Every one after considering both sides said that Bharat was in every way praiseworthy. The religious were abashed who heard of his fasting and penance; the king of salots, who saw his condition, was put to shame. Bharat's mode of life was utterly holy, sweet and charming, and the cause of every blessing; it removes the grievous distress of this sinful age; is the sun to disperse the darkness of the great delusion; the lion to quell the elephant host of sin; the pacifier of every kind of affliction; the joy of the faithful; the liberator from the burden of existence the essence of the ambrosia of Ráma's love.

Chhand 13.

If Bharat had never been born, full of the ambrosia of devotion to Ráma and Sita who would have practised such self restraint and penance, such composure, patience and rigorous fasting, transcending every imagination of the sánts? Who in legendary disguise would have removed our burning sorrows and poverty, our arrogance and sin? What poor wretch like Tulsi now in this Iron age would have ventured to set Ráma before you?

Sorathá 12.

All, says Tulsi, who make a vow and listen with reverence to Bharat's acts shall assuredly acquire a great devotion

to the loss of Sita and Rāma and a distaste for the pleasures of life.



[Thus endeth the book entitled AYODHYA, composed by Tulsī Dās for the bestowal of pure wisdom and continents being the second descent: 'into the holy lake of Rāma's deeds,' that cleanses from every defilement of the world.]



BOOK III
THE FOREST

THE FOREST

Sanskrit Invocation.

I REVERENCE the Brâhmanic race ; the very root of the tree of piety ; the full moon of the sea of intelligence ; the joygiver ; the sun of the lotus of asceticism ; the destroyer of sin ; the dispeller of darkness ; the healer of distress ; the most auspicious conjunction in the high heaven of wisdom, which scatters the thick clouds of delusion ; the sin cleansing ; the beloved of king Râma.

I worship him, whose body resembles a cloud teeming with abundant delights ; the yellow-apparalled ; the beautiful ; the hero with bow and arrows in hand and well-fitted quiver gleaming by his side ; with the large lotus eyes ; the long tresses of whose hair are bound into a knot on his head, all glorious to behold ; the way-farer accompanied by Sita and Lakshmen, the charmer of charmers

Sorathâ 1.

O Umâ, the saints, who are learned in Râma's mysterious qualities, enjoy peace of mind ; but fools, we are Hari's enemies and have no love for religion, reap only delusion.

Chaupâi.

I have sung to the best of my ability the incomparable and charming affection shown by the citizens and Bharat : hearken now to the all-holy acts of the Lord, that he wrought in the forest, to the delight of gods, men and saints. Once upon a time Râma picked some lovely flowers and with his own hands made a wreath, with which he reverently decked Sita. As she sat in her glory on the crystal rock, the son of the king of the gods, took the form of a crow and wickedly thought to make trial of Râma's might, like an ant so imbecile of mind as to attempt to sound the depths of ocean. With its beak it bit Sita in the foot and flew away, the foolish crow, in its utter stupidity. The blood flowed ; Raghunâysk saw it and made ready his bow and arrow, fashioned merely of reeds.²

¹ Jayantî, the son of Indra.

² In the Sanskrit Râmâyana this incident of the crow forms the subject of the 105th canto of the Ayodhyâ Kand, Corcoran's edition.

Dohd 1.

The All-merciful Rāma, ever full of compassion for the poor, even he it was upon whom the wicked wretch came and played this trick.

Chaupdi.

The divine arrow, winged with a charm, sped forth; the crow in terror took to flight and assuming his proper form went to his father, who would not shelter him, as he was Rāma's enemy. He was in despair, and as panicstricken in soul as was the Rishi Durvāsa by the terror of Viṣṇu's discus. Weary and worn with fear and remorse, he traversed the realm of Brahmā, the city of Śiva and every other sphere; but no one even asked him to sit down; who can befriend an enemy of Rāma's? Harken Garuḍa: his own mother becomes his death; his father is changed as it were into the king of the infernal regions¹; ambrosia turns to poison; a friend does him all the harm of a hundred enemies; the Ganges is converted into the Vaitarani², and all the world burns hotter than fire—mark me, brother—when a man opposes Rāma. When Nārad saw Jayanta's distress, being tender-hearted and good, he took pity on him and sent him straight to Rāma. There he cried 'Save me, O thou that art the suppliant's friend!' In terror and confusion he went and clasped his feet, crying "Quarter, quarter, O merciful Raghurāi! Thy might is immeasurable, and immeasurable thy majesty; in ignorance of mind, I knew thee not. I have reaped the fruit of my own actions; now my Lord, succor me, for to thee I have come for refuge." When the Merciful heard this most piteous appeal, he dismissed him Bhavāni, with the loss of one eye.

Sorathd 2.

Although in his infatuation he had committed such an offence that death was his due, the Lord had compassion upon him and set him free; who is so merciful as Itāghabir?

Chaupdi.

Rāma stayed on at Chitra-kot and performed many acts that were like the scriptures or ambrosia for excellence.

¹ *Semana*, 'the destroyer,' here denotes Yama, the Indian Pluto.

² The Vaitarani is the Hindu Styx, or river of hell, which the dead have to cross before entering the infernal regions. It is represented as an impetuous and filthy torrent, full of blood, hair and bones and every kind of impurity.

At last, he thought to himself—"There will be a crowd here, now that every one knows of me." So the two brothers with Sita took leave of all the saints and went on their way. When the Lord drew near to Atri's hermitage, the holy man was rejoiced at the news, and quivering in every limb he sprang up and ran to meet him. On seeing him, Râma advanced hurriedly and was falling to the ground before him, but the saint took him to his bosom. Both wept tears of affection. At the sight of Râma's beauty, his eyes were gladdened and he reverently conducted him to his cell, where doing him every honour he addressed him in gracious terms and offered him roots and fruits such as his soul relished.

Sarothâ 3.

As the Lord took his seat, the great saint supremely wise, gazed with streaming eyes upon his beauty, and joining his hands in supplication he thus hymned his praise :—

Chhand 1.

"I reverence thee, the lover of the devout ; the merciful, the tender-hearted ; I worship thy lotus feet, which bestow upon the unsensual thing own abode in heaven. I adore thee, the wondrously dark and beautiful ; the mount Mendar to churn the ocean of existence ; with eyes like the full blown lotus ; the dispeller of pride and every other vice ; the long-armed hero of immeasurable power and glory ; the mighty Lord of the three spheres, equipped with quiver and bow and arrows ; the ornament of the Solar race ; the breaker of Siva's bow ; the delight of the greatest sages and saints ; the destroyer of all the enemies of the gods ; the sorer of Kâmad's foe (i. e., of Siva) ; the revered of Brahmâ and the ether divinities ; the home ; of enlightened intelligence ; the dispeller of all error ; Lakshmi's lord ; the mine of felicity ; the salvation of the saints I worship thee with thy spouse and thy brother, thyself the beloved younger brother of Kachi's lord.¹ Men, who unselfishly worship thy holy feet, sink not in the ocean of existence, tost with the billows of controversy. They are in the hope of salvation, with subdued passions, ever

¹ This epithet is a peculiar one ; but it would seem to be intended simply as a periphrasis for Upendra, 'the lower Indra,' a well-known title of Virâma, who, in the dwarf incarnation, was born as a son of Karyajna ; Indra, here called 'Kachi's lord,' being accounted the eldest of Karyajna's sons.

delightedly¹ worship thee, having discarded every object of sense, are advanced to thy own sphere in heaven. I worship thee, the one, the mysterious Lord, the unchangeable and omnipresent power, the eternal governor of the world, the one absolute and universal spirit; the joy of all men day after day. I reverently adore thee, the king of incomparable beauty, the lord of the earth-born Sita; be gracious to me and grant me devotion to thy lotus feet." They who reverently repeat this hymn, full of faith in thee, will undoubtedly attain to thy heaven.²

Dohd 2.

Again with bowed head and folded hands the saint made supplication and cried, 'Never, O Lord, may my soul abandon thy lotus feet.

Chaupái.

The amiable and modest Sita clasped Anasúyá³ by the feet with frequent embraces. The soul of the Rishi's wife was filled with joy; she gave her her blessing and seated her by her side. Then arrayed her in heavenly robes and jewels which remained ever bright and beautiful. In simple and affectionate phrase the saintly dame spoke and instructed her in matters of wifely duty. "Hearken, royal lady, mother, father, brethren and friends are all good in a limited degree; but a husband, Vaidehi, is an unlimited blessing; and vile is the woman who worships him not. Courage, virtue, a friend and a woman are four things that are tried in time of adversity. Though her lord be old, diseased, important and poor, blind, deaf, passionate and utterly vile, yet even so the wife who treats him with disrespect shall suffer many torments in hell. Her one duty, her one fast and penance consist in a devotion of body, word and thought to her husband's feet. There are four kinds of faithful wife in the world, as the Vedas, Purāṇas and saints all say. The best is so firmly settled in mind that she could not even dream of there being any other man living: the next regards another's husband as her own brother or father, or son; she who is restrained by thought of duty and consideration for her family is said in

¹ *Alaṅkāra* is here the instrumental case of *ananda*, "delight."

² The whole of this *Chāṇḍā* is in *loam* and occasionally ungrammatical Sanskrit, like the language of the Gāthas in Gāthā-piṭṭa literature.

³ The interview with Atri and Anasūya is narrated at the end of the *Āyodhya* Kāṇḍ in one recension of the Sanskrit Rāmāyaṇa.

the scriptures to be a woman of low character; but reckon her the very lowest of all, who is restrained only by fear and want of opportunity. She who deceives her husband and carries on an intrigue with another man shall be cast for a hundred ages into the hell called the terrible. Who such a wretch as she, who for a moment's pleasure considers not the torment that shall endure through a hundred million lives? Without any difficulty a woman attains to salvation, if only without guile she adhere to her duty as a faithful wife; while she, who lives to despise her spouse becomes a widow while still a girl.

Sarathā 4

An utterly wicked woman who is faithful to her husband has a happy fate when she dies; so sing the four Vedas and so too in these days sing. Haree poor friend, Tuld. Hearken, Kiti; a woman will be kept faithful, if he invoke your name, for you are Itama like your own wife; these words that I say are for the good of the world."

Chirujar

On hearing this Janaki was overjoyed and reverently bowed her head at her feet. Then the All-merciful said to the saint, "With your permission I would go to some other food. Continue to be ever gracious to me and knowing me to be your servant, cease not your kindness. On hearing this speech of the Lord, the champion of righteousness, the saint affectionately replied, "O Itama, you are the home-lavender is desired by Brahma, Deva, Sanat-kumara, and the other gods and by all the preachers of salvation; be pardonless the kindly, the friend of the helpless, who thus modestly bespeak me. Now I understand the cleverness of Lakshmi who has left every other god and worshipped me alone. Oh a truth there is none your equal. How then could your goodness be other than it is? How can I, my lord, tell you what word to utter? Say master, for you read the heart." Having thus spoken the most strong-minded he was, trembled in every limb and his eyes streamed with tears as he gazed upon the Lord.

Chand 2

Trembling and exulting in every limb he found his leaning upon his lotus feet. It is the reward of prayer and

penance that I have beheld the Lord, who transcends the senses and every faculty of thought and reason." By prayer and meditation and religious observances, men attain to the crowning virtue of faith; therefore day and night, Tulsī Dās sings the holy acts of Raghubrī.

Dohā 3.

Rāma's praises remove the pollution of this wicked age, subdue the soul, are the source of beatitude; and Rāma continues gracious to all who reverently hear them.

Sorathā 5.

Grievous is the burden, of the sin of the world; nor religion, nor knowledge, nor meditation, nor penance avails against it; they are wise who discard trust in all else and worship Rāma only.

The Lord of gods and men and saints, after bowing his head at the lotus feet of the sage, proceeded to the wood. Rāma first and after him his brother, in the garb of hermits all full and complete. Between the two the incarnation of Lakshmi shone forth like Māya between God and the soul. The rivers and thickets and precipitous and mountain-passes all recognized their lord and made the way smooth for him. Wherever the divine Ragubrī passed, the clouds made a canopy in the heaven. As they went along the road the demon Virādha met them. While he was yet coming Ragubrī overthrew him, then at once he assumed beauteous form; and Rāma seeing him sorrowful dismissed him to his own sphere.¹ Then the All-beautiful with his brother and Jānaki visited the sage Sarabhanga.

Dohā 4.

At the sight of Rāma's lotus face the bee-like eyes of the saint reverently drank thereof; blessed indeed was Sarabhanga to have been horn.

Chauṇḍī.

Said the saint: "Hearken, gracious Ragubrī, the swan of Sūkara's lake. I had taken my departure to the halls of the Creator,² but I heard say that Rāma is coming into the forest. Day and night I have been watching the road; now

¹ The encounter with Virādha, which is here so very briefly told, occupies more than a hundred lines in Vālmiki's poem.

² Vālmiki represents Indra as having come with his chariot and horses to carry off the sage to Brahmā's sphere at the very time of Rāma's arrival.

I have seen my lord and my heart is at rest. I am deficient, my lord, in all that is good, but you have graciously acknowledged me as your humble servant. Now, sire, I have no request to make; I have accomplished my vow, O ravisher of the soul of the faithful, to wait in expectation of the suppliant's friend till I saw you and then to discard my body. I have practised meditation, sacrifice, prayers, penance and fasting, and have received the gift of faith as a boon of the lord. In this manner with his funeral pile all ready prepared, saint Sarabhanga has sat and waited, with a heart freed from every attachment.

Dohā 5.

May the Lord, whose body is dark of hue as a sombre reiocloud, incarnate in form as the divine Rāma, dwell for ever in my soul together with Sita and his brother ! "

Chaupdi.

When he had thus said, the fire of his devotion consumed his body, and by Rāma's favour he ascended to Vaikunth.¹ The saint was not absorbed into the divinity for this reason, that he had already received the mysterious gift of faith.² When the assembled Rishis saw the great saint's translation, they were mightily rejoiced at heart and all broke forth into hymns of praise, 'Glory to the champion of the humble, the fountain of mercy.' Then Raghnāth went on further into the forest, and a great company of holy men with him. Seeing a heap of bones, he asked the saints about them and was moved with much compassion. "I know, but why ask, Master? You are all seeing and know even our thoughts. These are all saints whom the demon hosts have devoured." On hearing this, Raghubīr's eyes filled with tears.

Dohā 6.

He raised his arms and vowed to rid the earth of demons: then gladdened the saints by visiting them all in turn at their hermitages.

¹ According to Vālmīki it was not Vaikunth, but Brahmā's sphere, to which he was translated III 9, 36.

² The reward of faith (*śraddhā*) is the admission to the actual presence of the divinity in the sphere where he specially reigns. Absorption into the deity implies the extinction of individual existence and individual consciousness, and therefore, though the *sarva* *loka* of many Hindu sects, is not so of those who cherish a personal form for any particular incarnation, a love which can only be satisfied by a consciousness of the presence of a beloved.

Chapdi.

Saint Agastya had a learned disciple, by name Gotiksha devoted to God ; in thought, word and deed one of Rāma's faithful servants, who had never even dreamt of any other hope or divinity. When he heard of the Lord's approach, he rushed out hurriedly, full of longing desire : " O God, the compassionate Raghurāri will be gracious to even a wretch like me. The holy tāmra and his brother will receive me as their own servant. I have no assured confidence of heart, no faith, nor command over self, nor wisdom of intellect ; no communion with saints, no practice in meditation, prayer, or vigil, and no steadfast devotion to his lotus feet ; only the promise of the All-merciful : ' He is my friend who goeth to none other.' To-day my eyes will be blest with the sight of the lotus-faced, the deliverer from the bondage of existence." The saint, philosopher as he was, was so utterly overwhelmed with love that his state, Bhavāni, was beyond all description. He could not see his way either in this direction or in that, nor remember who he was, or where he was going ; at one time he would turn and go back, at another would dance and sing songs of praise. The saint's love and faith waxed yet more vehement as the Lord watched him stealthily from behind a tree. Then Raghubīr, who removes all the troubles of the world, after witnessing his exceeding devotion, manifested himself in his soul. The saint was struck motionless in the middle of the road, and his body bristled like the jack-fruit with every hair an end. Then Raghonāth drew near, rejoicing to witness the emotion of his servant, and tried many ways to rouse him ; but he neither awoke nor derived any happiness from the vision ; till Rāma doffed his kingly guise and mentally revealed himself as the four-armed god. The saint thereupon started up in alarm, like a poor snake that has been robbed of its jewel ; but seeing before him the dark-hued Rāma with Sita and his younger brother, the abode of delight, he fell like a dog at his feet, drowned in love and supremely happy. With his strong arms he took and lifted him and clasped him to his bosom with the utmost affection. As he embraced the saint, the All-merciful showed forth like a *tamdā* tree clasped by a tree of gold ; and the saint as he gazed on Rāma's face stood so still that you would take him for a figure painted in a picture.

Dohd 7.

At last the saint growing bolder at heart, after again and again clasping his feet, conducted the Lord to his hermitage and did everything in his honour.

Chaupdi.

Said the saint : " Harken, Lord, to my supplication ; but how can I hymn thy praise ? Thy greatness is immeasurable and my wit is scant, as ineffectual as a fire-fly in the presence of the sun, I adore without ceasing the divine Raghobir, with body dark of hue as a string of lotuses, with his knotted hair for a crown and an anchorite's dress for his robe, with bow and arrow in hand and quiver by his side, A fire to consume the dense forest of delusion, a sun to animate lotus growth of the saints, a lion against the elephant herd of demons, hawk to scatter the birds metempsychosis, may he ever protect us with eyes bright as the lotus ; appraised with glory ; the moon of Sita's partridge-like eyes ; the swan in the lake of Siva's soul ; the broad-chested, strong-armed Râma, him I adore. A Garûr to devour the serpent of doubt ; the queller of violence, wrangling and pain ; the conqueror of death ; the delight of the company of heaven ; the home of compassion, may he ever protect us. At once bodiless and embodied, like and unlike, endowed with form and formless ; transcending all thought, speech and perception ; pure, all-pervading, faultless, illimitable, Râma, the loosener of earth's burdens, him I adore. A forest of trees of Paradise for his faithful people ; the dispeller of passion, avarice, pride and lust ; the All-beautiful ; the bridge to cross the ocean of life, the champion of the Solar race, may he ever protect us. With unlimited might of arm, the home of strength ; the true dispenser of the manifold imperfections of this iron age ; the shield of righteousness ; the giver of delights, the assemblage of all good qualities ; may he, my Râma, ever grant us prosperity. Though he be passionless, all-pervading, eternal, and ever dwelleth in the hearts of all ; yet in his character of the wood-roaming conqueror of Khara, with his brother and bride, may he abide in my thoughts. They who understand know him to be the Lord, though embodied, the bodiless ruler of the soul, the lotus-eyed sovereign of Kosala ; then make thy abode in my heart, O Râma. Never be this sentiment forgotten ; I am his servant and Raghupati is

my Lord." Itāma was pleased at heart on hearing the saint's speech, and in his delight pressed him again to his bosom: "Know, O Saint, that I am highly gratified: ask any boon and I will grant it you." Said the saint: "I have never begged a boon, nor can I discern between true and false. Whatever seems good to you, O Haghachāi, that bestow upon me, for you are your servant's benefactor." "I give you steadfast faith, self-control, and wisdom, and make you a storehouse of all virtue and knowledge." I have received, my lord, the boon that you have given, now grant me my own wish.

Dohd 8.

O my lord Itāma, with your brother and Jānaki, yourself equipt with bow and arrows, for ever abide like the moon in the heaven of my soul."

Chaupdi.

'So be it,' said Lakshmi's lord, as he joyously started on his visit to the Rishi Agastya. "It is a long time since I last saw my guru, and since I came to live in this hermitage; now, my lord, I will go and see him with you; I am not putting you under any obligation." The Fountain of mercy saw through the saint's craftiness, and both brothers smiled as they took him with them. Discoursing on the excellence of faith in himself the king of the gods arrived at the saint's hermitage. Satishna at once went to the guru and after prostrating himself thus addressed him: "My lord, the son of the sovereign of Kosala, the refuge of

1. Tulsi Dās's theory as the principal that should regulate man's prayers to Heaven is enforced by the example of the famous sages and ascetics, whom he so frequently brings before his readers and whose aspirations refer exclusively to spiritual blessings. An exact parallel is afforded by the teaching of the great English moralist of the last century as inculcated in the following lines:—

"Yet when the scene of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervour for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions and a will resigned,
For love which scarce collective man can fill,
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,
For faith, that—panting for a happier seat—
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat."

Detachment from the world, subjugation of the passions, love for the divinity, patience under suffering, an inner crown all, an unhesitating faith are the highest boons that man can secure; the last being followed after death by the beatific vision of the godhead, a joy for all eternity, an everlasting harmony, in which God will know Himself, and all will know God.

the world, has come to see you, even Hâme, with his brother and Veidehi, in whom, sir you make your prayer night and day." As soon as he heard this, Agastya started up and ran, and at the sight of Ilari, his eyes filled with tears. The two brothers fell at the saint's holy feet, but he took and clasped them to his bosom with the utmost affection. After courteously enquiring of their welfare, the holy sage conducted them to a seat and then again did all homage to his lord, saying: 'There is no other man so blessed as I am.' So long as the other hermits stayed, their delight was to gaze upon the root of joy.

Dohâ 9.

As he sat in their midst with their eyes all fastened upon his person, they seemed like a bevy of partridges gazing on the autumnal moon.

Chaupai.

Then said Raghuhir to the saint: "My lord, nothing is hid from you; you know why I have come, and therefore, sire, there is no need to inform you. Give me now some charm by which I may destroy the persecutors of the saints." The sage smiled when he heard the lord's speech: "You ask me, but what do I know? By virtue of my devotion to you, O destroyer of sin, I understand a little of your greatness. Your delusive power is a vast fig¹ tree, its clustering fruit the countless multitude of worlds, while all things animate and inanimate are like the insects that dwell inside, and think their own particular fig the only one in existence. This fruit is devoured by bark and inexorable fate, but even he trembles in fear of you. You, sire, are the sovereign of all the spheres, and you ask of me, as though you were only a man. O fountain of mercy, I beg this boon; dwell in my heart Lakshmi and your brother, and grant me steadfast faith, piety, fellowship with the saints and unbroken love for your lotus feet. Though you are supreme spirit, indivisible and eternal, beyond the reach of perception, the adoration of the saints, yet I declare and recognize your incarnation, and again and again adore the embodiment of Brahm and Rati. You always exalt your own servants, and

¹ The word in the text is *deera* which represents the Sanskrit *adumbara*, *be flos glomerata*. It bears large clusters of fruit, and every single fig in every cluster is always full of insects.

my Lord." Rāma was pleased at heart on hearing the saint's speech, and in his delight pressed him again to his bosom: "Know, O Sani, that I am highly gratified: ask any boon and I will grant it you." Said the saint: "I have never begged a boon, nor can I discern between true and false. Whatever seems good to you, O Raghurāi, that bestow upon me, for you are your servant's benefactor." "I give you steadfast faith, self-control, and wisdom, and make you a storehouse of all virtue and knowledge." I have received, my lord, the boon that you have given, now grant me my own wish

Dāśa 8.

O my lord Rāma, with your brother and Jānsakī, yourself equipt with bow and arrows, for ever abide like the moon in the heaven of my soul."

Chārupādi.

'So be it,' said Lakshmi's lord, as he joyously started on his visit to the Rishi Agastya. "It is a long time since I last saw my guru, and since I came to live in this hermitage; now, my lord, I will go and see him with you; I am not putting you under any obligation." The Fountain of mercy saw through the saint's craftiness, and both brothers smiled as they took him with them. Discouraging on the excellence of faith in himself the king of the gods arrived at the saint's hermitage. Satikshna at once went to the guru and after prostrating himself thus addressed him: "My lord, the son of the sovereign of Kosala, the refuge of

1. Tulsi Dās's theory as the principal that should regulate man's prayers to Heaven is enforced by the example of the famous sages and ascetics, whom he so frequently brings before his readers and whose aspirations refer exclusively to spiritual blessings. An exact parallel is afforded by the teaching of the great English moralist of the last century as inculcated in the following lines:—

"Yet when the scene of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Forth thy fervour for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions and a will resigned,
For love which scarce collective man can fill,
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,
For faith, that—panting for a happier seat—
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat."

Detachment from the world, subjugation of the passions, love for the divinity, patience under suffering, and, to crown all, an undebating faith are the highest boons that man can secure; the last being followed after death by the benific vision of the godhead, a joy for all erring's, an everlasting harmony, in which God will know Himself, and all will know God

illusion is produced which has subjugated all classes of existence. The senses and the objects of the senses, as far as the mind can reach, are all a delusion, brother ; understand that. Now learn its divisions : they are two, *viz.*, knowledge and ignorance ; the one utterly bad and calamitous, which forces the principle of life down into the pit of transmigration ; the other, the power by virtue of which the world is created, being sent by God, and having no strength of itself. Knowledge, in which there is no particle of self-consciousness, sees the supreme spirit equally in all things ; and he, brother, is to be reckoned chief of stoics, who abandons fortune, and the three elements of which the universe, is composed as if of no more account than a blade of grass.

Dohd 12.

That is to be called soul which, through the power of delusion, does not recognize itself as being really God¹ ; God the giver of bondage and of deliverance, the head of all things, the sender forth of delusion, the one goal.

Chaurds.

After piety, asceticism ; and after ascetic meditation knowledge ; and knowledge, as the Vedas declare, is the giver of salvation. But that at which I melt more quickly, brother, is faith, which is the blessing of my votaries ; it stands by itself without other support, and is above all knowledge whether spiritual or profane. Faith, brother, is an incomparable source of happiness, and only to be acquired by the favour of a saint. But I will explain the means towards it, the easy path by which men may find me. In the first place, an exceeding devotion to Brâhmins and in every action a close adherence to scriptural prescription. Secondly, the fruit of this will be detachment from the world, and then will spring up a delight in my worship. The nine kinds of faith as exercised by the ears, &c., will strengthen ; there will be an exceeding love in the soul for my manifestations, a great affection for the lotus feet of the saints, a persistency in prayer—in deed and in heart as well as in tongue—and faithfulness in service done to one's guru, or father and mother, or family, or lords and masters, knowing it to be really done to me.

¹ Or it may be thus translated : ' That is to be called soul, which doubts regarding itself whether it be a delusive manifestation or really God '.

this, Raghorāi, is the reason why you consult me. There is, my lord, a very charming and holy spot called Panchavati. Sanctify the whole Dandaka forest, in which it is, and relieve it of the saint's grievous curse,¹ by taking up your abode there, Rāma; and thus show mercy to all the saints." On receiving his permission, Rāma set out and quickly arrived at Panchavati.

Dohd 10.

After meeting the king of the vultures² and warmly renewing old friendship, Rāma stayed near the Godāvati, where he made himself a thatched cottage.

Chaupdi.

From the time that Rāma took up his abode there, the saint lived happily and without fear. The mountains, woods, rivers and lakes were softened with beauty and day by day grew yet more exceedingly lovely. The many birds and deer were full of joy and the bees added a charm by their sweet buzzing. Not even the serpent-king would be able to describe the forest, in which the glorious Rāma had manifested himself. One day, as the Lord was sitting at ease, Lakshman most humbly addressed him thus: "Sovereign of gods, men and saints, and of all animate and inanimate creation, I have a question to ask of you as of my own special master. Speak, sire, and answer it for me, for I have left all to serve the dust of your feet. Explain to me knowledge, self-governance, and the delusion of *Māya*; tell me what is that faith to which you extend mercy."

Dohd 11.

Instruct me, my lord, in all the difference between God and the soul, that I may be entirely devoted to your feet and free from grief, ignorance and error."

Chaupdi.

"I will explain the whole matter in brief; hearken, brother, with attention of mind and soul. It is from egoism and distinctions between mine and thine, that the

¹ The curse had been pronounced by Bhārgava, whose daughter Abhī had been violated by Danda, so of Ikshvāku, who was then king of country. His populous realm at once became a wild forest waste, inhabited only by wild beasts and demons.

² The interview with the vulture-king Jatāyu, thus briefly despatched in two lines, occupies the whole of the fifth canto in the Sanskrit *Ramāyana*. It was on this occasion that he made the promise to protect his which subsequently cost him his life.

expects to take his ease, a beggar who expects honour, a spendthrift who hopes for wealth, a profligate who hopes for heaven, or an avaricious man who expects renown, these are four dreamers, men who would expect milk from milking the air." Again she turned and came to Rāma, but he sent her back once more to Lakshman. Said Lakshman, "The bridegroom for you must be a man lost to all senses of shame." Then in a fury she went to Rāma, revealing herself in a shape of terror. Raghurāi, seeing that Sita was frightened made a sign to his brother :

Dohd 14.

And Lakshman with the greatest ease struck off her nose and ears : her hands he sent to Rāvan in defiance.

Chaupdi.

Without nose and ears she was as hideous to look upon as a mountain flowing with torrents of red ochre. She went monolog to Khara and Dūshan : "A curse, a curse, I say, on your manhood and strength, brother." They questioned and she told them all. When they heard, the demons gathered an army, and a swarming multitude of fiends rushed forth like so many winged mountains of darkness, on diverse vehicles, of diverse shapes, armed with diverse weapons, terrible and beyond number. At the head went Śūrpa-oakhā in hideous guise, without ears and nose. Many fearful omens of ill occurred, but the host heeded them not, being all death-doomed. They shouted, they defied the enemy, they leaped in the air, their captains inspected the ranks and rejoiced exceedingly. Said one, 'Capture the two brothers alive and then take and kill them and carry off the bride.' The vault of heaven was filled with the dust of them. Rāma called his brother and said : "Take Jānaki way to some mountain-cave ; a terrible array of demons has come ; remain on your guard." Obedient to his lord's command he took his bow and arrows in hand and led Sita way. When Rāma saw that the hostile force had drawn near, he smiled as he strung his massive bow.

Chhand 3.

As he strung his massive bow and bound up his long air in a knot on his head, he seemed as it were a sphinx

¹ The traditional scene of this event is laid at Kāshī, which is supposed to derive its name from Kāśika, 'a nose'. The suburban on the opposite bank of the river Godārī is still called Panchavati.

While singing my praises the body quivers, the veils tremble, the eyes flow with tears ; and neither lust, pride nor deceit, finds a place in the soul ; I am ever, brother, the command of such a one as this.

Dohā 13.

I take up my abode for ever in the lotus heart of those who in thought, word and deed make their fervent prayer to my incarnation.

Chaupdi.

On hearing the doctrine of faith and devotion¹, thus expounded, Lakshman was greatly rejoiced and bowed his head at his lords' feet. In this manner several days were spent in discourse on asceticism, wisdom, virtue and morality. One day Rāvan's sister, Sūrpa-nakhā, fool-hearted and venomous as a serpent, came to Panch and was excited by the sight of the two princes. A woman Garūr, must needs look after a handsome man, whether be brother father or son.² In her excitement she cannot contain herself, like the sun-stone that melts at sight of the sun. Having assumed a beautiful form, she went to the Lord and with many smiles thus addressed him : " There is not another man like you, nor a woman like me ; there is a match that God has taken some pains to make. I have searched the three spheres, but have not found anywhere in the world a man with beauty to equine. And for this reason I have till now remained virgin, but now that I have seen you I am fairly satisfied. The Lord looked at Sita and said in reply : " My young brother is a bachelor." The demon's sister took the hint and went to Lakshman. He looked to his lord and said in gentle tones : Harken, fair lady, I am his servant ; it is not right that you should be in subjection to any one. My lord is the mighty king of Kosala, and whatever he does is all done at his own pleasure. A servant who

1 *Faith*, the word here rendered "devotion," is one of the system's Hindu philosophy. Its chief aim is to teach the means by which the human soul may attain complete union with the Supreme Being. It is defined by Ratanjalk, the founder of the school, "the prevention" of the fluctuations of thought by the practice of self-mortification and by keeping the mind constantly unaffected by all external influence. The final beatitude, which is held out as the reward of such devotion, consists in the cessation of all ideas of self and of any distinction between matter and spirit.

2 That is to say apparently, whatever his age may be, whether he be of the same age or old enough to be a father, or young enough to be a son.

Dohd 15.

When they had recovered themselves they made a rush, for they know the strength of their foe; and shafts and weapons of all kinds began to rain upon Râma. But Raghobir cleft them in twain, making them of no more account than so many sesamum seeds, and then drawing the bowstring to his ear he let fly his own arrows.

Chhand 5—6.

Then the terrible arrows sped forth, hissing like many serpents. The holy Râma waxed wrath in battle; his arrows flew of exceeding sharpness. When they saw his shafts so keen, the demon leaders turned to flight; but the three brothers became furious; 'Whoever runs from the field I will slay with my own hand; let him stay then and make up his mind to die' Weapons of diverse kinds beat upon him from the front, and the Lord perceiving that the foe was exceedingly furious fitted an arrow to his bow. He let fly the huge bolts; the hideous demons were cut to pieces; bodies, heads, arms, hands and feet were scattered about all over the ground. The shrill arrows struck; like mountains the bodies fell. The leaders had their frames cut into a hundred pieces, yet they stood up again by power of magic. Many arms and heads flew through the air and headless trunks ran to and fro. Kites, crows and Jackals made an awful and horrible wrangling.

Chhand 7.

Jackals wrangled; ghosts, goblins and demons made cups of the skulls; more warlike devils clashed skulls together for music, and witches danced. Raghobir's mighty arrows smote off the leaders' bodies, arms and heads; they fell on every side, but stood up again in fight with terrible cries of 'atriko, strike.' Vultures flew away with men's entrails in their claws, goblins scampered off with hands that they had seized; one might fancy all the children of Battle-town were flying kites. The mighty champions lay dead and vanquished, with mangled bodies. Seeing their army routed, Khara and Dûshan, with Trisira and the other champions, stood at bay, and all at once demons innumerable hurled furiously against Raghobir arrow and spear, club, axe, javelin and dagger. In the twinkling of an eye the Lord had warded off all his enemies' missiles and sent forth his own arrows, slaying all the demon leaders

rock encircled with flashes of lightning and with two snakes entwining its summit. As the Lord girded up his quiver by his side and clasped the bow in his mighty arm and fitted the arrow to the string, he glared with the glance of a lion on a herd of elephants.

Sorathā 6.

The warriors came on with a rush, shouting 'seize him, seize him,' for they saw that he was alone: the demons closed round upon him, but he stood as the rising sun,

Chaupdi.

And at the sight of his majesty they could not discharge their arrows; the whole demon host became powerless. Khara and Dúshan summoned their minister and said: "This ornament of the human race must be some king's son. Núgas, demons, gods, men and saints of all sorts I have seen, conquered and slain; but in the whole of my life—mark me my brethren all—I have never seen such beauty. Though he has disfigured my sister, so incomparable a hero is not worthy of death. 'At once put away and surrender your bride and return home alive, you and your brother.' Declare to him this that I have said and quickly come back with his answer." The heralds went and told Ráma. He smiled to hear them and said: "I am a warrior by caste and am hooting this wood; wretches like you are the game that I am tracking. I am not dismayed at the sight of the enemy's strength, but am ready to do combat with death himself. Though a man, I am the exterminator of the race of demons; and though a mere child I am the protector of the saints and the destroyer of the wicked. If there is no strength in you, turn and go home; I will never turn my back upon the battle. If you have come up to fight, show now your cunning and dexterity; mercy to an enemy is the height of weakness." The heralds immediately went and repeated all this: Khara and Dúshan's heart was on fire when they heard it.

Chhand 4.

Their heart was on fire and they cried: "Rash upon him and seize him, ye mighty demon warriors, with your bows and arrows, clubs, pikes, spears, scymtars, maces and axes." The lord gave his bow one twang; in a moment, at the awful and terrible sound the demons were defeated and dismayed, they had no sense left in them.

Dohd 17.

In her distress she threw herself down in the midst of the assembly with many tears and cries, "O Rāvan, to think that you should live and see me thus treated?"

Chauḍi.

When they heard this, the assembly rose in confusion and took her by the hand and lifted her up and consoled her. Said the king of Lanka: "Why do you not tell me what has happened? who has cut off your nose and ears?" "The sons of Dasarath, the lord of Ayodh, very lions of men, have come to hunt the forest. I understood that they were about; they would rid the earth of demons. Relying on the might of their arm, O Rāvan, the saints roam the woods without any fear. They are children to look at, but in fact restless as Death himself, the most intrepid of archers, with many strings to their bow. Both brothers are glorious with incomparable might, and have devoted themselves to the extermination of the wicked and the relief of gods and saints. Itāns—for such is his name—is the very perfection of beauty, and with him is a young girl, whom the Creator has made the loveliest of the sex; a hundred million Itāns would be no match for her. It is his younger brother who cut off my ears and nose and made a mock of me, when he heard I was your sister. When Khara and Dushan were told of this, they gave him challenge; but in an instant he slew the whole of their army." When he heard of the defeat of Khara, Dushan and Trisira, the Ten-headed was on fire all over.

Dohd 18.

After consoling Śūrpa-nakhī and forcing himself to say much to her, he went to his palace in a great state of anxiety and had no sleep all night.

Chauḍi.

"Among gods, men and demons, serpents and birds, there is none who can withstand my servants; and Khara and Dushan were my own equals in strength; who can have killed them, unless it be God himself? If God has become incarnate, in order to relieve the saints and relieve earth of its burden, then if I go and fight against him and

In the next *pramāṇa* game is intended to be understood to the two names of, 1st, a woman, 2nd, a husband.

with ten shafts planted in the breast of each of them. Though they fell to the ground, they rose again in their valour and joined in the fray, and would not die, but made the strangest sight. The gods feared, when they saw the demons fourteen thousand in number, and the king of Avadh alone; till the Lord perceiving alarm of gods and saints and having power over all illusion, wrought a prodigy, and while they were yet looking at one another he finished the battle, and the army of the enemy all perished fighting.

Dohā 16.

Crying 'Rāma, Rāma,' as their soul left their body; they thus attained beatitude. In a moment the Fountain of mercy slew all his enemies by magic. The gods in their joy rained down flowers instruments of music sounded in the air, and with cries of 'Glory, glory,' they all departed, each in his own splendid carriage.

Chaupāī.

When Raghuāth had vanquished his foes in the battle, gods, men and saints were all relieved from fear. Lakshman then brought back Sita. As she fell at her lord's feet, he took and rapturously clasped her to his bosom, and she fixed her gaze upon his dark and delicate form, but so vehement was her love that her eyes could never be satisfied. Thus the blessed Rāma stayed at Panchavati, delighting gods and saints by the deeds that he did. But Sūrpānakhā, when she saw the death of Khara and Dūshan, went and called Rāvan. In tones full of fury she cried: "You have lost all thought of realm and treasure; you drink and sleep day and night and do not consider that the enemy is at your gate. A kingdom without policy, wealth without religion, good works without consecration to Hari, knowledge without discretion, these all bring no fruits save trouble to the student, the doer, or the possessor. An acetic is quickly undone by attachment, a king by ill-counsel, wisdom by conceit, modesty by drinking, friendship by want of consideration, and good sense by pride: so goes the saying.

Sorathā 7.

An enemy, sickness, fire, air, a mustard and a serpent are never to be accounted trifles." So saying and with much lamentation beside she set to weeping.

I was driven a distance of a hundred leagues¹ : it is not well to quarrel with him. Wherever I look, I see these two brothers, and my senses are utterly bewildered like a fly fascinated by a spider. Even if he be only a man my son, he is a tremendous hero, and opposition to him will do no good.

Dohâ 21

But can he possibly be a man, who was strong enough to vanquish Târaka and Dûshahu, who broke Siva's bow and slew Khars, Dûshahu and Trisira ?

Châupâi

Consider the welfare of your family and go home." When he heard this, he was furious and abused him soundly : " You fool, you take upon yourself to teach me, as if you were my master ! Tell me where is there in the world any warrior my equal ? " Maricha then thought to himself : " There are nine whom it is not good to make enemies ; an armed man, an accomplice, a king, a man without principle, a rich man, a physician, a panegyrist, poet or any person of special ability " Either way he saw he must die ; but he reflected that Rama would be his assassin. So he answered : " You will be the death of me, poor wretch ; for how can I escape when smitten by Raghopati's shaft ? " With these thoughts at heart, he accompanied Rama, staunch in his devotion to Rama's feet and with an exceeding gladness of heart that he would not show : " To-day I shall behold my best beloved

Chând 6

My eyes will be rewarded with the sight of my best beloved, and I shall be happy. I shall imprint upon my soul the feet of the All-merciful with Sita too and his brother, Hari, the ocean of benediction, whose very wrath confers salvations, who gives himself up entirely to the will of his worshippers, will with his own hands fit an arrow to the string and slay me.

Dohâ 22.

As he runs after me to seize me with his bow and arrows, I shall ever and again turn and get a sight of my lord : there is none else so blessed as I am."

¹ See Book I Châupâi 211

lose my life by an arrow of the Lord's, I shall escape further transmigration ; prayer will not do for one like me of demoe form ; this is the plan upon which I am absolutely determined. If he is only come earthly king's son, I shall conquer them both in battle and carry off the bride." He mooted his chariot and went off alone to the spot where Mārīcha was living by the sea-shore. Hearken now, Umā, to the delectable account of the device that Rāma invented.

Dohd 19.

When Lakshman had gone into the wood to gather roots, fruits and herbs, the gentle and joyous god said with a smile to Jaesk's daughter :

Chaupdi.

"Hearken, most lovely and amiable of faithful wives, I am going to act a fantastio human part. Be yoo absorbed into fire until I have completed the destruction of the demooos." As soon as Rāma had finished speaking she pressed her lord's feet to her heart and entered into the fire, leaving only an image of herself, of exactly the same appearance and the same amiable and gentle disposition. Lakshman did not know this mystery or that the god had taken any action. The Teo-headed approached Mārīcha and bowed his head, the selfish and contemptible wretch. When a mean creature bends, it is only to give more pain, like an elephant-goat, a bow, a snake, or a cat ; the friendly speech of a churl is as portentous, Bhavāni, as flowers that blossom out of season.

Dohd 20.

After doing him homage, Mārīcha respectfully enquired of him his business : "What is the cause, my son, that you have come so disturbed in mind and all alone ?"

Chaupdi.

Rāvan put the whole matter before him and added presumptuously—the wretch—"Do you for the purpose of deception assumed the form of a deer, and by this means, shall be able to carry off the princess." He replied—"Hearken, Rāvas ; though in form as a mao, this is the lord of all animate and inanimate creation ; there is fighting against him, my son ; if he kills, you die ; and you live, it is he who gives you life. He is the prince Raghupati, who when he went to protect the saint's sacrifice, smote me with a pointless arrow, and in an instant

I was driven a distance of a hundred leagues¹ : it is not well to quarrel with him. Wherever I look, I see these two brothers, and my senses are utterly bewildered like a fly fascinated by a spider. Even if he be only a man my son, he is a tremendous hero, and opposition to him will do no good.

Dohd 21.

But can he possibly be a man, who was strong enough to vanquish Tāraka and Subāhu, who broke Siva's bow and slew Khars, Dūshan and Trisira ?

Chauptā

Consider the welfare of your family and go home." When he heard this, he was furious and abused him soundly : " You fool, you take upon yourself to teach me, as if you were my master ! Tell me where is there in the world any warrior my equal ? " Maricha then thought to himself : " There are nine whom it is not good to make enemies ; an armed man, an accomplice, a king, a man without principle, a rich man, a physician, a panegyrist, poet or any person of special ability." Either way he saw he must die ; but he reflected that Rama would be his saviour. So he answered : " You will be the death of me, poor wretch ! for how can I escape when smitten by Raghupati's shaft ? " With these thoughts at heart, he accompanied Rāvan, staunch in his devotion to Rama as yet and with an exceeding gladness of heart that he would not show : " To-day I shall behold my best beloved.

Chānd 8

My eyes will be rewarded with the sight of my best beloved, and I shall be happy. I shall imprint upon my soul the feet of the All-merciful with Sita too and his brother. Hari, the ocean of bonitude, whose very wrath confers salvation, who gives himself up entirely to the will of his worshippers, will with his two hands fit an arrow to the string and slay me.

Dohd 22.

As he runs after me to seize me with his bow and arrows, I shall ever and again turn and get a sight of my lord : there is none else so blessed as I am."

¹ See Book 3 *Chauptā* 312

Chaupdi.

When the Ten-headed drew near to the wood, *Mārīcha* took the form of a deer, so beautifully spotted as to defy description, with a body of gold, all bespangled with jewels. When Sita saw the wonderously beautiful creature clothed with loveliness in its every limb, she cried: "O *Raghnabir*, hearken, kind air, this deer has a most charming skin; I pray you, shoot it, most amiable lord, and bring me the hide." Thereupon *Rāma*, who understood the meaning of it all, arose with joy to execute the purpose of the gods. Having marked the deer, he girded up his waistbelt, took his bow in his hand and trimmed his shapely arrows. Then the lord cautioned *Lakshman*: "Many demons, brother, roam the forest; take care of Sita with all thought and consideration and with force too, if occasion require it. The deer seeing the Lord, took to flight; *Rāma* pursue with ready bow: even he, to whom the Veda cannot attain nor *Siva* is able to contemplate, hastens in pursuit of this mimic deer. Now close at hand, now fleeing at a distance at one time in sight, at another hid, alternately showing and concealing itself and practising every kind of wile, in this manner it took the Lord far away. At last *Rāma* aimed and let fly the fatal shaft; the deer fell to the ground with a terrible cry, first calling aloud to *Lakshman*, but afterwards mentally invoking *Rāma*. As life ebb'd, he resumed his natural form and devoutly repeated the name of *Rāma*, who in his wisdom recognizing his inward love, gave him such a place in heaven as saints can scarcely attain to."

Dohā 23.

The gods rained down abundant flowers and hymned the Lord's high virtue: "Raghnāth, the suppliant's friend, rises to his own sphere even a demon!"

Chaupdi.

As soon as he had slain the monster, *Raghnabir* returned the bow gleaming in his hand and the quiver by his side. When Sita heard the agonizing cry, she called to *Lakshman* in the greatest alarm: "Go in haste, your brother is in some sad strait." *Lakshman* answered with a smile. "Hearken, mother; he, by the play of whose eyebrows the world is annihilated, cannot be imagined as having fallen into any difficulty." But when Sita urged him with taunting words, *Lakshman's* resolution—for aroha was *Hari's* will

—was shaken; he made over charge of everything to the forest and its gods, and went after the Ráhu of the moon-like Rávan. When the Ten-headed saw the ground vacant he drew near in the guise of an ascetic. He, for fear of whom gods and demons trembled and could neither sleep by night nor eat food by day, even that Rávan came looking this side and that, as furtively as a cat bent on thieving. After he had turned his steps, Garúr, to this vile course, not a particle of his majesty, or intellect, or strength of body was left in him. After repeating a variety of legends and moral sentiments, he had recourse to threats and blandishments. Said Sita, "Hearken, revered Father; what you say is hateful to me." Then Rávan showed himself in his proper form; and she was terror-stricken when he declared his name. But plucking up all her courage she said: "Wretch, stay as you are; my lord is at hand. Like as a hare that would wed a lioness, so have you wooed your own destruction, O demon king." On hearing this speech the Ten-headed was furious, though in his heart he delighted to adore her feet.

Dohá 24.

Rávan angrily seized her and seated her in his chariot. As he took his way through the air, he was so agitated with fear that he could scarcely drive.

Chaupdi.

"Ah! gallant Raghuráí, sovereign of the universe, for what fault of mine have you forgotten mercy? Ah! reliever of distress, health-giving sanctuary, son of the lotuses of the Raghu race. Ah! Lakshman! this is no fault of yours; I have reaped the fruit of the temper I showed." manifold were the lamentations that she uttered. "My affectionate and loving lord is far away; who will tell him of my calamity; that an ass is devouring the oblation intended for the gods!" At the sound of Sita's woeful lament every created being, whether animate or inanimate, was made sad. The vulture-king, too, heard her piteous cry and recognized the wife of the glory of Raghu's line, whom the vile demon was carrying away, as it were the famous dun cow that had fallen into the hands of some savage. "Fear not, Sita my daughter, I will annihilate this monster." The bird darted forth in its fury, like a thunderbolt launched against a mountain. "Stop you villain, how dare you go on thus and

Chaupdi.

When the Ten-headed drew near to the wood, Mārīcha took the form of a deer, so beautifully spotted as in defy description, with a body of gold, all bespangled with jewels. When Sita saw the wonderfully beautiful creature clothed with loveliness in its every limb, she cried : " O Raghubīr, hearken, kind sir, this deer has a most charming skin ; I pray you, shoot it, most amiable lord, and bring me the hide." Thereupon Rāma, who understood the meaning of it all, arose with joy to execute the purpose of the gods, having marked the deer, he girded up his waistbelt, took his bow in his hand and trimmed his shapely arrows. Then the lord cautioned Lakshman : " Many demons, brother, roam the forest ; take care of Sita with all thought and consideration and with force too, if occasion require it." The deer seeing the Lord, took to flight ; Rāma pursued with ready bow : even he, to whom the Veda cannot attain, nor Sita is able to contemplate, hastened in pursuit of a mimic deer. Now close at hand, now fleeing at a distance at one time in sight, at another hid, alternately showing and concealing itself and practising every kind of wile, in this manner it took the Lord far away. At last Rāma aimed and let fly the fatal shaft ; the deer fell to the ground with a terrible cry, first calling aloud to Lakshman, but afterwards mentally invoking Rāma. As life ebbed, he resumed his natural form and devoutly repeated the name of Rāma, who in his wisdom recognizing his inward love, gave him such a place in heaven as saints can scarcely attain to.

Dohd 23.

The gods rained down abundant flowers and hymned the Lord's high virtue : " Raghunāth, the suppliant's friend, raises to his own sphere even a demon !"

Chaupdi.

As soon as he had slain the monster, Raghubīr returned : the bow gleaming in his hand and the quiver by his side. When Sita heard the agonizing cry, she called to Lakshman in the greatest alarm : " Go in haste, your brother is in some sad strait." Lakshman answered with a smile. " Harken, mother ; he, by the play of whose eyebrows the world is annihilated, cannot be imagined as having fallen into any difficulty." But when Sita urged him with taunting words, Lakshman's resolution—for such was Hari's will

—was shaken; he made over charge of everything to the forest and its gods, and went after the Ráhu of the moon-like Rávan. When the Ten-headed saw the ground vacant he drew near in the guise of an anchorite. He, for fear of whom gods and demoes trembled and could neither sleep by night nor eat food by day, even that Rávan came looking this side ood that, as fortively as a cur bent on thieving. After he had turned his steps, Garúr, to this vile course, not a particle of his majesty, or intellect, or strength of body was left in him. After repeating a variety of legends and moral sentiments, he had recourse to threats and blandishments. Said Sita, "Hearken, reverend Father; what you say is hateful to me." Then Rávan showed himself in his proper form; and she was terror-stricken when he declared his name. Not plucking up all her courage she said: "Wretch, stay as you are; my lord is at hand. Like as a hare that would wed a lioness, so have you wooed your own destruction. O demon king." On hearing this speech the Ten-headed was furious, though in his heart he delighted to adore her feet.

Dohd 24.

Rávan angrily seized her and seated her in his chariot. As he took his way through the air, he was so agitated with fear that he could scarcely drive.

Chaupti.

"Ah! gallant Raghurái, sovereign of the universe, for what fault of mine have you forgotten mercy? Ah! reliever of distress, health-giving sanctuary, son of the lotuses of the Raghu race. Ah! Lakshman! this is no fault of yours; I have reaped the fruit of the temper I showed." Manifest were the lamentations that she uttered. "My affectionate and loving lord is far away; who will tell him of my calamity; that an ass is devouring the oblation intended for the gods!" At the sound of Sita's woeful lament every created being, whether animate or inanimate, was made sad. The vulture-king, too, heard her piteous cry and recognised the wife of the glory of Raghu's line, whom the vile demon was carrying away, as it were the famous dun cow that had fallen into the hands of some savage. "Fear not, Sita my daughter, I will annihilate this monster." The bird darted forth to its lair, like a thunderbolt leaping against a mountain. "Stop you villain, how dare you go on thus and

take no heed of me." Seeing him bearing down upon him like the angel of death, Rávan paused and considered: "Is it moont Maináka? or the king of the birds? anyhow they both know my might, as also do their lords."² When he perceived that it was poor old Jatáyo, he cried, "he shall leave his body at the shrine of my hands."³ At this, the vultures rushed on in a fury, crying: "Hearken, Rávan, to my advice; surrender Jánaki and go home in peace; if not, despite your many arms, it will turn out thus; Ráma's wrath is like a fierce flame, and your whole house will be consumed in it like a moth." The warrior demon gave no answer. Then the vulture rushed wildly on and clutched him by the hair and dragged him from his chariot so that he fell to the ground. Again, having sheltered Sita, the vulture toroed and with his beak tore and rent his body. For nearly half an hour the demon was in a swoon, then gnashed his teeth with rage and drew his monstrous sword and cut off Jatáyo's wings. The bird fell to the ground, calling upon Ráma, and doing marvellous feats of courage. Then Rávan again seated Sita in the chariot and drove off in haste in no little alarm. Sita was borne through the air lamenting, like a frightened fawn in the power of a huntsman. Seeing the monkeys sitting on the rocks, she cried out Hari's name and dropt her scarf. In this manner he went off with Sita and put her down in the Asoka forest.

Dohá 25.

Though he tried every kind of threat and blandishment, the monster could not succeed, and at last after exhausting all his devices he left her under the Asoka tree. With Ráma's beautiful form impressed upon her heart, as he appeared when parading the mimic deer. Sita was incessantly invoking his name, "O Hari, Hari!"

Chauráí.

When Raghupati saw his brother coming, he was seized with a new and greater fear: "O brother, have you left Sita

1 Maináka is the only peak which is said to have retained its wings when Indra clipped those of the other mountains.

2 Maináka's lord is the Ocean, which Rávan and the other demons had churned; and Garúr, 'the King of the Birds,' has Vishnu for his lord, with whom Rávan has always been at war.

3 That is to say, 'as a man goes to a place of pilgrimage in order to die there, so has he come to me to die by my hand.'

alone and come here against my order, though so many demons roam the forest? My mind misgives me that Sita is not at the hermitage." Lakshman clasped his lotus feet and cried with folded hand: "Hearken, my lord, it is no fault of mine." When he found the hermitage bereft of Sita, he was as agitated as any common man. "Alas! Jānaki, my precious Sita, so beautiful and amiable, so divinely pious and devoted!" Lakshman did all he could to comfort him. As he went along, he questioned all the trees and flowers by the way: "O ye birds and deer, O ye swarms of bees, have you seen the fawn-eyed Sita? The wagtails, parrots, and pigeons; the deer and fish: swarming bees and clever cuckoos: the jasmine and pomegranate flowers; the lightning, the lotus, the autumn moon; the gliding serpent: the meshes of Varuna, bow of Kāma-deva; the swan, the elephant and the lion can now bear themselves praised; the cocoanut, the champs, and the plants in can now rejoice, without any doubt or misgiving at heart.¹ Hearken, Jānski, now that you are away, they are all as glad as if they had gotten a kingdom. How can I endure this cruelty at your hands; why do you not at once disclose yourself, my beloved?" In this manner the lord searched and lamented, like a fond lover distressed by separation. Rāma who has no wish unsatisfied, the perfection of bliss, the uncreated and the everlasting, acted the part of a man. Farther on he saw the vulture-king lying, with his thoughts fixed on the prints of Rāma's feet.

Dohā 26.

The compassionate Raghubir laid his lotus hands upon his head. At the sight of Rāma's lovely face all his pain was forgotten,

Chaupdi.

And the vulture recovered himself and spoke as follows: "Hearken Rāma, remover of life's troubles. My lord, this is Rāvan's doing; he is the wretch, who has carried off Janak's daughter. He took her away, sire, to the south, crying as

* 1 The different objects here mentioned from the Hindu poet's stock in trade upon which he invariably draws for comparisons when he wishes to describe the charms of a lovely woman: with clustering hair like swarms of bees, teeth white as buds of jasmine, lips like the pomegranate, eyes bright as flashes of lightning, breasts swelling like cocoanuts, waist like a lion's a seat like an elephant's &c. &c. Now that Sita is gone, who excelled each of them in the very point on which they most prided themselves, they may again bear themselves quoted as perfect.

piteously as an osprey. I have kept alive, my lord, only to see you; now, O most merciful, I would depart." Said Râma: "Remain alive, father." He smiled and answered: "He, by the repetition of whose name at the hour of death the vilest sinner, as the scriptures declare, attains salvation, has come in bodily form before my eyes; what need is there, sire, for me to live any longer?" Raghurâi's eyes filled with tears as he replied: "Father, it is your own good, deeds that have saved you. There is nothing in the world beyond the reach of those who devote their soul to the good of others. When you pass out of the body, father, ascend to my sphere in heaven. What more can I give you? your every wish is gratified." Dropping the form of a vulture, he appeared in all the beauty of Hari, bedecked with jewels and in gorgeous yellow attire, with dark-beed body and four mighty arms, and with his eyes full of tears he chaunted that hymn of praise:

Chhand 9.

"Glory to Râma of incomparably beauty; the bodiless, the embodied; the veritable source of every bodily element; who with mighty arrows has broken the might of the arm of the ten-headed demon; the ornament of the earth. With his body dark as a rain-cloud, with his lotus face and his eyes large as the lotus-flower, I incessantly worship Râma the merciful, the mighty-armed, the dispeller of all life's terrors; of immeasurable strength; without beginning and end; the indivisible; the one; beyond the reach of all the senses; the incarnate Gaviota; the annihilator of duality; the profound in wisdom; the supporter of the earth; an everlasting delight in the soul of the saints, who practise the spell of Râma's name. I incessantly worship Râma, the friend of the innocent, the destroyer of lust and every other wickedness. He, whom the scriptures hymn under the name of the passionless Brahman, the all-pervading, the supreme spirit, the unbegotten; to whom the saints attain after infinite study and contemplation, penance and abstraction; he the all-merciful, the all-radiant, the approachable, has now become manifest for the delight of the world. He who is at once inaccessible and accessible, like and unlike, the essentially pure, the unfailing comforter, whom ascetics beheld only when they have laboriously subdued their mind and senses; save Râma, the spouse of Lakshmi, who is ever at the command of his servants,

though the lord of the three spheres, may he abide in my heart, the terminator of transmigration, whose praises make pure."

Doha 27.

After asking the boon of perfect faith, the vulture departed for Hari's sphere. Rāma with his own hands performed his funeral rites with all due ceremony.

Chaupdi.

The tender-hearted and compassionate Rāghonāth, who shows mercy even on the undeserving, bestowed upon a vulture, an unclean flesh-eating bird, such a place in heaven as the greatest ascetic's desire. Hearken, Uma; the most miserable of men are they who abandon Hari and become attached to objects of sense.

The two brothers in their search for Sita visited and examined many woods, tangled with creepers, dense with trees, and swarming with birds, deer, elephants and lions. As they went on their way they overthrew Kābandha, who declared the whole history of the corpse. "Duryāsas¹ cursed me, but now that I have seen my lord's feet, my sin has been blotted out." Hearken, Gandharva; those who trouble Brāhmanas are displeasing to me.

Doha 28.

They who without guile in thought, word and deed do service to the gods of earth, subdue onto themselves Brāhmā, Śiva, myself and every other divinity.

Chaupdi.

A Brāhmaṇa, though he curse, beat and abuse you, is still no object of reverence; so declare the saints. A Brāhmaṇa must be honoured, though devoid of every virtue and merit; but a Śūdra naver, though distinguished for all virtue and learning." So saying, he instructed him in his

¹ The reference to Duryāsas is obscure. According to the legend as told by Vālmiki, Kābandha had been a beautiful youth by name Dana, who as a reward for penance obtained from heaven the boon of a long life. On the strength of this promise he ventured to challenge Indra to battle, who launched his thunderbolt against him and drove his head and shoulders down into his body, which was thus made a horrible headless shapeless trunk. To keep him from starving, since he needs must live, his arms were made a league long; and a huge mouth was opened in his belly. (In the text as translated by Griffith, there is mention of a sage etheśa-Siras (Great-head) who had been annoyed by Dana and therefore cursed him; but the passage has rather the air of an interpolation, and does not appear in Gervase's edition. The meaning of the word Kābandha is 'a headless trunk.'

doctrine and was pleased to see his devotion to his feet. When the beneficent Râma had given him heatitude, he passed on to the hermitage of Savari.¹ When she saw that Râma had come to her abode, she remembered the saint's promise and was glad of heart. With lotus eyes, mighty arms, hair fastened up in a knot on their head, and a garland of wild flowers upon their breast, one dark of hue, the other fair, stood the two brothers. Savari fell and embraced their feet. She was so drowood in love that no speech came to her lips, but again and again she bowed her head at their lotus feet, then reverently brought water and laved their feet and finally conducted them to a seat of honour.

Dohâ 29.

Then she brought and presented to Râma the most delicious fruits and herbs and roots, and the lord graciously ate of them, again and again thinking her.

Chaupâi.

She stood before him with folded hands and as she gazed upon the Lord her love waxed yet more vehement. "How can I hymn thy praises, seeing that I am of moonest descent and of duldest wit: the lowest of the low and a woman to boot; nay among the lowest of women thou one who is of all most ignorant, O sinless god," said Raghopâti: "Hearken, lady, to my words: I recognize no kinsmanship save that of faith: neither lineage, family, religion, rank, wealth, power, connections, virtue, nor ability. A man without faith is of no more account than a cloud without water. I will explain to you the nine kinds of faith; hearken attentively and lay them up in your mind. The first step to faith is communion with the saints; the second a love for the legends relating to me;

Dohâ 30.

The third,—and incalculable step,—devotion to the lotus feet of the guru; the fourth, singing my praises with a guileless purpose.

Chaupâi.

The fifth, as the Vedas have expounded, prayer and the repetition, with an assured confidence, of mystic spells:

¹ *Savari*, is the feminine *savari*, in strictly speaking, and the first syllable name of any one particular person, but of a whole savage tribe. The word is probably connected with *area*, 'a Europe.'

the sixth, self-governance, kindness, detachment from the world and in every action a loving and persevering piety; the seventh, seeing the whole world full of me, and holding the saints in yet greater account than myself; the eighth, contentment with what one has, without ever a thought of spying out fault in others; the ninth, a guileless simplicity towards all, and a hearty confidence in me without either exultation or dejection. Verily, lady, whoever possesses any one of these, whether he be man or woman, rational or irrational, is my friend; and you have them all in the highest degree. The heavenly prize, which the greatest ascetics scarcely win, is to-day within your easy reach. The result of seeing me is something most marvellous; every creature at once attains its proper consummation. But lady, have you any tidings of Jánaki; tell me, fair dame, all that you know." "Go Raghurái, to the lake Pampá; there make friends with Sogriva; he will tell you all. You know it already my god Raghubír, yet have the patience to ask him." After again and again bowing her head at the Lord's feet, she lovingly repeated the whole story.

Chhand 10.

After repeating the whole story, as she gazed on Hari's face and imprinted his lotus feet on her heart, she left her body in the sacrificial fire and became absorbed in Hari's feet beyond return. O men, abandon all your religious observances, which are unrighteousness, and your many sects, which yield only sorrow, and with all confidence (says Tulsí Dás) lovingly embrace the feet of Ráma.

Dohá 31.

He gave salvation to a woman of such low descent and so altogether born in sin as even this Savari was: foolish indeed are they who desire peace of mind after forgetting such a lord.

Chaupái.

When they had left this wood, they went on their way Ráma and his brother, two lions among men, of immeasurable strength. The Lord, like a bereaved lover, kept making lamentation and turning his discourse to many topics: "Observe, Lakshman, the beauty of the forest;

1 According to the Sanskrit Rámáyana it was not Savari, but Kabandha, who directed Ráma to apply to Sugriva.

whose heart is not moved to see it ? The birds and deer all accompanied by their mates, seem to laugh and jeer at me. When the deer see me and would scamper away, he does cry : ' Have no fear, enjoy yourselves, for you are genuine deer, and it is only a golden deer that these people have come to look for.' The female elephants, as they take aside their lords, seem to be giving me this caution ; ' The scriptures, however well studied, must be read over and over again ; a king, however well served, is never to be depended upon ; and a woman like the scriptures and the king, though you cherish her in your bosom, is never thoroughly mastered.' See, brother, how beautiful the spring is ; yet to me without my beloved it is frightful.

Dohd 32.

Love, finding me tortured by separation, powerless and absolutely alone, has made a raid upon me with the bees and birds of the forest. His spy has seen me with only my brother, and on his report the amorous god has, as it were, resolutely encamped against me with his army.

Chaupái.

The huge trees and tangled creepers are as it were all diverse pavilions that he has spread ; the plantain and stately palms his pennons and standards, that none but the stoutest could see without amazement ; the many kinds of different flowering shrubs are his warriors, arrayed in all their various kinds of panoply ; the magnificent forest-trees that stand here and there, are the separate encampment of warrior chiefs ; the mormoring cockoos are his infuriated elephants, and the herons his bulls, camels and mules ; the peacocks, chakors and parrots are his war horses ; the pigeons and swans his Arab steeds ; the partridges and quails his foot soldiers ; but there is no describing the whole of Love's host. The mountains and rocks are his chariots, the waterfalls his kettle-drums, the *chhatas* the bards that sing his praises, the garrolous bees are his trumpets and clarions, and the three kinds of wind his scouts. With an army complete in all its four branches, he goes about and exhorts every one. O *Lakshman*, they who can see Love's battle-array and stand firm, they are men of mark in the world. His greatest strength lies in woman ; any one who can escape her is a mighty champion indeed.

Dohā 33.

Brother, there are three evils of surpassing strength, love, anger, and greed : in an instant they upset the souls of the wisest philosopher. The weapons of greed are desire and pride ; of love, nothing but woman ; while anger's weapon is harsh speech : so thoughtful sages have declared."

Chaupāi.

O Umā ! Rāma is without attributes, the lord of all animate and inanimate creation, and knows all secrets ; yet he exhibited all the distress of a lover no less than the detachment and steadfastness of a philosopher. Anger, love, greed, pride, delusion, all are dissipated by the grace of Rāma, and the only man superior to all this jugglery is he to whom the great conjurer has shown favour.¹ I tell you, Umā, what is my conclusion ; the worship of Hari is real and all the world is a dream.

The Lord went on from there to the shore of the deep and beautiful lake called Pampā ; its water as clear as the soul of the saints ; with charming flights of steps on each of its four sides ; where beasts of different kinds came as they listed, to drink of the flood, like crowds of beggars at a good man's gate.

Dohā 34.

Under its cover of dense leaves the water was as difficult to distinguish as is the unembodied supreme spirit under the veil of delusive phenomena. The happy fish were all in placid repose at the bottom of the deep pool, like the days of the righteous that are passed in peace.

Chaupāi.

Lotuses of many colours displayed their flowers ; there was a buzzing of gregarious bees, both honey-makers and humble-bees ; while swans and waterfowl were so noisy you would think they had recognized the Lord and were telling his praises. The geese and cranes and other birds were so numerous that only seeing would be believing, no words could describe them. The delighted voice of so many beautiful birds seemed as an invitation to the wayfarers. The saints had built themselves a house near the lake with magnificent forest-trees all round, the *champa*, the *māṣari*, the *kadamb* and *tamāla*, the *pātala*, the *kāthā* the *dīdā*

¹ That is to say, whom he has taken behind the scenes.

KISHKINDHA

Sanskrit Invocation.

BEAUTIFUL as the jasmine or the lotus, of surpassing strength, store-houses of wisdom, all glorious and accomplished bowmen, hymned by the Vedas, benefactors of cows and Brāhmanas, may they who appeared in the form of mortal men as the two noble sons of Rāgha, the champions of true religion, the wayfarers intent on their search for Sita, may they grant us faith.

Blessed are the pious souls, who ever imbibe the nectar of holy Rāma's name; nectar, the product of no ocean, but of Brahm himself, the other exterminator of all the impurities of this sinful age, the imperishable, the quintessence of the beauty of blessed Sambhu's moonlike face, the ever glorious, the remedy for all the diseases of life, the exquisitely sweet, the life of blessed Jānaki

Sorathā 1.

How is it possible not to reverence Kāśi, the home of Sambhu and Bhavāni, knowing it to be the earthly birth-place of salvation, a treasury of knowledge and the destroyer of sin. Doll indeed of soul is the man who worships not him, who when all the hosts of heaven were in distress, drank up the deadly poison; who is so merciful as Saṅkara?

Chauṛā.

Rāma again proceeded on his way and drew near to the mountain Ushyamūka.¹ There Sogriva dwelt with his ministers, who, seeing them approach in all their immeasurable strength, was exceedingly alarmed and cried: "Hearken, Hanomān; take the form of a young Brāhman student and go and see who these two heroes are, of such remarkable strength and beauty, and when you have ascertained make some sign by which I may know also. If that wretch Bālī has sent them, I must leave the hill and flee at once." The monkey assumed the form of a Brāhman and went to the place; there bowed his head and thus questioned them: "Who are you two knights of warrior men, who roam this wood, one dark of hue, the other fair? The ground is rough for your soft feet to tread. What is the reason, my

¹ The mountain Ushyamūka derives its name from *Ushpa*, a steed.

KISHKINDHA

Sanskrit Invocation.

BEAUTIFUL as the jasmine or the lotus, of surpassing strength, store-houses of wisdom, all glorious and accomplished bowmen, hymned by the Vedas, benefactors of cows and Bráhmans, may they who appeared in the form of mortal men as the two noble sons of Raghu, the champions of true religion, the wayfarers intent on their search for Sita, may they grant us faith.

Blessed are the pious souls, who ever imbibe the nectar of holy Ráma's name; nectar, the product of an ocean, but of Brahm himself, the utter exterminator of all the impurities of this sinful age, the imperishable, the quintessence of the beauty of blessed Sambhu's moonlike face, the ever glorious, the remedy for all the diseases of life, the absolutely sweet, the life of blessed Jánaki.

Sorathá 1.

How is it possible not to reverence Kási, the home of Sambhu and Bhaváti, knowing it to be the earthly birth-place of salvation, a treasury of knowledge and the destroyer of sin. Dull indeed of soul is the man who worships not him, who when all the hosts of heaven were in distress, drank up the deadly poison; who is so merciful at Benares?

Chaupdi.

Ráma again proceeded on his way and drew near to mountain Kishyamúka.¹ There Sugriva dwelt with his ministers, who, seeing them approach in all their noble strength, was exceedingly alarmed and cried: "Ken, Hanumán; take the form of a young Bráhman and go and see who these two heroes are, of such noble strength and beauty, and when you have seen, make some sign by which I may know also. If that Báli has sent them, I must leave the hill and flee at once. The monkey assumed the form of a Bráhman and came to the place; there bowed his head and thus questioned: "Who are you two knights of warrior mein, who roam the forest, one dark of hue, the other fair? The forest is rough for your soft feet to tread. What is the reason,

¹ The mountain Kishyamúka derives its name from *Kishya*, a mountain.

masters, that you visit this forest? Your body is too delicate and exquisitely beautiful to be exposed to the intolerable sun and wind of these wild regions. Who are you? A Person of the Trinity; or the two great gods Nara and Nārāyaṇa?

Dohā 1.

Or has the lord of all the spheres become incarnate in your human form, for the good of the world to bridge the ocean of existence and relieve earth of its burdens?

Chauṛī.

"We are the sons of Dasarath, the king of Kosala, and have come into the forest in obedience to our father's command; Rāma, the name of one brother, and Lakshmaṇa of the other. With us was my young and beautiful bride, the daughter of the king of Videha. But some demon here has stolen her away; and it is she, O Brāhman, whom we are trying to find. We have told you our affairs, tell us now your own story." He recognized his lord and fell and clapped his feet with a joy, Umā, beyond all description. His body thrilled with emotion and all worlds failed his tongue, as he gazed upon the fashion of their ravishing disguise. At last he collected himself and burst forth into a hymn of praise, with great joy of heart, for he had found his lord. "I asked, sire, in my ignorance; but why should you ask, as though you were a mere man. Under the influence of your delusive power I wandered in error, and therefore I did not at once recognize my lord."

Dohā 2.

In the first place I was a bewildered dullard, ignorant and perverse of soul, and then my gracious Lord God himself led me astray.

1 Nara, the original or eternal Man, the divine imperishable spirit that pervades the universe, is always associated with Nārāyaṇa, which, as a patronymic from Nara, means 'the Son of the original Man.' In Hamsa, I 10, Nara is apparently identified with Nārāyaṇa (the waters, it is said, being called Nārā, as produced from Nara, the eternal spirit, or Paramātmā, which is also styled Nārāyaṇa, as having its first place of motion on the waters). In the more systematic theology Nara and Nārāyaṇa are distinct, the former being regarded as a sage or patriarch, while the latter is a god. In epic poetry they are the sons of Dharma by Marīcī, or Abhinava, and are emanations of Viṣṇu. Arjuna being identified with Nara, and Krishna with Nārāyaṇa. In some places Nārā and Nārāyaṇa are called *devau*, 'the two gods'; or *puruṣa-devau*, 'the two original gods'; or *risiḥ*, 'the two sages'; or *puruṣa-risī-sattamau*, 'the two most ancient and best of sages'; or *tapasau*, 'the two ascetics'; or *maha-muni*, 'the two great monks'—*Max Müller and Varbo*.

Chaupdi.

When the alliance had been concluded, nothing was kept in reserve ; Rāma and Lakshman told all their adventures. Sogriva's eyes were full of tears as he replied—
 "The daughter of the king of Mithilā will be recovered. One day when I was sitting here with my ministers deep in thought, I saw some one flying through the air, with a woman in his power, who was weeping piteously and crying ' Rāma, Rāma, O my Rāma ! ' When she saw me, she dropped her scarf." Rāma at once asked for it ; he gave it him ; he pressed the scarf to his bosom in the deepest distress. Said Sogriva : " Harken, Raghunār ; be not so distressed ; take courage. I will do in my power to serve you and recover Jānaki."

Dohā 5.

The All-merciful and Almighty rejoiced to hear his friend's speech. " Tell me, Sogriva, the reason why you are living in this forest."

Chaupdi.

" My lord, Bālī and I are two brothers ; our mutual love was past all telling. The son of Māya, Māyāvī by name came to our town. In the middle of the night he shouted at the city-gate. Bālī endeavoured to set him at defiance and sallied forth. Seeing this he fled. Now I too accompanied my brother, and when he had gone into one of the caves of the mountain, Bālī said to me : ' Wait for me a fortnight, and if I do not come thee, conclude that I have been killed. I stayed there a whole month, Kharāri ; a tremendous stream of blood then flowed out ; I made sure that Bālī had been defeated and that the enemy would come and kill me too. I therefore closed the mouth of the cave with a rock and fled away. When the ministers of state saw the city without a master, they forced the government upon me, whether I would or no. When Bālī, who had slain the foe, came home and saw me, he was greatly set against me and gave me a severe beating, as he would an enemy, and took from me everything that I had, together with my wife. For fear of him, O merciful Raghunār, I wander forlorn all over the world. The curse!

1 When Bālī had slain the demon Dandabhi, who had attacked him in the form of a bull, he hurled the body away, and a drop of blood fell in the hermitage of the Rishi Matanga who thereupon pronounced a curse upon Bālī, that if ever he came that way he should at once die.

prevents him from coming here, and yet I am ill at ease to mind." When the friend of the suppliant heard of his servant's troubles, his two mighty arms were uplifted with a convulsive motion.

Doha 6.

"Hearken, Sugriva; I will slay Bâli with a single arrow; though he take refuge with Brahmâ even, or Rudra he shall not escape with his life.

Chaupdi.

They, who are not distressed at the sight of a friend distressed, are guilty of grievous sin. They, who do not think it the most natural thing possible to regard as a mere grain of sand their own mountain-like troubles while a friend's trouble, though really no bigger than a grain of sand, seems to them as weighty as mount Meru; such men are charis, upon whom it is useless to press friendship. To restrain from evil paths and to direct in the path of virtue; to publish all good qualities and conceal the bad; to give and take without any distrust of mind; to be always ready to assist with all one's power, and, in time of misfortune to be a hundred times more affectionate than ever; such the scriptures declare to be the properties of a true friend. But one who speaks you fairly to your face, but behind your back is so easy in the violence of his soul, whose mind, brother, is as tortuous as the movements of a snake, such a man is a bad friend, whom it is well to let alone. A dishonest servant, a miserly kinsman, a false wife, and a treacherous friend, are four things as bad as the snake. Cease to distress yourself, friend; I will put forth all my strength to do your business for you." Said Sugriva: "Hearken, Raghubir; Bâli is very strong and most resolute in battle," and he showed him Dandabhî's bones and the palm-trees.¹ Without an effort, Raghubir tossed them away. At this exhibition of boundless strength the affection of the monkey king was increased

¹ This mention of 'palm-trees' would not be intelligible without a reference to the Sanskrit Râmâyana. There it is told how after Râma by a slight touch of his foot had sent Syag a hundred leagues through the air the giant Dandabhî a enormous skeleton, Sugriva still doubted whether he was a match in strength for Bâli, who had buried the body an equal distance, while it was still clothed with flesh and therefore of much greater weight. To convince him, Râma shot an arrow from his, which cleft seven palm-trees that stood in a line one after the other, pierced the hill behind them and sped downwards to the nethermost hell, whence again it returned and dropt into the quiver at Râma's side, from which it had been taken.

and he made sure of killing Bâli. Again and again he bowed his head at his feet, in the greatest delight, knowing him to be the lord. Knowledge sprang up in his soul, and he spoke and said: "By my lord's favour my mind is set at rest: I will abandon pleasure, fortune, home, grandeur and all, to do you service; for all these things are hindrances to faith in Râma, as the saints declare who are devoted to the worship of your feet. All the friends and enemies, joys and sorrows of the world, effects of delusion, and are not eternal realities. Bâli is my greatest friend, by whose favour I have met you. O Râma, destroyer of all sorrow; as when a man dreams that he has been fighting some one, and on waking and coming to his senses is ashamed of his illusion. Now, my lord, do me this favour, that I may leave all and worship you, night and day." When Râma heard the monkey's devout speech, he smiled and said, with his bow in his hand: "Whatever I have said is all true; my words, friend, cannot fail." O Gardr, Râma, as the scriptures say, is the joggler who makes us all dance like so many monkeys. Sugriva then took Raghunâth away with him, who went with bow and arrows in hand. Afterwards he sent Sugriva on ahead, who went up close and roared with all his might. Bâli on hearing him, sprang up in a fury, but his wife clasped his feet in her hands and warned him: "Hearken, my lord, Sugriva's allies are two brothers of unapproachable majesty and might, the sons of the king of Kosala, Lakshman and Râma, who would conquer in a battle even Death himself."

Dohd 7.

Said Bâli: "Hearken, timorous damo; Raghunâth is kind and tho same to all; even if he kill me, he will still be my lord."

Chaupdi.

So saying, he sallied forth in all his pride, thinking no more of Sugriva than of a blade of grass. The two joined combat; and Bâli with a furious leap struck him a blow with his fist, which resounded like a clap of thunder. Sugriva at once fled in dismay; the stroke of his fist had fallen upon him as a bolt from heaven. "What did I say, O merciful Raghuhir; this is no brother of mine but Death himself."

¹ *Aravâdhak*, 'a worshipper,' is for *arâdhak*, from the root *radh*, 'to propitiate,' with the intensive prefix *â*. In the Hindi glossary it is explained by *sevak*, 'a servant,' as if connected with *arava*.

"Yoo two brothers are so much alike that for fear of mistake I did not shoot him." He then stroked Sogriva's body with his hands and his frame became as of adamant, and all his pain was gone. Next he put on his neck a wreath of flowers and set him back with a large increase of strength. Again they fought in every kind of way, while Rāma watched them from behind a tree.

Dohd 8.

When Sogriva had tried every trick and put forth all his strength and had given up in despair, Rāma drew an arrow and struck Bālī in the heart.

Chaupdi.

Struck by the shaft, he fell in dismay to the ground. Again he sat up and saw the Lord standing before him, dark of hue, with his hair fastened up in a knot on his head, and his eyes inflamed as they were when he fitted the arrow to bowstring. Again and again as he gazed at him, he laid his soul at his feet and accounted his life as forfeit; for he recognized his lord. Though his heart of affection, the words of his mouth were harsh, as he spoke towards Rāma and said: "You have become a hindrance to the advancement of religion, and yet you live as a huntaman would that of a wild beast. I, am an enemy and Sogriva a friend; yet for what have you killed me my lord?" "Hearken, wretch younger brother's wife, a sister, a daughter-in-law and a wedded maid are all alike: whoever looks upon one of them with an evil eye may be slain without any sin. Fool, in your extravagant pride you paid no heed to your wife's warning. You knew that he had taken refuge under the might of my arm, and yet in your wicked pride you wished to kill him."

Dohd 9

"Hearken Rāma; I dealt craftily with my lord; to-day, guilty as I am, I obtain, sire, at my death a place in heaven."

Chaupdi

When Rāma heard this most tender speech, he touched Bālī's head with his hands: "I restore the soundness of your body; retain your life." Said Bālī: "Hearken, All-merciful; the saints are born again and again and labour throughout their life, and yet even in the last Rāma over-

comes near them. But he, the everlasting, by the virt of whose name Saakara at Kāsi bestows heaven upon : alike, has come in visible form before my very eyes ; and I ever, my lord, have such a chance again ?

Chhand 1.

He has become visible to my eyes, whose praises the scriptures are all unequal to declare, to whom scarcely the saints attain after profound contemplation accompanied by laborious suppression of the breath¹, abstraction of sense and control of the senses. Seeing me the victim of excessive pride, the Lord has told me to retain my body. But who would be such a fool as to insist upon cutting down the tree of paradise and watering a wild babul tree ? Now my lord, look upon me with compassion and grant me the boon I beg ; whatever the womb, in which it be my fate to be born, may I ever cherish a special devotion to the feet of Rāma. O my lord, take this my son Angad and grant him like descretion, power and prosperity ; grasp him by the hand. O king of gods and men, and make him your servant."

Dohā 10.

After making a fervent act of devotion to Rāma's feet Bālī's soul left the body ; as placidly as when a wreath of flowers drops from an elephant's neck without his knowing it ;

Chauṇḍī.

And Rāma dismissed him to his own heavenly mansion. All the people of the city ran together in dismay and Tārā with dishevelled hair and tottering frame broke out into wild lamentation. When Raghurāṇ saw her distress, he imparted to her wisdom and dispersed her delusion. "The body, which is composed of the elements, earth, water, fire, air and ether², is of no value. The mortal frame, which you see before you, sleeps ; but the soul is eternal ; why

¹ The eight means of mental concentration (according to Patanjali, the founder of the Yoga system of philosophy) are *Yama*, 'forbearance', 'restraint' ; *Niyama*, 'religious observances' ; *Asana*, 'postures' ; *Prāṇāyāma*, 'suppression of the breath', or 'breathing in a peculiar way' ; *Pratyahāra*, 'restraint of the senses' ; *Dhāraṇa*, 'stewing of the mind' ; *Dhyāna*, 'contemplation' ; and *Samadhi*, 'profound meditation', or rather, a state of religious trance — *Monier Williams*.

² *Ākāśa*, 'ether', is the subtle and ethereal (solid), supposed to fill and pervade the universe and to be the peculiar vehicle of life and of sound — *Monier Williams*.

then do you weep?" True understanding sprung up in her mind; she embraced his feet and received the boon that she asked, a perfect faith. O, Umā, the lord Rāma dances us all up and down like so many puppets. Then he gave orders to Sugriva and he performed all the funeral rites with due ceremony. Rāma next directed his brother to go and celebrate Sugriva's installation. He bowed his head at Raghubar's feet and went forth, he and all whom Rāma had commissioned to accompany him.

Dohā 11.

Lakshman immediately summoned the citizens and the council of Brāhmana, and invested Sugriva with the sovereignty and appointed Angad Prince Imperial.

Chāmpā.

O, Umā, there is no such friend as Rāma in the world, neither guru, nor father, nor mother, nor kinsman, nor lord. It is the way with all other gods, men and anats, to make friends for selfish purposes; but the generous Raghubar, from mere natural kindness, made Sugriva king of the monkeys, when he was trembling all the day and all night in such fear of Bālī that there was no colour left in his face and his heart was burnt up with anxiety. I know this, that any man, who deserts such a lord, must needs be caught in the meshes of calamity. Rāma then sent for Sugriva and instructed him in all the principles of statecraft, and added: "Hearken, Sugriva, lord of the monkey race; I may not enter a city for fourteen years. The hot weather is now over and the rains have set in. I will encamp on the hills close by. Do you with Angad reign in royal state; but remain ever mindful of my interests." Sugriva then returned to the palace, while Rāma remained in camp on mount Bhāvarshana.

Dohā 12.

The gods had beforehand made and kept for him a charming cave in the mountain, knowing that the all-merciful Rāma would come and stay there for some days.

Chāmpā.

The magnificent forest was a most charming sight, with the trees all in flower and the swarms of buzzing bees

1 In the Sanskrit Rāmāyana the hill is called Pravarana; but the two words bear much the same meaning. The text might also be translated, 'remained on the hill during the early rains.'

gathering honey. From the time that the Lord came plant and fruit and every kind of agreeable folk forthcoming in profusion. Seeing the incomparable of the hill, the Lord and his brother rested there. form of bees, birds and deer, the gods, saints as came and did service to their lord. From the time Lakshmi's spouse took up his abode in it, the forest a picture of felicity. There the two brothers sat at the bright and glistening crystal rock, and they was told many a tale inculcating faith, self-governance and wisdom. What with clouds that enveloped the heavens and the frequent thunder, the scene the rain seemed a most delightful time.

Doha 13.

"See, Lakshman, how the peacocks dance at the foot of the clouds, like a householder, enamoured of a wife who rejoices when he finds a true believer in Vishnu.

Chaupdi.

Clouds gather in the sky and thunders roar; thy darling is gone and my soul is in distress¹. The lightning flashes fitfully amid the darkness, like the friendship vile which never lasts. The pouring clouds cleave all the ground, as sages stoop beneath accumulated lore. Mountains endure the buffeting of the storm, as the virtuous bear the abuse of the wicked. The flooded streets rush proudly along, like mean men puffed up with little wealth. The water by its contact with the earth becomes as muddy as the soul when environed by delusion. The lakes swell gradually and imperceptibly, like as the quality of goodness develops in a good man; so rivers flow into the bosom of the ocean, like as the devotee that has found Hari, is at rest for ever.

Doha 14.

The green earth is so choked with grass that the trees can no longer be distinguished, like holy books obscured by the wrangling of heretics.

Chaupdi.

On all sides there is a lively croaking of frogs. ¹

¹ In England a cloudy sky is associated with gloomy ideas, so bright sunshine with everything that is cheerful. But in India it is the reverse. When the clouds gather and thunder is heard, every one rejoices at the prospect of rain.

party of Brâhman students repeating the Vedas. All the trees put forth their new leaves, like pious souls that have come to matured wisdom. The *di* and *jaundia* plants lose their leaves: as in a well-governed realm the schemes of the wicked come to naught. Search as you like, the dusty footpath is no longer to be traced; like as when religion is put out of sight by passion. The earth rich with crops makes as goodly a show as the prosperity of benevolent. The fire flies glitter in the darkness of the cloudy night, like a mottered band of hypocritical pretenders. The ridges of the fields are broken down by the heavy rains, like women ruined by too much license. The diligent cultivators weed their lands, like philosophers who root up ignorance, vanity and pride. The *chakras* and other birds are nowhere to be seen, like virtue that fled at the coming of the iron age. However much it may rain, no grass springs upon barren ground; so lust takes no root in the heart of Hari's worshippers. The earth gleams with swarms of living creatures of every kind; so the people multiply under good government. Here and there weary wayfarers stay and rest, like a man's bodily senses after the attainment of wisdom.

Boke 15.

At times a strong wind disperses the clouds in all directions, like the birth of a bad son, who destroys all the pious practices of his family.

Chaudî

Now the rains are over and the season of autumn has returned; see Lakshman, how exquisitely beautiful everything is. The whole earth is covered with the flowering *lana* grass, as though the rains had exposed its old age. The rising of Canopus¹ has dried up the water on the roads, like as gravel is dried up by contentment. The surface of every river and lake is as pure and bright as is the soul of the saints devoid of all vanity and delusion; drop by drop their depths are diminished, like as the enlightened gradually lose all notions of self. The wagtails know autumn season and come out once more, like vicious deeds in an auspicious time. There is neither mud nor dust; the earth is as brilliant as the administration of a king who

¹ The heliacal rising of the constellation *Arcturus*, i.e. Canopus, takes place the seventh day after the new moon of Chaitra, in the rainy season.

is well served in state policy. The fish are distressed by the shrinking of the water like impoverished men of family by the loss of money. The materialist sky shines as bright as a worshipper of Hari, who has discarded every other power. Here and there is a slight autumn shower, like the faith of one who is not yet fully persuaded.

Dohd 16

King and squire, merchants and mendicants, leave the city and go their way with joy, like men in any of the four stages of life¹ who cease to labour when they have once attained to faith in Hari.

Chaurdi

Where the water is deep, the fish are as glad as men who have taken refuge with Hari and have not a single trouble. The lakes, with their flowering lotuses, are as beautiful as the Immaterial Supreme Spirit when clothed with a material form. The garrulous bees make a wonderful buzzing, and the birds a charming concert of diverse sounds; but the *chakravartin* is as cold of soul to see the night as a hot man at the sight of another's prosperity. The *chakravartin* cries out from excess of thirst, like a rebel against Mahadev, who knows no rest. The moon by night adds the autumnal heat of the sun, like as the sight of a sin expels sin. Flocks of partridges fix their gaze upon the moon, as Hari's worshippers look only to Hari. Mosquitoes and gadflies are driven away by the terrors of winter, like as a family is destroyed by the sin of persecuting Brâhman.

Dohd 17.

Under the influence of the autumn, earth is rid of its insect swarms, as a man, who has found a good teacher, is relieved from all doubt and error.

Chaurdi.

The rains are over and the clear season has come, but I have had no news, brother, of Sita. If I could only once anyhow get tidings of her, I would in an instant recover her out of the hands of even Death himself. Wherever she may be, if only she still lives, brother, I would make no effort to rescue her. Sugriva has forgotten all about me.

1 The four stages of life, through which every Brâhman should pass are 1st, that of the Brâhmachârî, or student; 2nd, that of the *Grâha-stha*, or householder; 3rd, that of the *Vanaprastha*, or anchorite; and 4th, that of the *Rishikshu*, or mendicant.

the palace and bathed his feet and seated him on a throne. The monkey king also bowed his head at his feet. Lakshman took him by the hand and embraced him. "There is nothing, my lord, so intoxicating as pleasure in a single moment it infatuates even the soul of a man." On hearing this humble speech, Lakshman was glad and said everything to reassure him, while Hanuman told him all that had been done and how a multitude of apes were already started.

Dohd 20.

Then Sugriva with Angad and the other monkeys came forth with joy, preceded by Lakshman, and arrived at Râma's presence.

Chaupdi.

With folded hands he bowed his head at his feet and cried: "My lord, it has been no fault of mine. Your decisive power, sire, is so strong that only Râma's face can disperse it. Gods and men, sages and kings are mastered by their senses; and I am but a poor brute, a monkey, one of the most libidinous of animals. A man who is invulnerable by the arrow of a woman's eye, who remains wakeful through the dark night of angry passion and whose neck has never been bound by the halter of covetousness, is your equal, O Itagharûi. It is a virtue attainable by any religious observance; it is only by your grace that one here and one there can accomplish it." The Itagharûi smiled and said: "You are as dear to me as my own brother Bharat. Now take thought and make effort to get tidings of Sita."

Dohd 21.

While they were yet thus speaking, the troops of monkeys arrived of all colours and from all parts of the world to behold the monkey host marvellous to behold.

Chaupdi.

I, Umâ, saw this army of monkeys; only a fool would try to count them. They came and bowed the head at Râma's feet and gazing upon his face found in him the true lord. In the whole host there was not a single monkey to whom Râma did not give separate greeting. This is a great miracle for the lord Itagharûi, who is omnipresent.

and all porradng. They all stood as they were told, rack after rack, while Segriva thus spoke and instructed them : " In Râma's behalf and at my request, go forth ye monkey host in every direction. Make search for Jenak's daughter, my brethren, and return within a month. Whoever comes back at the end of the time without any news shall die at my hands."

Dohâ 22.

Not sooner had they heard this speech than all the monkeys started at once in every direction. Segrive then called Angad, Nila and Hanuman :

Champi.

" Hearken, Nila, Angad and Hanuman, and you, O staunch and sagacious Jambavan : go ye together, all ye gallant warriors, to the south and ask every one for news of Sita. Strain every faculty to devise some way of accomplishing Râma's object. The sun is content with back service and the fire with front, but a master must be served back and front alike, without any subterfuges.¹ Discard the vanities of the world and consider the future ; so shall all the troubles connected with existence be destroyed. This is the end, brother, for which we were born, to worship Râma without any desire for self. He only is truly discriminative, he only is greatly blessed, who is enmeshed of the feet of Raghobir." After begging permission to depart and bowing the head at his feet they set out with joy, invoking Raghurâi. The last to make obeisance was Hanuman. The lord, knowing that would happen, called him near and with his lotus hands touched his head and gave him his ring off his finger for he knew his devotion : " Say everything to comfort Sita, telling her of my might and my constancy, and come quickly." Hanuman thought himself happy to have been born and set forth, with the image of the all-merciful impressed upon his heart. Although the Lord knows everything, he observes the roles of statecraft in his character as the champion of the gods.

¹ In this line there is no difference of reading in any of the MSS., but the precise meaning of the words is obscure and the Pandits interpret them in as many as 23 different ways. The translation given above exactly preserves the vagueness of the original. One of the alternative renderings is, 'as the fire nourishes fire in its bosom so should one serve a master ;' but I do not know of any paralleled passage where *bhûna yata* is used in the sense of 'a hint.'

Dohā 23.

They went forth searching every wood, river, lake, :
mountain cave, with their soul so absorbed in Rāma's c
cerns that they forgot all about their own bodily wants.

Chaupāī.

Wherever it might be that they came across a dema
they took his life with a single blow. They looked in
every recess of forest and hill, and if they met any herm
they all surrounded him. Overcome by thirst they we
dreadfully distressed, and losing their way in the deep
jungle, could find no water. Hanumān thought to himsel
"without water to drink we shall all die. He climbed
mountain peak and looking all round about, spied a strang
opening in the ground; with geese, herons and swans on
the wing and all kinds of birds making their way into it.
Then Hanumān came down from the mountain and took
them all and showed them this cavern, and with him to
lead the way they lost no time, but entered the chasm.

Dohā 24.

A grove and beautiful lake came in sight, with many
flowering lotuses and a magnificent temple, where a holy
woman¹ was sitting.

Chaupāī.

From a distance they all bowed the head before her and
made enquiry and explained their circumstances. She then
said: "Take water to drink and eat at will of this luscious
and beautiful fruit." They bathed and ate of the sweet fruit
and then all came and drew near to her, and told her all
their adventures. "I will now go to Rāghurāi; close your
eyes and so leave the cave; you will recover Sita, do not
fear." The warriors closed their eyes, and when they
again opened them they were all standing on the shore of
the ocean. But she went to Rāghunāth and came and
bowed her head at his lotus feet, and made much supplica-
tion. The lord bestowed upon her imperishable faith.

Dohā 25.

In obedience to the Lord's commands she went to the
Badri forest, cherishing in her heart Rāma's feet, the adora-
tion of the eternal Siva.

¹ In the Sanskrit Rāmāyana her name is given as Ōwayampabbā, 'the self-shining.'

Chaupai.

Now the monkeys were thinking to themselves : "The appointed time has passed and nothing has been done." So they all came together and asked one another, "there is no news, brother ; what are we to do ?" Angad's eyes were full of tears as he replied : "It is death for us either way. Here we have failed to get tidings of Sita, and if we go home our king will slay us. After my father's death he would have killed me, had not Rāma protected me, no thanks to him." Again and again Angad told them all : "It is a cause of death without a doubt." When the monkey chiefs heard Angad's words, they could make no answer, tears streamed from their eyes. For a moment they were overwhelmed with despair, but at last they all spoke and said "unless we get news of Sita we will not return. O sagacious prince." So saying the monkeys all went to the seashore, where they spread beds of luxa grass and sat down. But Jāmbavan, seeing Angad's distress, addressed him with a discourse of appropriate admonition : "My son, do not imagine Rāma to be a man ; know that he is the invisible god, unconquerable and from everlasting. All we who are his servants are most highly blessed in our love for the eternal God thus made incarnate."

Dohā 26.

Of his own free will the Lord has manifested himself on behalf of gods, Brāhmanas, cows and Earth, and remains in bodily form among his worshippers, having abandoned all the joys of heaven."

Chaupai.

He exhorted him in this wise at great length, and Sampati from his cave in the mountain heard him. When he came out and saw the multitude of monkeys, he cried : "God has provided me with a feast. I will eat them all up at once ; I am dying for want of a meal these many days past. I have never yet had a good bellyful, but to-day God has supplied me for once and all." The monkeys trembled to hear the vulture's words, "we were right in saying to-day we must die." At the sight of him they all rose up, and Jāmbavan was mightily disturbed at heart ; but Angad, after thinking to himself, exclaimed : Glory to Jātāya, there is none like him, who gave up his life in Rāma's service and, blessed beyond measure, has been

able to cross the vast and boundless ocean of existence, and you are his messengers ; have then no fear, but with Râma's image impressed upon your soul, concert your plans." So saying, Garur, the vulture, left them, and their soul was in the greatest amazement. Each one vaunted his own strength, but doubted whether he could leap across. Said the king of the bears, " I am now too old and not a particle of my former strength is left in my body ; when Kharâri took his three strides¹ then I was young and full of vigour.

Dohâ 29.

As he fettered Bâli, the lord increased in stature to an indescribable size, but in less than an hour I ran round him seven times."

Chaupdi.

Angad said : " I will leap across ; but I am rather doubtful about getting back again." Then said Jâmbavân : You are quite competent ; but why should we send our leader ? Harken, Hanuman," added the king of the bears, " why is our champion so silent ? You are the son of the wind and strong as your sire, a storehouse of good sense, discretion and knowledge ; in all the world what undertaking is there so difficult that you, my son, cannot accomplish it ? and it is on Râma's account that you have come down upon earth." On hearing this he swelled to the size of a mountain, with a body of golden hue and of dazzling splendour, as though a very monarch of mountains, and roaring again and again as it were a lion, he cried " I can easily spring across the salt abyss, and slay Râvan with all his army, and uproot Trikût and bring it here. But I ask you, Jâmbavân, what I ought to do, give me proper instructions." " All that you have to do, my son, is to go and see Sita and come back with the news. Then the lotus-eyed, by the might of his own arm, taking with him merely for a show his hosts of monkeys.

Chhand 2.

With his hosts of monkeys Râma will destroy the demons and recover Sita ; and gods and saints and Nârad and all will declare his glory, that sanctifies the three spheres." Any man attains the highest beatitude who hears, sings, tells

¹ The allusion is to Vishnu's incarnation as a dwarf, which was the fifth in order, that as Râma being the seventh.

BOOK V
THE BEAUTIFUL

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Sanskrit Invocation.

I ADORE, under his name RAMA, the passionless, the eternal, the immeasurable, the soleless ; the bestower of the peace of final emancipation ; the lord, whom Brahmá, Sambhu, and the Serpent-king incessantly worship ; the theme of the Vedánts ; the sovereign of the universe ; the preceptor of the gods ; Hari is the delusive form of man : the All-merciful ; the princely son of Raghu : the jewel of kings.

O Raghupati, there is no other desire in my soul—I speak the truth and you know all my inmost thoughts—grant me. O Raghu king, a vehement faith, and make my heart clean of lost and every other sin.

I reverence the home of immeasurable strength, with his body resembling a mountain of gold ; the fire that consumed the demons as it were the trees of a forest ; the first name in the list of the truly wise : the store-house of all good qualities ; the monkey chief ; Raghupati's noble messenger, the Son of the Wind.

Chaupáí.

On hearing Jámbarán speak so cheerfully, Hanumán was greatly rejoiced at heart. “ Wait for me here, my friends, however great your discomfort, with only roots, herbs, and fruits for your food, till I return after seeing Síta ; the task is one I am most pleased to undertake.” So saying he bowed his head to them all and went forth with joy, having the image of Raghunáth impressed upon his heart. There was a majestic rock by the seashore ; he lightly sprang on to the top of it ; then, again and again invoking Raghubírá, the Son of the Wind leaped with all his might. The mountain on which he had planted his foot sank down immediately into the depths of hell. Like Ráma's own unerring shaft, so sped Hanumán on his way. Ocean had regard for Ráma's envoy and told Maináka to ease his toil.¹

Dohá 1.

But Hanumán merely touched him with his hand, then

¹ Maináka is a rock in the narrow strait between Lanka and the mainland.

bowed and said, 'I can stop nowhere till I have done Rāma's business.'

Chaupdi.

The gods saw Hanumān on his way and wished to make special trial of his strength and vigour. So they sent the mother of the serpent-race, Surasā by name, who came and cried : "To-day the gods have provided me a meal." On hearing these words, the Son of the Wind replied : "What I have performed Rāma's commission and have come back, and have given my lord the news about Sita, then I will put myself into your mouth : I tell you the truth, mother, only let me go now." But, however much he tried, she would not let him go, till at last he said : 'You cannot get me into your mouth.' She opened her jaws a league wide ; the monkey made his body twice that size. Then she stretched her mouth sixteen leagues. Hanumān at once became thirty-two. However much Surasā expanded her jaws, the monkey made his frame twice as large again. When she had made her mouth a hundred leagues wide, he reduced himself to a very minute form and went into her mouth and came out again : then bowed and asked permission to proceed. "The purpose for which the gods sent me, namely, to make trial of your wisdom and strength, I have now accomplished.

Dohā 2.

Your wisdom and strength are perfect ; you will do all that Rāma requires of you." She then gave him her blessing and departed, and Hanumān went on his way rejoicing.

Chaupdi.

A female demon¹ dwelt in the ocean, who by magic caught the birds of the air. All living creatures that fly in the air as they look down upon the water cast a shadow upon it ; and she was able to catch the shadow, so that they could not fly away : and in this manner she always had birds to eat. She played this same trick on Hanumān ; but the monkey at once saw through her craft and slew her, hero as he was, and all undismayed crossed over to the opposite shore. Arriving there, he marked the beauty of the wood, with the bees buzzing in their search for honey, the diverse

¹ In the Sanskrit Rāmāyana her name is given as Śiṃhikā, the mother of Rāhu.

trees all resplendent with simultaneous flower and fruit, and multitudes of birds and deer delightful to behold. Seeing a huge rock farther on, he fearlessly sprang on the top of it. But, Uma, this was not at all the monkey's own strength, but the gift of the Lord, who devours even Death himself. Mounted on the height, he surveyed Lanké a magnificent fortress that defies description, with the deep sea on all four sides around its golden walls of dazzling splendour.

Chhand 1.

Its golden walls studded with all kinds of jewels, a marvellously beautiful sight, with market-places, bazárs, quays, and streets, and all the other accessories of a fine city. Who could count the multitude of elephants, horses and mules, the crowds of footmen and chariots, and the troops of demons of every shape, a formidable host beyond all description. The woods, gardens, groves, and pastures, the ponds, wells and tanks were all superb; and the soul of a saint would be ravished at the sight of the fair daughters, both of men and Nágas, of gods and Gædharvas. Here wrestlers, of monstrous stature like mountaineers, were thundering with mighty voice and grappling with one another in the different courts, with shouts of mutual defiance. Thousands of warriors of huge bulk were sedulously guarding the city on all four sides; elsewhere horrid demons were banqueting in the form of buffaloes, men, oxen, asses and goats. Talsi Dás for this reason gives them a few words of mention, because they lost their life by Ráma's hallowed shafts and thus became assured of entrance into heaven.

Dohá 3.

Seeing the number of the city guards the monkey thought to himself, 'I must make myself very small and slip into the town by night.'

Chaupáí.

Thereupon he assumed the form of a goat¹ and entered

¹ The word *marak*, which I translate 'goat,' never, so far as I am aware, bears any other meaning. But in our glossary, with reference to this particular passage, it is explained by *Bíler*, 'a cat,' only—as it would seem—because that is the animal mentioned in the Sanskrit *Rámáyana*. In both cases the poet has no sooner stated the transformation than he forgets all about it; for all Hanuman's subsequent actions are described as if performed by him in his natural shape. He may be supposed to have resumed it as soon as he had passed the guard; or the words may be taken to mean, 'he made himself as small as a goat.' This latter view is confirmed by what follows on page 33, Vol. III.

Lanká after invoking Viehan.¹ The female demon, by name Lankini, accosted him: "How dare you come here in contempt of me? Fool, do you not know my practice, that every thief in Lanká becomes my prey?" The monkey struck her one each a blow with his fist that she fell to the ground vomiting blood. Recovering herself again, she stood up and with clasped hands made this confident petition: "When Brahmá granted Rávan's prayer, the Creator gave me a sign before he left, 'When worsted by a monkey, know then that it is all over with demons.' My meritorious deeds, my son, must have been very many that I have been rewarded with the sight of Ráma's messenger.

Dohá 4.

In one scale of the balance put the bliss of heaven and the final emancipation of the soul from the body, but it will be altogether outweighed by a fraction of the joy that results from communion with the saints.

Chaupái.

Enter the city and accomplish your task, ever mindful at heart of the lord of Kosala. Deadly poison becomes as ambrosia, foes turn friends, ocean shrinks to a mere puddle, fire gives out cold, and huge Sumeru is of no more account than a grain of sand for him whom Ráma deigns to regard with favour." In the tiny form that he had assumed, Hanumán entered the city with a prayer to God. Carefully inspecting every separate palace, he found everywhere warriors innumerable. When he had come to Rávan's court, its magnificence was past all telling. The monkey saw him in bed asleep, but no trace of Sita in the room. He then noticed another splendid building, with a temple of Hari standing apart, its walls brilliantly illuminated with Ráma's name, too beautiful to describe, it fascinated every beholder.

Dohá 5.

The beauty of the chamber ambalsoned with Ráma's insignia was indescribable. At the sight of some fresh sprigs of tulsi, the monkey chief was enraptured.

¹ *Naru-kari* stands for the more common *Naraka*—hell and *śala* both meaning 'a lion'—and here denotes not that particular locustation, but *Vahnas* generally.

Chaupdi.

"Lanká is the abode of a gang of demons, how can the pious have any home here?" While the monkey was thus reasoning within himself, Vibhishan awoke and at once began to repeat Ráma's name in prayer. The monkey was delighted to find a true believer. "Shall I at once make myself known to him? A good man will never spoil an undertaking." Assuming the form of a Bráhmaṇ, he raised his voice in speech. As soon as Vibhishan heard him, he rose to meet him, and bowing low, asked after his welfare, saying, "Tell me, reverend Sir, who you may be; if servant of Hari, you have my hearty affection; if a loving follower of Ráma your visit is a great honour for me."

Dohá 6.

Hanumán then told him Ráma's whole history and his own name. At the recital and the recollection of his illustrious virtues, both quivered all over the boy, while the soul was drowned in joy.

Chaup di.

"Hearken, Son of the Wind; my condition here is like that of the poor tongue between the teeth. Yet do not suppose, Father, that I am friendless: the Lord of the Solar race will show me favour. The sinful body is of no avail if the soul has no love for his lotus feet. But now, Hanumán, I have gained confidence: for it is only by His favour that one meets a good man, and it is the result of his kindness that you have so readily revealed yourself to me." "Listen, Vibhishan, in my experience of the Lord he is ever affectionate to his servants. Say who am I and of what noble descent; a wretched monkey, of no merit whatever, a creature the mention of whose name in the early morning makes a man go fasting for the whole day."

Dohá 7.

"So mean am I; yet hearken, friend; Raghubír has shown favour even to me." His eyes filled with tears as he recalled his perfection.

Chaupdi.

"I know of a truth that any who turn aside in forgetfulness of such a lord may well be miserable." As he thus discoursed on Ráma's excellences, he felt an unspeakable

calm. Vibhishan then told him of all that had been going on and of Sita's mode of life, till Hanumán cried : " Hearken, brother ; I would fain see the august Sita." Vibhishan explained to him the whole mode of procedure, and the Son of the Wind then took his leave and proceeded on his way. Assuming the same form as at first he went to the Asoka grove, where Sita dwelt. As soon as he saw her, mentally prostrated himself in her presence. She had spent the first watch of the night sitting up, haggard in appearance, her hair knotted in a single braid on her head,¹ repeating to herself the list of Itaghapati's perfections.

Dohá 8.

Her eyes fastened on her own feet, but with her soul absorbed in the contemplation of the feet of her lord. Hanumán was mightily distressed to see her so sad.

Chaupdi.

Concealing himself behind the branches of a tree, he mused with himself ; " Come, sir, what ought I to do ?" At that very moment Rávan drew near, with a troop of women in various attire. The wretch tried in every way to talk Sita over, by blandishments, bribes, threats and misrepresentations. " Hearken, fair dame," he cried, " I will make Mandodari and all my other queens your hand-maids, I swear it, if you only give me one look." Sita plucked a blade of grass, and with averted face, sadly remembering her own dear lord, replied : " Hearken, Rávan : will the lotus expand at the light of a glow-worm ? Ponder this at heart," cried Jánaki : " Wretch, have you no fear of Ráma's shafts ? Even though absent, Hari will rescue me. Shameless monster, have you no shame ?

Dohá 9.

I tell you, you are but a glow-worm, while the very sun is only an image of Ráma." On hearing this bold speech he drew his sword and cried in the utmost fury :

Chaupdi.

" Sita, you have outraged me ; I will cut off your head with this biting blade. If you do not at once obey my words, you will lose your life, my lady." " My lord's arm", Rávan, are beautiful as a string of dark lotuses and mighty

¹ To twist the hair in a single braid is a sign of mourning for an absent husband.

as an elephant's trunk; either they shall have my neck, or if not, thee *your cruel sword. Hearken, wretch, to this my solemn vow. With your gleaming scimitar¹ put an end to my distress, and let the fiery anguish that I endure for Râma's loss be quenched in night by the sharp blade of your sword: rid me, cried Sita, "of my burden of pain." On hearing these words he again rushed forward to kill her; but the daughter of Maya restrained him with words of admonition. He then summoned all the female demons and ordered them to go and intimidate Sita: 'if she does not mind what I say in a month's time, I will draw my sword and slay her.'

Dohâ 10.

Râvan then returned to the palace, while the demonesses, assuming every kind of hideous form, proceeded to terrify Sita.

Chaupdi.

One of them, by name Trijatâ, was devoted to Râma's service, prudent and wise. She declared to them all a dream, how that they for their own sake ought to show Sita reverence. "In my dream a monkey set fire to Lanka, and put to death the whole demon army, and set Râvan on an ass, naked, with his head shorn and his twenty arms hacked off. In this fashion he went away towards the south,² while Vibhishan succeeded to the throne of Lankâ. The city resounded with cries for mercy in Râma's name, till the Lord sent Sita among them. I deliberately warn you that four days hence this dream will be accomplished." Upon hearing her words they were all dismayed and went and threw themselves at Sita's feet.

Dohâ 11.

After which they dispersed in every direction. But Sita was troubled at heart: 'At the end of a month³ this vile monster will slay me.'

¹ The word translated 'gleaming scimitar' is *chandra-kée*, which means literally 'deriving the moon,' by reason, that is, of its own greater brilliancy.

² The realm of Yama, the god of Death, is supposed to be in the south. For this reason a Hindu will never, when it is possible to avoid it, have the door of his house in that direction. Muhammedans even at the present day, are much influenced by the same superstition.

³ As appears from what follows, it is not death that she dreads, but the long interval of a month, which has to elapse before her death takes place.

Chaupdi.

With clasped hands she cried to Trijitā: "Mother, you are my helper in distress; quickly devise some plan that I may be rid of life, for this intolerable bereavement is no longer to be endured. Bring wood and erect my funeral pyre and then set fire to it. My affection, reverend dame, will thus be attested." Who could bear to listen to such an agonizing cry? When she heard her speech she clasped her feet and would fain comfort her by reciting the majesty and might and glory of her lord. "Hearken, fair lady; there is no fire to be had at night;" and so saying she went away home. Sita exclaimed: "Heaven is unkind; without fire my pain cannot be cured. I see the heaven all bright with sparks, but not a single star drops to the earth. The moon is all ablaze, but no fire comes from it, as if it knew what a poor wretch I am. Ye Asoka trees,¹ that hear my prayer, answer to your name and rid me of my pain; and you flame-coloured opening buds, supply me with fire to consume my body." A single moment seemed like an age to the monkey, as he beheld Sita thus piteously lamenting her bereavement.

Dohd 12.

After taking thought within himself he threw down the signet ring, as though a spark had fallen from the Asoka. She started up with joy and clasped it in her hand.

Chaupdi.

When she had looked at the lovely ring, beautifully engraved with Rāma's name, she was all astonishment, for she recognized it, and her heart fluttered with mingled joy and sorrow. "Who can conquer the unconquerable Itagharāi? This cannot be any trick of Maya." All sorts of fancies passed through her mind, till Hanumān spoke in honeyed accents and began to recount Rāmachandra's praises. As Sita listened, her grief took flight. Intently she hearkened with all her soul as well as her ears, while he related the whole story from the very beginning. "The tale you tell is so grateful to my ears; why do you not show yourself, friend? Then Hanumān advanced and drew near. She turned and sunk to the ground in bewilderment. "Noble Jāneki, I am Rāma's messenger; the Fountain of mercy himself

¹ The name *Asoka* is derived from a "without" and *Asoka* "pain." The context cannot be preserved in an English translation.

attests my truth I have brought this ring, lady, which Râma gave me for you as a token." "Tell me how can monkeys consort with men?" He then explained how they had come together.

Dohâ 13.

On hearing the monkey's affectionate speech, her soul trusted him, and she recognized him as a faithful follower of the All-merciful.

Chaupdi.

On perceiving him to be one of Hari's worshippers, she felt no intense affection for him; her eyes filled with tears, her body quivered with emotion. "O Hanomân, I was sinking in the ocean of bereavement, but in you, my friend, I have found a ship. Tell me now of their welfare, I adjure you; how is the blessed Kharêri and how is his brother? Raghurâi is tender-hearted and merciful, why, O monkey, should her effect such cruelty? The mere sound of his voice is a delight to his servant. Does he ever deign to remember me? Will my eyes, friend, be ever gladdened by the sight of his dark and delicate body?" Words failed, her eyes swam with tears. "Alas! my lord has entirely forgotten me." Seeing Sita thus distracted by the bereavement, the monkey replied in gentle and respectful tones: "Lady, your lord and his brother are both well, save that the All-merciful sorrows for your sorrow. Do not imagine, madam, that Râma's affection is a whit less than your own."

Dohâ 14

Take courage now and listen to Râma's message." So saying, the monkey's voice failed him and his eyes filled with tears.

Chaupdi.

Then he proceeded to tell her of Râma's forlorn condition "Every thing—says he—is changed into its opposite. The fresh buds upon the trees burn like fire; night seems as the sight of death, and the moon scorches like the sun. A bed of lotuses seems a prickly brake, and the rain-clouds drop boiling oil. The trees only add to my pain, and the softest and most fragrant breeze is like the breath of a serpent. Nothing relieves my torture, and to whom can I declare it? for there is no one who will understand. The essence of such love as yours and mine, my beloved, only

my own soul can comprehend, and this my soul is always with you. Know such to be the profundity of my love." As the Videban princess listened to Râma's message, she became so absorbed in love as to have no thought for herself. Said the monkey : " Lady, compose yourself, remembering that Râma is a benefactor to all who serve him. Rely upon his might and, as you listen to my speech, discard anxiety.

Dohâ 15.

The demon crew are like moths and Raghu arrows as a flame ; be stout of heart, madam, and assured that they will be consumed.

Chaupdi.

II. Raghubir only knew, he would make no d Râma's shafts, like the rays of the rising sun, will so the darkling demon host. I would have carried you at once myself, but, I swear to you by Râma, that I not received his order to do so. Wait patiently, madam a few days, and he will arrive with his monkeys, slaughtar the demons, and take you away, so that N and the other seers will glorify him in all the three sph of creation." " Are all the monkeys, my son, like you ? demon warriors are very powerful, and my soul is so disquieted." On hearing this, the monkey showed him in his natural form, his body in bulk like a mountain gold, terrible in battle, and of vast strength ; then took comfort at heart, and he again resumed a diminutive appearance.

Dohâ 16.

" Harken, lady ; the monkeys have no great strength or wit of their own, but by the Lord's favour even a soul small as it is, might swallow Garûr."

Chaupdi.

As she hearkened to the monkey's speech, so full glorious faith and noble confidence, her mind became as she recognized his love for Râma and gave him her blessing : " May you abound, my son, in all strength and virtue ; may neither age nor death effect your good qualities and may you be ever constant in your devotion to Râma and may the Lord be gracious to you." Hearing the

words, Hanumān became utterly overwhelmed with emotion ; again and again he bowed his head at her feet, and with clasped hands spoke thus : " Now, lady, I am fully rewarded ; for your blessing is known to be effectual. But hearken, madam, I am frightfully hungry and I see the trees laden with delicious fruit." " Know, my son, that this grove is guarded by most valiant and formidable demons." " I am not afraid of them, mother, if only you will keep your mind easy.

Doh 17.

Seeing the monkey so strong and sagacious, Jānak said : " Go, my son, and eat of this pleurant fruit, with your heart fixed on Heri's feet.

Chaupdi.

He bowed his head and went and entered the garden and having eaten of the fruit began breaking down the trees. A number of stalwart watchmen were posted there some he killed, the others went and called for help ; " My lord, an enormous monkey has come and rooted up the Asoka grove ; he has eaten the fruit and broken down the trees, and with many a blow laid the watchmen on the ground." On hearing this, Rāvan despatched a number of his champions. At the sight of them Hanumān roared like thunder and overthrew the whole demon host ; a few more dead than alive, ran off abrisking. He then sent the young prince Aksha, who took with him an immense number of his best warriors. Seeing them approach he seized a tree, which he brandished and with an awful roar swept them down with it.

Doh 18.

Some he hacked, some he crushed, some he laid low in the dust ; some got back and cried " My lord, this monkey is too strong for us."

Chaupdi.

When he heard of his son's death, the king of Lapkā was furious and he sent the valiant Meghnád. " Do not kill him my son, but bind him ; I would fain see this monkey on where he has come from." Indrajit¹ sallied forth, a peerless champion, full of fury at the tidings of his brother's death

¹ Meghnád's name was changed by Brahmā to Indrajit, after his victory over Indra.

When the monkey saw this formidable warrior draw ground his teeth, and with a roar rushed forward on a tree of enormous size, with which he swept the of Lanka from his ear. As for the mighty men of war accompanied him, he seized them one by one and crushed them by his weight. Having finished them off, he with their leader. It was like the encounter of two elephants. After striking him a blow with his fist, he and climbed a tree, while for a moment a swoon came his antagonist. But again he arose and practised his enchantment; still the Wind god's son was not vanquished.

Dohā 19.

On his making ready Brahmā's magical weapon, monkey thought within himself, "If I do not submit Brahmā's shaft, its infinite virtue will have failed."

Chaupdi.

He launched the magic dart against the monkey, overthrew a host as he fell. When he saw that he swooned, he bound him with a running noose and carried him off. *Observe, Bhavāni*; the messenger of the god, the repetition of whose name wise men cost the bood existence, himself came under boodage, or rather in lord's service submitted to be booded. When the demes heard that the monkey had been bound, they all rushed the palace to see the sight. The majesty of Rāvan's cor on the monkey's arrival there struck him as being beyond all description. The gods and regents of the air, stand humbly with clasped hands, were all in dismay, if the saw him frown. But the monkey's soul was so much disturbed at the sight of his majesty than Garūr would be frightened by any number of snakes.

Dohā 20.

When Rāvan saw the monkey, he laughed aloud and mocked him; then again he remembered his son's death and his soul grew sad.

Chaupdi.

Said the King of Lanka: "Who are you, monkey, and by whose might have you wrought the destruction of the

1 The weapon had been given to Meghnad by Brahmā with a promise that it should never fail. Hanumān therefore submits to it in order that Brahmā's promise might not be falsified.

grove ? What, do not you hear me ? I see you are an uncommonly bold varlet. For what offence did you 'put the demons to death ? Speak, wretch ; as you value your life." "Hearken, Rāvan ; He by whose might Maya creates this universal sphere ; by whose might Brahmā, Vishnu, and Siva produce, maintain and destroy the world ; by whose might the thousand-headed serpent supports on his pate the mundane egg with its mountains and forests ; who assumes various forms in order to befriend the gods and to give a lesson to wretches like you ; who broke Siva's stubborn bow and crushed your pride and that of the assembled kings ; who slew Khara and Dūshan and Trisira and Bāli, in spite of their matchless strength :

Dohā 21

By the slightest exercise of whose might the entire mass of creation, animate and inanimate, exists ; he it is whose messenger I am, and it is his beloved spouse whom you have stolen away.

Chaupdi.

I know your power ; you had a fight with Sahasra-bhuj, and also gained renown in your conflict with Bāli." He heard what the monkey said, but smiled as though he heard not. "I ate the fruit, my lord, because I was hungry, and then like a monkey began breaking the boughs. Every one, master, loves his life more than aught else ; those good-for-nothing fellows fell upon me, and I gave them blow for blow. Thereupon your son put me in bonds—bonds that I am in no way ashamed of—for my only object is to accomplish my master's business. Rāvan, I implore you with folded hands, abandon your pride and attend to my advice. Have some consideration for your own family ; cease to go astray and adore him, who relieves his worshippers from every anxiety. Never fight against him, for fear of whom Death trambles exceedingly ; even Death, who devours all else, gods and demons, animate and inanimate creation alike. Give up Sita, as I tell you.

Dohā 22.

Rāma is the protector of suppliants ; Kharāśi is a very ocean of compassion ; turn to him for protection, and the Lord will forget your offences and will shelter you.

Chauṛḍi.

Take Rāma's lotus feet to your heart and reign for ever at Lankā. The glory of saint Pulastya is stainless as the moon; he not make yourself a spot on its brightness. Unless Rāma's name be in it, no speech has any charm. Think and see for yourself, apart from pride and vanity. Without her clothes, Rāvan, a modest woman, however richly adorned with jewels, is a shameful sight; and so is wealth, or dominion, without Rāma, gone at once, gotten as if not gotten at all. Those rivers, that have no perennial source, flow only after rain and then soon dry up again. Hearken, Rāvan; I tell you on my oath, if Rāma is against you, there is none who can save you. Siva, Śeṣhaṅga, Viṣṇu and Brahmā cannot protect you, if you are Rāma's enemy.

Dohd 23.

[Arrogance is a root fruitful of many thorns; abandon violence and pride, and worship Rāma, the prince of the Raghu race, the Ocean of Compassion, the Lord God.]

Chauṛḍi.

Though the monkey be spoke him in such friendly wise, in words full of faith and discretion, pious and sound judgment, he laughed and replied with the highest disdain: "What a sage adviser I have found, and in a monkey too! Wretch, you have come within an inch of death for daring to give me such vile counsel." "It will be coolererwise," said Hanumān; "you will acknowledge the error of your soul, I know well." On hearing the monkey's words, he ground his teeth in a fury. "Quick, some of you, and put an end to this fool's life." The demons obeyed and rushed forward to slay him, but Vibhishan and his ministers advanced and bowing the head made humble petition: "It is against all statecraft: an ambassador must not be killed. Punish him in some other way, Sirs." All exclaimed to one another, 'this is sound counsel, friend,' Rāvan on hearing it, replied with a laugh: "Let the monkey go then, but mutilate first."

Dohd 24.

A monkey is proud of his tail " (so he went on to say) " bind it with rags steeped in oil and then set fire to them.

Chauṣḍi.

The poor tailless wretch can then go back and fetch his master, and I shall have an opportunity of seeing his might, whom he has so extravagantly exalted." The monkey smiled to himself to hear this. 'Sārad, I know, will help me.' Obedient to Rāvan's command the demons began making their foolish preparations. Not a rag was left in the city nor a drop of *ghi* or oil, to such a length the tail had grown. Then they made sport of him. The citizens crowded to see the sight, and struck him with their feet and jeered him greatly, and with beating of drums and clapping of hands they took him through the city and set fire to his tail. When Hanumān saw the fire blazing, he at once reduced himself to a very diminutive size, and slipping out of his bonds sprang on to the upper story of the gilded palace, to the dismay of the giant's wives.

Dohā 25.

That instant the forty-nine winds,¹ whom Hari had sent, began to blow; the monkey shouted with roars of laughter and swelled so big that he touched the sky.

Chauṣḍi.

Of enormous stature and yet marvellous agility, he leaped and ran from palace to palace. As the city was thus set on fire, the people were at their wits' end; for the terrible flames burst forth in countless millions of places. "Alas! Father and mother, hearken to my cry; who will save us now? As I said, this is no monkey, but some god in monkey form. This is the result of not taking a good man's advice; our city is burnt down as though it had no protector." The city was consumed in an instant of time, save only Vibhishan's house; the reason why it escaped, Bhavānī, was that he who sent the messenger had also created the fire. After the whole of Lanka had been

¹ In the Yajur, the Maruts, or winds, are said to be sixty-three in number, forming nine Ganas, or troops, of seven each. In post-Vedic literature they are described as the children of Diti, either seven, or seven times seven in number. After Diti's elder son, the Maruts, had been seduced by Indra, their mother implored her husband Kashyapa, the son of Marichi, to bestow on her an Indra-distracting son. Her request was granted; but Indra, with his weapon Vajra, divided the child, with which she was pregnant, into forty-nine pieces, which commenced uttering grievous cries, till Indra in compassion transformed them into the Maruts, or Winds. — *Max Müller's*

turned upside down and given over to the flames, he threw himself into the middle of the sea.

Dohā 26.

After extinguishing his tail and recovering from fatigue, he assumed his old diminutive form and went and stood before Jónaki, with hands clasped in prayer.

Chaupāī.

"Be pleased, madam, to give me some token, such as Rāma gave me." She unfastened the jewel in her hair and gave it him.¹ The Son of the Wind received it gladly "Salute him respectfully for me, my son, with these words 'my lord, you never fail to fulfil desire and are renowned as the suppliant's friend; relieve me then from my grievous distress.' Repeat to him, friend, the story of Indra's son;² and remind my lord of the might of his arrows. If he does not come within a month, he will never find me alive. Tell me, monkey, how can I keep myself alive; for you now, my son, speak of going, and it is only the sight of you that has given me any comfort; henceforth day and night will seem to me both alike."

Dohā 27.

He did everything he could to console Sita and inspire her with confidence, and then bowed his head at her lotus feet and set forth to rejoin Rāma.

Chaupāī.

As he went, he roared aloud with such a terrible noise that the wives of the demons, who heard it, were overtaken by premature childbirth. Crossing the sea with a bound, he arrived on this side and uttered a cry of joy for the monkeys to hear. At the sight of Hanumān, they were as delighted as if they have been given a new spell of life. "Your face is so glad and your whole body so radiant that you cannot but have accomplished Rāma's commission." All greeted him with as much delight as an expiring fish feels when it gets back into the water; and they set out with joy to rejoin Rāma, talking as they went of all that

¹ In both recensions of the Sanskrit *Rāmāyana*, Sita gives Hanumān the jewel before he destroys the grove and sets the city on fire. The second interview is not as yet met at all in the up-country text.

² The son of Indra, to whom allusion was made in Jagata, who had attacked Sita in the form of a crow. See page 120, Vol. I.

had lately occurred. When they had reached the Madhuban, with Angad's consent they began eating the luscious fruit; the watchmen tried to stop them, but were beaten off with fist-cuffs. They then fled.

Dohd 28.

Crying out that the prince had laid waste the garden, Sugriva rejoiced at the news: "The monkey must have returned, after successfully completing his master's business."

Chowdi.

If they had not got news of Sita, they would never have eaten the fruit of the Madhuban." While the king was thus reasoning within himself, Hanuman and his party arrived. They at once bowed the head at his feet, and he, received them with all possible cordiality and asked of their welfare. "It is well with us now that we have seen your feet. By Rama's favour the business has turned out excellently. Hanuman has accomplished his lord's purpose and has saved the life of us all." On hearing this, Sugriva again embraced him and then went on with the monkeys to where Rama was. When Rama saw them coming, he was greatly delighted at the completion of the business. The two brothers were seated on a crystal rock and all the monkeys went and fell at their feet."

Dohd 29.

Raghupati in his infinite tenderness greeted them all with much affection and asked of their welfare. "All is well with us, my lord, now that we have seen your lotus feet."

Chowdi.

Said Jamsravat: "Hearken, Raghu-raj: anyone, my lord on whom you show favour will always be prosperous for ever; gods, men and saints will be gracious to him; though victorious he will still remain modest and amiable, and his glory will irradiate all the three spheres of creation. By my lord's favour the task has been accomplished, and to-day we may well say that our life has been worth living. My lord, to tell the whole of Hanuman's doings would be too much for a thousand tongues." Jamsravat then proceeded to inform Rama of Hanuman's principal exploits. The All-merciful was charmed by the recital and again in joy clasped Hanuman to his bosom. "Tell me, my bow Janki is and how she keeps life in her body."

D-4A 20.

"Your name is sentinel over her by night and day ; contemplation of you is as a prison-gate ; her eyes are fetters for her feet ; how then is it possible for her life to slip away ?

Chaupdi.

When I was leaving, she gave me this jewel from hair." Highrajati took and clasped it to his heart, "his eyes overflowed with tears. "And did Sita send message also ? " "Embrace the feet of my lord and brother, saying, O friend of the poor, reliever of suppliant's distress ; in heart, word and deed, I am devoted to your service ; for what offence, my lord, have you done me ? Of one fault I am myself conscious, in that I continue to live, though separated from you. But this, lord, is the fault of my eyes, which prevent my soul from taking flight. In this furnace of bereavement which fanned by my sighs, my body is as it were a heap of coals and would be consumed in a moment, but my eyes in such a flood in self-commiseration that it cannot catch Sita's distress is so utterly overwhelming and you are pitiful that it is better not to describe it.

Dohd 31.

O fountain of mercy, each single moment seems 'an ere it passes. Set out at once, my lord, and with your mighty arm vanquish the miscreant crew and deliver her

Chaupdi.

On hearing of Sita's distress, the lotus eyes of the Lord the abode of bliss, overflowed with tears. "When thought, word and deed, a believer follows in my path what ought he to know of misfortune ? " Said Hanuman "There is no misfortune, my lord, except to forget you your worship. Of what account are the demons to you, who can sent them at once and recover Sita." "H ken, O monkey ; neither god, nor man, nor saint that ever been born into this world, has been such a benefit to me as you. What return can I make you ? There none that occurs to my mind. Mark me, my son ; I am not free from my obligation to you ; I will think and do what I can do." Again and again as the deliverer of gods gazed upon the monkey, his eyes filled with tears his whole body quivered with emotion.

Dohā 32.

As he listened to his lord's words and looked upon his face, Hanumān was enraptured, and in an ecstasy of love fell at his feet, crying, 'save me, save me, O my Lord G^o!'

Chaupti.

Again and again his lord sought to raise him up, but he was so absorbed in devotion that he would not rise. (As he called to mind the Lord with his lotus hands thus placed on the monkey's head, Siva himself was overcome with emotion; but again, restraining his feelings, he proceeded with the charming narrative). After raising the monkey, the Lord embraced him and took him by the hand and seated him close by his side: "Tell me, O monkey, about Rāvan's stronghold of Lankā, and how you were able in such an off-hand way to burn down his fort." Seeing his lord so gracious, Hanumān replied in terms of singular modesty: "A monkey forsooth is a creature of singular prowess to skip about as he does from bough to bough. When I leaped across the sea, burnt down the golden city, routed the demon host and hid waste the grove, it was all done through your power, Raghurāi; it was no strength of mine, my lord."

Dohā 33.

Nothing is difficult for him to whom you are propitious
a mere shred of cotton, were it your pleasure, could burn
up the whole submarine fire."

Chaupti.

The Lord smiled much to hear these words, and recognized him as indeed a loving servant. "Ask of me a boon my son, some choice blessing; to-day I will make you happy for ever." "Faith, my lord, is the greatest of blessings; of your favour grant me this also unattainable boon." On hearing the monkey's pious request, the Lord, Bhavāni, responded: "So be it." O Lord, he who knows Rāma's true nature can take pleasure in nothing but his worship; and he who takes it to heart has attained to the virtue of faith in Rāma. When the assembled monkeys heard the Lord's reply they cried 'glory, glory.

¹ *Rādhā* calls the submarine fire is represented as mythology as a being with a body of flame on the base of a more (lower) which springs from the things of the material world and is the source.

glory to the All merciful, the All-blessed.' Raghupati summoned the monkey chief and told him to make preparations for the march: "What need now for any delay once issued orders to the monkeys." The gods, who witnessed the spectacle, rained down many flowers, returned with joy from the lower air to their own co-spheres.

Dohā 34.

In obedience to Segriva's summons all his hosts of teins come in, differing in colour, but all unequalled strength, a vast multitude of monkeys and bears.

Chaupāi.

They bowed the head at the Lord's lotus feet, the roaring bears and gigantic monkeys. Rāma beheld all monkey host, and turned upon them the gracious glance of his lotus eyes. Each monkey chief was as much emboldened by his favour as Sumera would be by the recovery of his wings.¹ Rāma then sallied forth exulting, and met were the glad and auspicious omens that befell him. It was only befitting that his march should be attended by favourable omens, since in him abide all glory and auspiciousness. Jānaki knew of his departure, for her heart throbbed as if to tell her. Every good omen that befell her was converted into an omen of ill for Rāma. Who could adequately describe the army on the road, with the terrible roaring of the monkeys and the bears, how they marched, brandishing rocks and trees and with their talons for weapons, now in the heaven and now on earth, as the fancy moved them. They belowed as if with the voice of a tiger; earth shook and the elephants of the eight quarters trembled.

Chhand 1-2.

The elephants of the eight quarters trembled, the earth reeled, the mountains tottered, and the ocean was agitated; the sun and the moon, gods, saints, Nāgas, and Kinnars, all rejoiced to know that their troubles were over. Myriads upon myriads of enormous fighting monkeys pressed onwards, snapping, and snarling, singing glory to Rāma's

¹ This conceit has a very unmeaning sound when expressed in English. The allusion is to the legend which represents all the mountains as once having had wings, till they were clipped by Indra; while the word *patika* which primarily means "a wing" has also the secondary signification of favour.

conquering might and hymning the praises of Kosala's lord. The huge serpent king could not support the burden ; he staggered again and again, but each time saved himself by clutching in his jaws the hard shell of the tortoise ; as though he had mastered the stupendous theme of Raghubir's glorious expedition, and was inscribing in on the tortoise's back as the most imperishable material to be had.

Dohd 35.

In such wise the All-merciful marched onwards, till he arrived at the seashore, where the host of bears and fighting monkeys began to devour all the fruit they found.

Chaupdi.

On the other hand, the demons had been living in great fear, ever since the time the monkey had left, after burning down the city. Every one kept at home, thinking to himself : " There is no hope of safety for the demon race ; if his messenger was so unpeakably powerful, how can the city escape when he comes himself ? " When Maododari was informed of what the people were saying, she was still more distrustful, and with clasped hands fell at her lord's feet and thus besought him, in words full of sound judgment : " O my husband, cease to contend against Hari ; take my words to your heart as most wholesome advice. His mere messenger did such deeds that our matrons, on hearing them, were overtaken by premature labour ; if then you desire your own welfare, call your ministers and send him back his wife. As a frosty night comes upon a bed of lotuses, so has Sita come for the ruin of your race. Harken, my lord ; unless you give up Sita, neither Sambhu nor Brahmá can help you.

Dohd 36.

Râma's arrows are like serpents, and the demon host as many frogs ; delay not, but do the best you can before they have snapped you up."

Chaupdi.

The monster heard her prayer and laughed aloud ; his arrogance is known throughout the world. " A woman is naturally cast in a timorous mould, and even in prosperity has a mind ill at ease. If the monkey army comes, the poor wretches will all be eaten up by the demons. The very guardians of the spheres trembled for fear of me ; it is quite

abashed for my wife to be afraid." So saying he laughed and embraced her, and then full of inordinate conceit proceeded to the council-chamber. But Mandohari was troubled at heart, saying, "Heaven is against my lot." While he was sitting in court, he received intelligence that the whole army had crossed the sea. Then he acquired his ministers, "tell me what you think best to be done." They all laughed and replied, "Remain quiet. You have conquered gods and demons without any trouble; of what account can men and monkeys be?"

Dohd 37.

When these three, a minister, a physician and a spiritual adviser, use fair words, either from fear or hope of reward dominion, religion and health are all three quickly destroyed.

Chau-di.

This was all the help that Rivan got; they did nothing but sound his praises. Parceiving his opportunity, Vibhishan came and bowed his head at his brother's feet, then again bowing took his seat on his throne and after obtaining permission spoke thus: "As you graciously ask of me an opinion, I declare it, Sire, to the best of my ability. If you desire your own welfare and glory, with a reputation for wisdom, a prosperous issue and every other happiness, far away from the face of another man's wife as from the moon on its fourth day.¹ Though a man were lord of the fourteen spheres, he cannot set himself to oppose the Universe. However amiable and accomplished a person may be, no one will speak well of him if he shows even the slightest covetousness.

Dohd 38.

Lust, passion, vanity, and covetousness are all paths that lead to hell: adjure them and worship Raghuraj, whom all the saints worship.

Chau-di.

Rama, my brother, is no mortal king but the sovereign of the co-universe, the Fate of Fate itself, the Supreme Spirit, the imperishable and uncreated God; the benefactor of cows and of Brâhmins, of the earth and of the gods; who is his

¹ It is a Hindu superstition that it is unlucky to see the moon on the fourth day. Hence the proverb:—
"Ja dekh chandh kâ chandh, Bât chhai, ligê phasphad."

infinite mercy has assumed the form of humanity, to rejoice his votaries and to break the ranks of the impious; the champion of the Veda and true religion, the saviour of the immortals. Cease to fight against him and humbly bow the head. Raghunāth relieves the distress of every suppliant. O my lord, give him back Sita and worship him with disinterested affection. The lord has never abandoned any one who has fled to him for protection, though he were guilty of having ruined the whole world. Know of a truth, Rāvan, that it is the lord, he who has for name 'the saviour from ever calamity,' who has now appeared among us.

Dohā 39.

Again and again I lay my head at your feet and utter this my prayers: have done with pride, arrogance and conceit, and worship Rāma. There are the words which Saint Pusthya sent in a message to me, and I have at once taken this opportunity of repeating them to you, Sire."

Chaupdi

One of his wisest counsellors Mālyavān, was greatly rejoiced to hear this speech. "Take to heart, my son, this admirable counsel which your brother Vibhishan has given you." "These two villains who thus magnify my enemies, is there no one here who will rid me of them?" Mālyavān thereupon returned home, but Vibhishan with clasped hands spoke yet again: "In every one's breast, my lord, the Vedas and Purānas declare, either wisdom or unwisdom finds a dwelling. Where wisdom dwells, there too is every kind of prosperity: and where unwisdom, there too is final destruction. In your breast malignant unwisdom has established herself; you take your friends for enemies and your greatest enemy for a friend, being thus extravagantly enamoured of this Sita, who is the very night of Death for the whole demon race.

Dohā 40.

My brother, I clasp your feet and implore you to take my words in good part: restore Sita to Rāma; it will be much to your advantage."

Chaupdi.

Though the words that Vibhishan spoke were wise and prudent, and supported by the authority of the Vedas and Purānas, the Ten-headed rose in a fury at hearing them:

"Wretch, you are within an inch of your death. It is all owing to me, you villain, that you have been able to live at all; and yet, fool as you are, you take the side of my enemies. Can you tell me, wretch, of any one in the whole world, whom I have not conquered by the might of my arm. You live in my capital, but are in love with hermits; you had better go to them, if you want to preach." So saying, he spurned him with a kick; but he still continued to clasp him by the feet. "You are as it were my father; kill me, if you think proper; but, O my lord, to worship Rāma would be far better for you." This is the virtue of the saints, Umā, that they return good for evil. Taking his ministers with him, he went his way through the air, proclaiming aloud to them all:

Dohā 41.

"Rāma is the very soul of truth; your countries, my lord, are overpowered by fate; I will now take refuge with, Raghubir; lay no blame to me."

Chaupdi.

After Vibhishan had left with these words, it was all over with everyone of them. Disrespect to a saint, Bhavān, brings speedy ruin on the most prosperous undertaking. As soon as Vibhishan had left, Rāvan lost all his glory and good fortune. But he rejoiced as he went to meet Rāma, and revolved in his mind many agreeable anticipations: "I am about to behold his lotus feet, so roseate, so soft, so beneficent to all who wait upon them; at whose touch the Rishi's wife was delivered from the curse, and the Daodaka forest was sanctified; feet that Sitā cherished in her bosom, even while they ran to seize the delusive deer; lotus feet in Siva's lake-like heart; how blest am I who am now about to see them!"

Dohā 42.

"With these very eyes shall I this day behold the feet, whose shoes even Bharat clasped to his heart."

Chaupdi.

With such loving fancies to occupy his mind, he quickly arrived on this side the ocean. When the monkeys saw Vibhishan coming, they took him to be some special envoy. So they stopt him and went to their chief and told him all the circumstances. Said Sugriva: "Hearken, Raghubar!"

Rāvan's brother has come to see you." The lord replied "What do you advise, friend?" The monkey king rejoined "Mark my words, Sire; the craft of these demons is past all telling. Why should he come thus of his own accord? The villain's object is to spy out our secrets. My idea is that we ought to keep him prisoner." Friend, you have reasoned with much worldly wisdom; but I have a vow to befriend all suppliants. "Hanumān was delighted to hear these words from the Lord, the God who shows compassion on all who flee to him.

Dohā 43.

"The men who abandon a suppliant, from suspicion that he may be an enemy, are vile and criminal, and misfortune will keep her eye upon them.

Chaupāī.

I would not abandon any one who had fled to me for protection, even though he had been guilty of the murder of a million Brāhmanas. Directly any creature appears before me, I blot out the sins of all his past lives. No one who is essentially wicked can delight in my service; if he is really bad at heart, how can he come into my presence? Only a man of pure soul can find me; I take no pleasure in hypocrisy, deceit and vice. Rāvan may have sent him an spy; but even so, O king, we need not fear any loss. I am the demons, my friend, that the whole world contains. A lakshman could rout in a single moment. If he has come out of fear, to sue for mercy, I will protect him as I would my own life.

Dohā 44.

In either case bring him here." Thus spoke the Lord, merciful with a smile. "Glory to the lord of mercy" cried the monkey as he went, taking with him Angad and Hanumān.

Chaupāī.

The monkeys respectfully escorted him into the presence of the all-merciful Rāma. He beheld from a distance two brothers, the delight of all men's eyes, the givers of every blessing; then looking again upon Rāma's perfect bearing he stood stock still, with all his gaze intently fixed upon his long arms, the lotus eyes and dark-haired body of the suppliant's friend, his lion-like shoulders.

chest and his charming face, that would ravish the soul of Kámadeva himself. With streaming eyes and trembling limbs he at last made bold to speak in accents mild. "My lord, I am Rávas's brother; Champion of heaven, I have been born of demon race, with a savage temperament, as naturally prone to evil as an owl is partial to the night."

Dohd 45.

I have heard with my ears of your glory and have come;
O my lord, save me, save me; you who are the deliverer
from all life's troubles, the remover of distress, the friend
of the suppliant, Raghubir.

Chaupdi.

So saying he prostrated himself; but at the sight the Lord arose in haste with much delight, being pleased to hear his humble address, and took him in his mighty arms and clasped him to his breast; then with his brother seated him by his side, and to calm his votary's fears spake thus: "Tell me, prince of Lanka, is it all well with you and your family? Your home is in an ill place. How, my friend, can one practise the duties of religion, when encompassed day and night by wicked men? I know all your circumstances, your proficiency in virtue, your aversion to evil. God keep us from evil communications: 'twere better, my son, to live in hell." "Now that I have seen your feet, O Ráma, it is all well with me, since you have recognised me as one of your worshippers and have shown mercy upon me."

Dohd 46.

No creature can be happy, or even dream of rest to his soul, till he worship Ráma, after forswearing lust, that fountain of remorse.

Chaupdi.

"So long as the heart is peopled by that villainous crew, avarice sensuality, selfishness, arrogance and pride, there is no room there for Raghnath, with his bow and arrows and quiver by his side. The intensely dark night of selfishness, so agreeable to the owl-like passions of love and hate, abides to the sun only until the rising of the sun-like lord. Now I am well, and all my fears are over, in that I have beheld your lotus feet. None of the threefold torments of life has any effect upon him, to whom you in your mercy show favour. I am a demon, utterly vile of nature, who

to sit still and pray fortune to help him." Raghubir laughed to hear this and said: "I shall do it all the same; but never you mind." So saying he went to the shore of the salt sea and there took his seat on grass that he had strewn. Now after Vibhishan had joined Râma, Râvan sent spies of his own,

Dohâ 51.

Who disguised themselves as monkeys, and so saw all that was going on. In their profound admiration of the Lord's generosity and his tenderness to suppliants.

Choupi.

They loudly extolled his magnanimity and in the intensity of their devotion forgot their disguise. When the monkeys perceived them to be spies from the enemy, they seized them and took them to their chief. Sâri Sugrîva, "Hearken, all you monkeys: just mutilate them and let them go." On receiving this command, the monkeys ran and paraded them in bonds all through the camp, ill-treating them in every possible way and refusing to let them go for all their prayers for mercy, till they cried: 'We adjure you by Râma not to rob us of our nose and ears.' When Lakshma heard this, he called them all to him, and, being moved with compassion, smiled and had them at once set free: "Give this missive into Râvan's hands" and say 'Read, destroyer of your race, what Lakshman says.

Dohâ 52.

Tell the fool also by word of mouth my emphatic command—'Surrender Sita and submit yourself, or it will be your death'

Choupi.

The spies bowed the head at Lakshma's feet and set out at once, praising his generosity. Still, repenting Râma's praises, they arrived at Lankâ and prostrated themselves before Râvan. The Ten-headed with a smile asked them the news: "Tell me, Suka, I pray, of your own welfare, and then let me hear about Vibhishan, to whom death has drawn very nigh. The fool left Lankâ where he was a king; but now the wretched weevil must be crushed with the wheat. Tell me next what force these bears and monkeys muster, who have come here, by command of their evil destiny though the poor old sea has been

ever gladdens Siva's soul." "So be it," said the Lord, valiant in fight, and then at once called for water from the sea. "It was not part of your wish, friend, but the sign of me living reward with it all over the world." So my Râma marked his forehead with the royal *talak*: an instant shower of flowers rained from heaven.

Dohâ 49.

Thus did Raghunâth protect the humble Vibhishan from Râvan's fiery wrath, fanned by the strong blast of breath, and gave him secure dominion and all the good fortune which Siva had formerly bestowed upon the treacherous Râvan.

Chaupdi

Men who forsake such a lord to worship any other mere beasts without the tails and horns. All the men were charmed with the Lord's amiability, who had civilized a servant and claimed him for his own. Then the wise, who dwelleth in the hearts of all, assuming as of old will, though himself formless and passionless, the patron of religion, the friend of men, and the destroyer of the demon race, spoke and said: "Hearken monkey valiant monarch of Lanka; how are we to cross the ocean, full of alligators, serpents and different kinds of sea monsters, of fathomless profundity and also impassible." Vibhishan replied: "Hearken, Râho: your arrows could burn up a thousand seas, but it would be better policy to go and make petition to the lord of ocean.

Dohâ 50.

For being your family priest, my lord, he will think of thought and suggest some scheme, by which the whole of bears and monkeys may cross the deep without trouble."

Chaupdi.

"Friend, you have suggested a good idea; let us try it and may fortune be with us." This invocation did not please Lakshman; he was much annoyed at Râma's words. "I trust fortune, my lord? give vent to your indignation and dry up the ocean. It is the one resource of a coward in a

... 1. King Sagara, by whose sons the bed of the ocean was dug, whence called Sagara, was one of Râma's ancestors.

to sit still and pray fortune to help him." Raghurib laughed to hear this and said: "I shall do it all the same; but never you mind." So saying he went to the shore of the salt sea and there took his seat on grass that he had strewn. Now after Vibhishan had joined Rāma, Rāvan sent spies of his own,

Dohā 51.

Who disguised themselves as monkeys, and so saw all that was going on. In their profound admiration of the Lord's generosity and his tenderness to suppliants.

Chaupdi.

They loudly extolled his magnanimity and in the intensity of their devotion forgot their disguise. When the monkeys perceived them to be spies from the enemy, they seized them and took them to their chief, Sūta Sugriva. "Hearken, all you monkeys; just mutilate them and let them go." On receiving this command, the monkeys ran and paraded them in bonds all through the camp, ill-treating them in every possible way and refusing to let them go for all their prayers for mercy, till they cried: 'We adjure you by Rāma not to rob us of our nose and ears.' When Lakshman heard this, he called them all to him, and, being moved with compassion, smiled and had them at once set free: "Give this missive into Rāvan's hands" and say 'Reed, destroyer of your race, what Lakshman says.

Dohā 52.

Tell the fool also by word of mouth my emphatic command—'Surrender Sita and submit yourself, or it will be your death.'

Chaupdi.

The spies bowed the head at Lakshma's feet and set out at once, praising his generosity. Still repeating Rāma's praises, they arrived at Lankā and prostrated themselves before Rāvan. The Ten-headed with a smile asked them the news: "Tell me, Soka, I pray, of your own welfare, and then let me hear about Vibhishan, to whom death has drawn very nigh. The fool left Lankā where he was a king; but now the wretched weevil must be crushed with the wheat. Tell me next what force these bears and monkeys muster, who have come hear-by, command of their evil destiny though the poor old sea has been

soft-hearted enough to spare their lives. Tell me honestly about the hermits, whose soul trembles for fear of me.

Dohd 53.

"Did he meet you as a suppliant, or did he take to flight on hearing the report of my renown? Will you tell me nothing about the enemy's might and magnificence? Your wits seem utterly dazed."

Chaupdi.

"Of your grace, my lord, be not wroth, but take a blunt reply to a blunt question. As soon as your yoooger brother joined him, Râma bestowed upon him the mark of sovereignty. The monkeys, who had heard that we were your spies, put us in bonds and shamed us shamefully. They were about to cut off our ears and nose, when we invoked the name of Râma and they let us go. You ask, my lord, of Râma's army; a myriad tongues would fail to tell it: such a host of bears and monkeys of diverse hue and gruesome visage, huge and terrible—the one who set fire to the city and slew your son is the very weakest of them all—champions with innumerable names, fierce and unyielding monsters of vast bulk, with the strength of unnumbered elephants."

Dohd 54.

"Dwivid and Mayand, Nîta and Nala, Angad and Gada of the mighty sword, Dadhi-mukha and Kebari, the malignant Nisatha and the powerful Jâmbavân."

Chaupdi.

"Each of these monkeys is equal to Sugrîva, and who could count all the myriads like them? By Râma's favour their strength is unbonoded; they reckon the three spheres of creation as of no more account than a blade of grass. I have heard say, O Râvan, that the monkey chiefs number eighteen thousand billions; and in the whole of the army, my lord, there is not a single monkey who would not conquer you in battle. 'They are all wringing their hands in excess of passion: 'Why does not Râma give us some order, either to swallow the ocean with all its fish and serpents, or at least to fill it up with piles of trees and mighty mountains; and then crush Râvan and lay him now in the dust.' This is the *faṅgana* that all the monkeys hold."

Utterly devoid of fear, they shout and leap about as if they would make Lakṣa a mere mouthful.

Dohd 55.

"All the bears and monkeys are born warriors, and, moreover, they have the lord Rāma at their head. O Rāvan, they could conquer in battle even Death himself, a myriad times over.

Chauḍi.

"All hundred thousand Shebhūga would fail to declare all Rāma's glory and power and wisdom. With a single shaft he could burn up a hundred seas, yet so prudent is he that he took advice of your brother and, on hearing his reply, went to the sea and humbly asked the favour of a passage." On hearing this, the Ten-headed smiled: "Truly he showed as much sense then as when he took monkeys for his allies. He has put faith in the words of that arrogant coward, my brother, and, like a spoiled child, begs of ocean what he will never get. Fool, you have been extolling a mere impostor; I have sounded the depth of my enemy's strength and skill. Where in the world could any one achieve the glory of a triumph, who had such a cowardly counsellor as Vibhishan." The surveyor waxed wroth at the wretch's speech, and thought it a good time to produce the letter. "Rāma's brother gave me this letter: have it read, my lord, and much good may it do you." Rāvan smiled and took it with his left hand and told his minister, the wretch, to read it out.

Dohd 56.

"Fool, submit your soul to advice, and do not bring destruction upon all your race; you cannot escape from Rāma's displeasure, even though Vishnu, Brahmā and Śiva be your protectors. Abandon your pride, and, like your younger brother, fly like a bee to the lotus feet of the lord, or like a moth you will be consumed in your wickedness, you and all your family, by Rāma's arrows of fire."

Chauḍi.

The Ten-headed, as he listened, was terror-stricken at heart, but smiled with his lips and cried aloud for all to hear: "He who stretches out his hands to clutch the sky only falls to the ground, a devotee's idle talk is of small account." Said Śuka: "My lord, every word is true; he

wise and abandon your natural arrogance. Cease from wrath and hearken to my advice; make an end, Sire, of your feud with Rāma. Raghnbir is exceedingly mild in disposition, though he is the sovereign of all the world. The Lord will be gracious to you directly you approach him, and will not remember even one of your offences. Restore to him Janak's daughter; this, Sire, is all I ask of you; do it." When he spoke to him of giving up Sita, the wretch spurned him with his foot; but he bowed his head to the ground before him and then went to join the all-merciful Rāma, and after due obeisance told him all that had happened. By Rāma's grace, he recovered his proper rank; for it was by the Rishi Agastyās curse, Bhavānī, that he had become a demon, though still retaining the intelligence of a saint. Now, once more in the form of saint, after again and again prostrating himself at Rāma's feet, he went his way to his own hermitage.

Dohā 57.

Dullard Ocean made no answer to prayer, though three days had been spent; then cried Rāma in a fury: "He will do me no kindness, unless he is frightened."

Chaurdi.

"Lakshman bring me my bow and arrows: with my fiery darts I will dry up the deep. To use entreaties to a churl, to lavish affection upon a rogue, to deal liberally with a hoard miser, to discourse of divine wisdom with a man devoted to self, to speak of detachment from the world to the covetous, to tell of Hari to a man under the influence of passion or love, in all the same as sowing the seed in hope of a harvest." So saying, Rāma strung his bow, a proceeding that pleased Lakshman mightily. The Lord let fly the terrible shaft; a burning pain ensued in the bosom of ocean: the crocodiles, serpents and fish were all sore distressed. When Ocean perceived that these creatures were burning, he filled a golden dish with all kinds of jewels and humbly presented himself in the form of a Brāhman.

Dohā 58.

Though you may take infinite trouble in watering it, a plantain will not bear fruit, until it has been well trimmed; similarly, mark me, Garūr, a man upstairs hears neither prayers nor complements, but requires rougher treatment.

Chaupdi.

Terrified Ocean clasped the Lord's feet: Pardon me, Sire, all my offences. Air, wind, fire, water and earth are all, my lord, naturally dull and slow to change. They have been produced by the delusive power that you sent forth with a view to creation—so all the scriptures declare—and as each has been fixed by the Lord's command, so it must remain, to secure its own happiness. My lord has done well in giving me this lesson; but still it was you who first fixed my bounds. A drum, a clown, a churl, a beast, and a woman are all fit subjects for beating. By my lord's favor, I shall be dried up, the army will cross over, and my glory will be at an end; the scriptures declare the word of the Lord to be unchangeable; do then at once what seemeth you good."

Dohd 59.

The Lord smiled to hear this exceedingly humble speech, and said, "Tell me, father, some device, how the monkey host may cross over?"

Chaupdi.

"My lord, there are two monkey brothers, Nila and Nala, who from childhood have been instructed by a sage. The mightiest mountains touched by them will by your favor float upon the waves. I too, remembering your majesty, will assist to the best of my power. In this manner, my lord, you will bridge the sea and the glorious deed will be sung in earth, heaven and hell. With this arrow, Sire, slay the dwellers on my northern shore, who are vile criminals." The All-merciful, on hearing Ocean's grievance, at once removed it, the valiant Rāma.¹ At the sight of his mighty vigorous Ocean rejoiced and became easy of mind, and after telling him all that had taken place, bowed at his feet and took his leave.

Chānd 8.

Ocean returned home and Rāma approved his counsel. There his acts, which remove all the inequalities of this sinful

¹ In the Sanskrit Ramayana the earliest incident is related rather more intelligently. Ocean complains that the children of the north are such an impure race that he cannot bear to receive into his bosom any stream of which they have drunk. Thereupon, Rāma with his fiery arrow dries up every river in their land, but creates instead a deep channel in the ground, with a constant supply of water, and drains the riverless region with strength from decay.

age, has Tulsi Dās sung to the best of his ability; excellences of Raghupati are a treasure of delight, a purgation for all doubt, a purge for every sorrow, and they who are wise of heart will abandon all other hope and consolation and be ever singing them or hearing them sung.

Dohd 60.

The virtues of Raghunāyak are the source of blessing, and those who reverently hear their recitation are the ocean of existence without any need for a boat.

[Thus endeth the book entitled 'the Beautiful,' composed by Tulsi Dās, being the fifth descent into 'the holy land of Rāma's deeds.']

BOOK VI
LANEA.

now dried up the depths of the sea, but it was filled again by the floods of tears shed by the widows of his foes, and that is what makes it salt." On hearing Hanomán's ingenious speech, the monkeys gazed with rapture on Ráma's person. Then Jāmbaván spoke to the two brothers Nala and Nila and explained to them all the circumstances: "Keep your thoughts fixed on Ráma's power and begin building the bridge; you will find no difficulty." Again he addressed himself to the whole monkey host: "Hearken, all of you; I have one request to make; only impress upon your cool Itāma's lotus feet; and then you bears and monkeys will find the task a mere pastime. Away with you, my sturdy monkey troops, and bring hither heaps of trees and rocks." On hearing this, the monkeys and bears set forth hurrahing. 'Glory to Ráma and all his might!'

Dohá 2.

They plucked up and carried off in sport the biggest mountains and trees and brought them to Nala and Nila, who set to build the bridge.

Chaupdi.

The enormous rocks, which the monkeys brought and gave them, were handled by Nala and Nila like mere pellets. When the All-merciful saw the charming construction of the bridge, he smiled and said: "This is a most exceedingly delightful spot: no words can tell its immeasurable dignity. I will set up here an image of Sambhu: I have a great desire at heart to do so." On hearing this, the monkey king sent a number of messengers to summon and fetch all the great saints. After moulding a lingam in the prescribed manner and worshipping it, "there is none other," he cried, "so dear to me as Siva. No man, though he call himself a votary of mine, if he offend Siva, can ever dream of really finding me. If he desire to serve me, in antagonism to Siva, his doom is hell; he is a fool of no understanding."

Dohá 3.

They who either out of attachment to Siva dishonor me, or who serve me but dishonor Siva, shall have their abode in the deepest hell till the end of the world.

Chaupdi.

All who make a pilgrimage to Itāmesvar will, on quitting the body, go direct to my sphere in heaven. Any

one who takes and offers Ganges water there will be absorbed into the divine essence. To all who serve me unselfishly and without guile Siva will grant the boon of faith. Who ever makes a pilgrimage to the bridge that I have built will without any trouble cross the ocean of existence." Rāma's words gladdened the hearts of all, and the saints thereupon returned to their hermitages. This, Pārvati, is Rāma's way; he is always gracious to the humble. Nila und Nela built the bridge so cleverly that by Rāma's favour they acquired brilliant renown. The rocks, which naturally sink themselves and cause other things to sink also, were like so many rafts; nor is this to be ascribed to the power of the sea, or the virtue of the stone, or the action of the monkeys;

Dohd 4.

'It was by the might of the blessed Rāma that the rocks made a way across the sea. How dull of soul then are they who leave Rāma to worship any other lord.

Chaupdi.

When they had completed the bridge and made it thoroughly secure, the All-merciful was glad of heart at the sight. The passage of the host was beyond all telling, with the clamour of the multitude of warlike monkeys. The gracious Rāma mounted a spot near the bridge and gazed upon the mighty deep. Then all the creatures of the sea showed themselves, in their anxiety to behold the lord of compassion; every kind of crocodile, alligator, fish, and serpent, with bodies a hundred leagues in length and enormous bulk. After them were others, such that a single one could devour all the first swarm; while they again trembled no less before one of the swarm that followed them. They could not take their eyes off the Lord, and in the general gladness of heart all were happy together. You could not see the water, so thickly they covered it, as they gazed in delight on the vision of Hari. At their lord's command the army marched on; who can describe the magnitude of the monkey host?

Dohd 5

The bridge was so thronged with the crowd that some of the monkeys took to flying through the air, while crossed over on the backs of sea monsters.

Chaupdi.

When the two brothers had gazed awhile at the spectacle, the gracious Rāma smilingly advanced and crossed over with the host. The throng of monkey chiefs was more than I can describe. On the opposite shore the Lord pitched his tent, and told all the monkeys that they might go and feast on the goodly fruit and roots. On hearing this the bears and monkeys ran off in all directions. To please Rāma every tree was laden with fruit, whether it was in season or out of season, without any regard to the time of year. They devour the sweet fruit and shake the trees, and hurl masses of rock at the city of Lankā. If ever they found a straggling demon, they all hemmed him in and led him a pretty dance, and finally bit off his nose and ears with their teeth and so let him go, after making him hear of their lord's great deeds. Those who had lost their nose and ears went and told all to Rāvaṇa. When he heard of the bridging of the sea, the Ten-headed started up alarmed in consternation :

Dohā 6.

"What ! he has bridged the sea, with all the springs and streams¹ that fall therein, the great deep with all its waters. Can it be true that ocean trembles, the lord of rivers, the store-house of the waters, the receptacle of the floods !"

Chaupdi.

Then becoming conscious of the agitation he had displayed he turned with a smile to the palace, full of frantic imaginations. When Mandodari heard that the Lord had arrived and had made nothing of bridging the sea, she took her spouse by the hand and led him to her own apartment, and besought him in these humble and winning words, bowing her head at his feet and holding up the hem of her mantle² :—"Be not angry, my beloved, but hearken to my speech. You should fight, my lord, with one whom you may be able to subdue either by wit or strength. But the difference between you and Rāma is like that between a poor little fire-fly and the sun. He who slew the monsters

1 *Fāna*, which ordinarily means 'a forest,' must be taken here in its very unusual signification of a stream.

2 This with women is a sign of the greatest humility. The corresponding action amongst men is to tie a cloth round their neck.

Madhu and Kaitabha, who worsted Dit's valiant son, Hiraoyāksha, who put Bāli in bonds and slew Sahasrabāho, he it is who has now become incarnate to relieve earth of its burdens. O my lord, do not fight against I who whose hands are Death and fate and our very life.

Dohā 7.

Bow your head at Rāma's lotus feet and give him I Sita ; then resign your throne to your son and retire the woods and there worship Raghunāth.

Chaupdi.

He is pitiful to the humble, like a tiger, who will devour a man who comes to meet him. All that you ha do you have done long ago ; you have vanquished gods demons and all creation. Tho saviors, O Rāvan, have down this rule, that a king in his old age should retire the forest. Thoro, O my sponse, make your prayers to I who is the creator, preserver and destroyer, even R ever gracious to the humble ; put away your self-love pride, my lord, and worship him. Ho for whom the gra saints perform all their labours, for whom kings leave I throns to become hermits, is this very king of Kosala, Rāma, who has come here to show mercy upon you. I submit to my advice, and the glory of your renown spread through the three spheres."

Dohā 8.

So saying she clasped him by the feet, her eyes fol tears and trembling in every limb. "O my lord, wor Rāma, and your prosperity shall never be shaken."

Chaupdi.

Rāvan raised the daughter of Mayā from the gro and began, the fool, to boast of his own might. "Hear my beloved, you are disturbed by idle fears ; is there warrior in the world my equal ? Varuna, Kuvar, the W god, Yama, and Fate, and all the regents of the e quarters, have been subdued by the might of my s Gods, demons and kionars are all in my power ; v cause can have arisen for these fears of yours ?" Ha thus said everything that he could to comfort her, he a went and took his seat in the council. But Mando knew at heart that his arrogance was doomed to dast him. In the council he enquired of his ministers ;

R-53

what way shall we fight the enemy?" They say "Hearken, common king: why question us thus again? Consider now and say what there is to be done of men, monkeys and beasts are our natural foes."

Book 2.

But Foxhunts, after listening to all they said, shook his head and cried—"No no, my lord, act contrary moral judgment: your councillors have mighty little to

Chaurdi.

They have all spoken simply to please their master good results do not come in that way. A single man leaped the ocean and came hither: what he did you know by heart. What? were none of you hungry then, you did not rise and devour him when he set fire to city? I meant to hear that fraught with future trouble the story which your councillors have given their names, sire, tell me now, is he a mere man that we desire, who has defied the sea without any trouble, has crossed over to Nagals with all his army? What say is all this boasting. Hearken, sire, with due respect my prayer, and do not in your arrogance account it coward. There are plenty of people in the world who ready to make or listen to pleasant speeches; but few, lord, who care either to hear or to give wholesome advice if it sounds unpleasant. Hearken now to wise counsel first and an enemy and, when you have restored Sita, do best to make friends with him.

Dohs 10.

If he withdraws after recovering his wife, there will be no need of any further dispute; if otherwise, then, sire, to face in the battle prepared for resolute encounter.

Chaurdi.

In either case, my lord, if you accept my advice, will have glory in the world." The Ten-headed saw his son in a fury: "Wretch who has taught you to such advice as this? From this time I have a doubt in mind; can a bamboo ront have produced such a mere ree? On hearing his father's brutal and violent speech, he returned home, saying these bitter words: "Good advice is as a thrown away upon him as medicine on a man doomed to die." Seeing that it was now evening, Rāvan proceeded the palace glancing with pride at his twenty arms. On

top of the Lanká rock was a hall with handsome court-yard,¹ where he went and took his seat. A number of kinnara began to sing to the accompaniment of cymbals, drum and lute, while beauteous nymphs danced before him.

Dohd 11.

The delights that he here enjoyed exceeded a hundred-fold those of Indra : the most powerful enemy might threaten, but no fear nor anxiety could disturb his repose.

Chaupdi.

Now the valiant Râma had crossed over with his army to mount Savelâ. There having noted one specially lofty peak, beautiful and bright above all others, Lakshman with his own hands spread a couch of lovely flowers and fresh twigs, which he covered with a fine soft deer's skin ; and here the All-merciful took his seat. The Lord's head rested in the lap of the monkey-king ; to right and left of him were his bow and quiver ; with his lotus hands he trimmed his arrows, while the prince of Lanká whispered texts of scripture in his ear. The highly favoured Angad and Hanumân caressed his lotus feet, while behind him Lakshman kept watch as a sentinel, with quiver by his side and bow and arrows in his hands.

Dohd 12.

Thus sat Râma, a very store-house of benignity, beauty and all perfection. Blessed are they who with profound devotion ever contemplate him under this form.¹ As he looked towards the east, the Lord observed the risen moon and cried to them all : " See the moon, like some dauntless lion,

Chaupdi.

That has its dwelling in a cave of the eastern range, pre-eminent in might, majesty and strength, rends asunder the darkness as it were the head of a wild elephant, and paces the plain of heaven, a lion-like moon. The stars scattered about the sky like pearls are the jewels of beauteous night " But," said the Lord, " tell me, my friends, each one of you your opinion as to the spots on the moon." Said Sngriya

¹ This scene affords a very favourite subject for Hindu painters ; partly, no doubt, on account of the blessing which Tulsî Dâs here promises to those who contemplate it.

Hearken, Rāma, it is only the shadow the of earth that is seen in the moon." Another said: "When Rābhu attacked the moon, its bosom became thus discoloured." A third suggested: "When Brāhman fashioned Rati's face, he stole from the moon a part of its essence, and this is the hole that you see in the moon's surface showing the shadow of the sky." Said the Lord: "The moon has a great liking for poison, and has given it a home in its very heart; theods darting abroad innumerable empoisoned rays, it tortures parted lovers."

Dohā 13.

But Hanumān cried: "Hear me, my Lord; the moon is your devoted slave, and it is your image enshrined in the moon's bosom that causes the darkness." Then again All-wise Rāma smiled to hear the speech of the Son of the Wind; then turning towards the south, the All-merciful spoke again.

Chaupdi.

"Look Vibhīshan, to the southern quarter—to the gathering clouds and the flashes of lightning. A pleasant sound of distant thunder is heard amidst the gloom; there will be some rain, think you, or a storm of hail?" Vibhīshan, replied: "Mark me, Sir, there is neither lightning nor gathered cloud. On the top of the Laokā hill there is a palace, where Rāvan witnesses the sports of the arena: the royal umbrella held above his head presents the appearance of a mighty mass of cloud: the jewelled ornament in Mandodari's ears emits the flashes, my lord, that you take for lightning: while the incomparable music of the cymbals and drums is the pleasant sound that you hear, O king of the gods." The Lord smiled and, perceiving his arrogance, strung his bow and fitted an arrow to the string.

Dohā 14.

A single shaft struck umbrella, crown and ear-drop: in the sight of all they fell to the ground, and none could explain the mystery. Having performed this startling feat, Rāma's arrows returned and dropt into the quiver. But Rāvan and the whole assembly were much disturbed when they saw this interruption to their revel.

Chaupdi.

"There was no earthquake, nor wind to speak of, nor did we see a missile of any kind," thus they pondered each

in himself. "It is certainly a most alarming ill omen." When Rávan perceived that the assembly had taken fright, he smiled and invented an ingenious answer: "Even when I lost my heads, I came to no harm; now, only my crowns have dropt off; what ill-luck is there in that? Go home all of you and go to sleep." They bowed and took their leave. But anxiety had settled in Mandodari's bosom the moment the jewel had dropt from her ear to the ground. With streaming eyes and hands clasped in prayer, she cried: "O lord of my life, hearken to my petition. O my husband, give over fighting against Ráma, and do not indulge your pride with the idea that he is a mere man.

Dohd 15

The jewel of the line of Raghu believe what I say, is the omnipresent God, in whose every limb, as the Vedas declare, is the fabric of a world.

Chaupdi.

His feet are the infernal regions, his head the abode of Brahmá, and in every limb subsists some separate sphere; the play of his brows is the doom of fate, his eyes are the sun, his hair the dark thunder-cloud, his nostrils are the twin sons of Asvini, and the constant winking of his eyes the cause of day and night. His ears, as the Vedas declare, are the ten quarters of the heaven, his breath is the wind, and his articulate voice the scripture. His lips are greed and his teeth the terrors of death; his smile is *Mayá*; his arms the regents of the quarters; his face is the element of fire; his tongue, water; and his movements the creation, preservation and destruction of the universe. The hairs on his body are the trees and bushes that grow on the earth; his bones the mountains, and the net-work of his veins the rivers; his belly the sea, and his hinder parts hell. Everything may be called a manifestation of the omnipresent Lord,

Dohd 16.

Who has Siva for his self-consciousness, Brahmá for his intelligence, the moon for his mind, and the great First Principle for his soul; who not only indwells in man, but also assumes the form of any animate or inanimate creature, the

Look that Harskan, my beloved, ponder upon this and come to stand against the Lord; cherish a devotion to Him's feet, and then my happy estate shall never fail."

Chandi

He laughed when he heard his wife's speech. "Wonderful, indeed, is the power of instruction. The poet has truly described woman's nature. There are eight faults from which she is never free at heart: imprudence, falsehood, fickleness, infatuation, timidity, want of judgment, impurity, and illiberality. You have declared all the manifestations of the enemy and told me a most alarming story; but, my dear, I see through it at once and perfectly understand your kindness. I recognize your cleverness, a dear, for in this way you have exalted my power. Yet words, false darts, are obstacles: but they are suspicious

[The term *anādi* here employed is that of the Sāṅkhya philosophy according to which everything is derived or produced from an original phenomenal cause, a eternally existing source, called *Prakṛti*. From present cause productions, which are also producers, and there exist other principles, which are productions only, not producers. Soul permeates the twenty-five elements, is neither a production nor a producer. The first production of *Prakṛti* is *Buddhi*, commonly called intellect or intellectual perception, and extremely termed Water in mistaking the Great source, of the two other internal faculties, *Manas*, 'self-consciousness,' and *Mahat*, 'mind'. This is under cover the *Manas*, the 'I-making' faculty, that is, self-consciousness, or the sense of individuality [sometimes erroneously termed egoism], which produces the next five principles, called *Tanmātras*, or subtle elementary particles, out of which the grosser elements (*Bhūta*, *dhātus*, or *elements*) are evolved. These are *śabda*, ether; *arāya*, air; *teja* or *jyoti*, fire or light; *apā*, water; and *prithvī* or *bhūmī*, earth. In addition to the five *tanmātras*, the third or ether, *Abhākāra*, produces also the eleven organs, viz. the five organs of sense, *buddhindriyāni*, the ear, skin, eye, nose and tongue; the five organs of action, *karmendriyāni*, the larynx, hand, foot and the excretory and generative organs; and an eleventh organ standing between these two sets, called *manas* 'the mind,' which is an internal organ of perception, volition, and action. Thus the eight producers, viz., *Prakṛti*, *Buddhi*, *Abhākāra*, and the five *tanmātras*, with the five grosser elements and the eleven organs, constitute the ten elements of the phenomenal world; the most important—after the mere unintelligent original germ, *Prakṛti*—being *Abhākāra*. (See Monier Williams' *Indian Wisdom*). It is tolerably clear that these categories were in the mind of Tāla Dāsa at the time of writing, but he has employed them in a loose and popular way. Thus *manas*, which is strictly a synonym for *Abhākāra* seems in the text to stand rather for *Prakṛti*. In Bāma Jāna's edition of the text the words are wrongly divided. As is frequently the case with native Sanskrit scholars when commenting on Hindi literature, the editor would seem to have read the passage too exclusively by the light of Sanskrit authorities. *Prakṛti* may be explained as non-extended energy; unconscious life mortgaging to towards consciousness; a latent ego destined to put forth conscious thought when the conditions of the environment allow of it. With increase of power there comes an increased *Abhākāra*, self-consciousness, or development of the ego into a personage, individual, self-balanced, master of its resources, characteristic, *svi generis*, himself.

image of his majesty on his soul, Angad bowed to the assembly and went forth, the delighter in battle, the gallant son of Bâli, dauntless by nature and his heart all a glow with the might of his lord. As he entered the city, he came across Râvan's son, who was playing there. From words they proceeded to a struggle; both of unequalled strength and in the prime of their youth to boot. He raised his foot to kick Angad, who at once seized him by it and swung him round and dashed him to the ground. All the demons, even the stoutest warriors among them, who saw the deed, dispersed hither and thither, but dared not give the alarm; they did not even whisper to one another, but remained silent, when they saw his death. A rumour, however, was noised through the city: "The monkey who set Lankâ on fire has come again; what has God in store for us now?" Thus they pondered in excessive dismay. Without being asked he showed him the road: if he but looked at any one he withered away.

Dohâ 18.

Then with his thoughts fixed on Râma's lotus feet he entered the Council Hall, with the gait of a lion, glancing on this side and that, a bold and stalwart hero.

Chaupâi.

One of the demons was immediately despatched to report the news to Râvan. On hearing it, the Ten-headed cried with a laugh: "Go and bring this strange monkey here." On receiving this order, a number of his messengers ran and fetched the monkey-chief. In Angad's eyes the Ten-headed appeared like the Black mountain endued with life; his arms like trees, his head a rocky peak, the hair on his body as it were all kinds of creepers, and his mouth, nose, eyes and ears like caves and chasms in the rock. Without the slightest trepidation of heart he entered the Court, the son of Bâli; most dauntless of heroes. The assembly rose at the sight of the monkey; but in Râvan's heart was ungovernable fury.

Dohâ 19.

As when a lion enters among a herd of mad elephants, so after bowing in the assembly he took his seat, his thoughts ever fixed on Râma's power.

Chauṣḍi.

Rāvan asked : " Monkey, who are you ? " " I am an ambassador from Rāma, Rāvan. There was friendship between you and my father ; and on that account, brother, I have come to you to do you a service. Of high descent, the grandson of Pulastya, you duly worshipped Siva and Brahmā, obtained your prayer of them accomplished all you undertook and conquered the guardians of the eight quarters and every earthly sovereign. Now under the influence of royal arrogance or some delusion you have carried off Sita, the mother of the world. Yet hearken to my friendly advice and the Lord will still pardon you. Put a straw between your teeth and an axe to your throat, and with all your family and your own wife and with Janak's daughter placed respectfully at your head, go all of you in this wise without any alarm,

Dohā 20.

Crying, ' O jewel of the race of Rāghu, defender of the suppliant, save now me, even me,' and when he hears your piteous cry the Lord will set your mind at rest."

Chauṣḍi.

" Ah, you wretched monkey, take care what you are saying. Fool, do you not know that I am the declared enemy of the gods ? Tell me your own name and your father's, friend, and through what relation you claim alliance." " My name is Angad ; I am the son of Bālī, with whom you once were on terms of friendship." On hearing Angad's reply, he was confused. " I admit, monkey, that it was so with Bālī ; but if Angad is that Bālī's son, he has been born as a fire-brand for the destruction of his race. The womb that bore you, forsooth, was not pregnant for nothing ; who with your own mouth confess yourself a hermit's envoy. Tell me now, is all well with Bālī ? " Angad laughed and replied : " Ten days hence go to Bālī and embrace your old friend and ask him yourself of his welfare. He will tell you the kind of welfare that results from fighting against Rāma. Hearken, fool ; he is a man divided against himself, whose heart is closed to the divine Raghubr."

Dohā 21.

I, forsooth, am the destroyer of my race, while you, Rāvan, are the preserver of yours. Who can say that you are blind or deaf while you have twenty eyes and twenty ears ?

Chauḍī.

What! I disgrace my family by a
 whose last Siva and Brahmā and all t
 also to serve : your heart should burst
 ing such an idea." When he heard the
 folander, Iliaṅ glared at him and cried
 all your atone because I understand the
 craft and religion." Said the monkey :
 the piety and virtue you showed in aton
 man's wife ; and how you were so good
 you did not draw yourself at the sight of
 and watchmen, and from pious motives fo
 when you saw your sister with her nose a
 Your piety and virtue are renowned through
 I am most fortunate in being able to see y

Dohd 22.

" I rate no more, you stupid brute, but let
 you impudent monkey, very Ilāhu as they
 eclipse the full-moon-like might of the I
 Gaṁbhu and Kaulā in the palm of my lotus bu
 as the stately swan in the heavenly lake.

Chauḍī.

Hearkan, Angad ; tell me what champion th
 your army who is a match for me. Your lo
 strength through pining for his bride ; young
 too is all sad and forlorn ; you and Sugriva are
 curse of your family ; while my brother is an at
 Your counsellor, Jāmbavan, is so stricken in years
 can no longer enter the field of battle. Nala and
 good architects, and there is one monkey, no
 exceptional strength, he who came first and set fir
 city." On hearing this Angad replied : " Tell me
 now, O demon king ; is it a fact that a monkey burn
 your city ? A poor little monkey set Rāvan's cap
 fire ? Who, on hearing this said, could believe i
 Ho, Rāvan, whom you extol as so distinguished a
 pion, is only one of Sugriva's inferior runners. He is
 one to go, but no fighter : we only sent him to get a

Dohd 23.

Is it true that a monkey set fire to the city without
 order from his lord ? This is why he did not go back
 Sogriva, but kept himself

you have said, Rávan, is quite true, and I am not in the least angry at hearing it : there is not any one in our army who would be a fair match for you. Take your friends and enemies from among your equals is a good sound maxim : if a lion kills a frog, who thinks it a fine deed ? Though it is no glory to Ráma to kill you, however great your offence, still, mark me, Rávan, the fury of the Kshatriya class is hard to withstand." The monkey set his heart on fire with the arrows of speech shot forth from the bow of sarcastic eloquence, and it was, so to speak, only with a pair of pincers that the dauntless Rávan could get out a rejoinder. At last he laughed and cried : " A monkey has at all events one good quality ; he will do anything to serve the man who feeds him.

Chaupdi.

Bravo for a monkey who, regardless of shame, skips up and down in his master's service : dancing and jumping about to amuse the people, he does his duty by his employer right well. All of your race, Aogad, are devoted to that lord ; it is quite natural for you to speak of your master's good qualities in the way you do. But I am too sagacious to appreciate merit to pay any attention to your insolent tirade." Said the monkey : " Hanumán gave me a very true account of your generosity. Though he had laid waste your garden, killed your son and set fire to your city, still you would not do him any harm. It was in reliance upon your magnanimity, Rávan, that I have been thus outspoken. Now that I am here, I see that whatever a monkey may say will neither put you to shame nor excite you to anger, or resentment." Your cleverness, monkey, is so great that it might well be the death of your father." So cried the Ten-headed and burst into a laugh. " After being the death of my father, I would now be the death of you too had I not just thought of something. I look upon you as a monument of Bali's honour and renown, and that is why I do not slay you, you wretched braggart. Come, Rávan, tell me how many Rávans there are in the world, or listen while I tell you how many I have heard of. One went down into hell to conquer Bali, where the children tied him up in the stable and made sport of him and buffeted him, till Bali took pity on him and let him go. Another again was discovered by Sahara-báhu, who ran and secured him as

curiosity and took him home for a show, till Ssint Pulastya came and rescued him.

Dohd 24.

"Another, as I am ashamed to say, was held tight under Báll's arm. Do not be angry,¹ Rávan, but tell me the truth, which of all these are yours?"

Chaupdi.

"Hearken, fool; I am that mighty Rávan, the action of whose arms is well-known by Kailás and his valour by Sive; for him I worshipped not with flowers but with my own heads, which I took off with my own lotus hands times innumerable, when I worshipped Tripurari. The guardians of the eight quarters know the might of my arms; in their heart you fool, is sore distress to-day. The elephants who support the world learnt also the hardness of my chest whenever I closed with them in conflict; their mighty tusks, though never broken before, snapt off like radishes when they struck against my front. As I moved, earth quivered like a small boat when a wild elephant steps into it. I am that glorious and renowned Rávan; have you no ears to hear, you lying chatterer?"

Dohd 25.

This is the Rávan of whom you make light, while you exalt a mere man. Ah vile monkey, infamous wretch, are you at last beginning to understand?"

Chaupdi.

On hearing this, Angad replied indignently: "Give over talking, you pitiful boaster. He, whose axe was like a fire to consume Saba-ra-báhn's mighty forest of arms; whose sword was like the tide of the salt sea, in which kings innumerable have been drowned time after time; and at the sight of whose majesty every one took to flight, how can he be accounted a man, you wretched Rávan? How can Ráma be a mere man, you arrogant fool? Is Kámdéva an ordinary archer; is the Ganges merely a river; the cow of plenty only a cow; the tree of Paradise only a tree; is charity only so much grain; is ambrosia any liquid; Garúr a mere bird; Seshnág a serpent, and the philosopher's stone, Rávan, only a stone? Hearken, O fool of understanding!"

¹ *Nárák* here stands for *wárá*, which occurs elsewhere in the poem with the sense of 'anger.'

is Vaitkonth an ordinary world, or absolute faith in Râma a common blessing.

Dohd 26.

Fool, how was it that the monkey Hanumân escaped, after trampling on the pride of you and your army, laying waste your garden, setting fire to your city and slaying your son ?

Chaupdi,

Hearken, Râvan : have done with conceit and worship Râma, the all-merciful. If you are foolish enough to provoke Râma, neither Brahmâ nor Rudra has the power to protect you. Do not puff yourself out with vain delusions ; if you fight against Râma, this will be your fate : smitten by Râma's arrows, your many heads will fall to the ground, in front of the monkeys, and they and the bears will play polo with them, as if they were so many balls. When Râma waxes wroth in battle, his arrows fly quick and terrible. Will you then persist in your vain boasting and not rather be wise and adore his clemency ?" On hearing these words Râvan flared up afresh, like a blaring fire upon which butter has been cast.

Dohd 27.

" Have you never heard of my brother Kumbha-karan and my renowned son Indrajit and my own valour, by which I have conquered the whole universe ?

Chaupdi.

Fool, with the help of his monkey friends he has bridged the sea, but what is that to be proud of ? Birds innumerable traverse the ocean yet they are unharmed. Now mark me, monkey : my arms are like a sea filled with a flood of strength, beneath which many gods, men and heroes have been drowned. Who is there so strong that he can overcome these twenty unfathomable and boundless oceans ? I even made the Diggals draw water for me. You have told me, poor wretch, of your king's renown, but if your lord is so valiant in battle as one would judge from the way in which you heap on his achievements, then why does he send an ambassador ? Is he not ashamed to make terms with an enemy ? Look at my arms, which could treat mount Kaiâs as a mere churning-stick, and then, foolish monkey, sing, if you will, the praises of your lord.

Dohd 28.

What hero is there equal to Rávan, who, with his own hands, cut off his own heads, and delighted to cast them into the fire, time after time, as Siva is witless.

Chaupdi.

When I saw the skull bearing with the letters traced on my forehead by the Creator, and read that my death was to be at the hands of a man, I laughed, for I knew the divine prophecy to be untrue. When I remember, this, I have no fear : Brahmá must have written when he was old and stupid. Are you not then ashamed, you fool, to keep boasting of any warrior's strength as compared with mine ? Angad replied : " There is no one in the whole world, Rávan, so shamefaced as you. Your modesty is so innate that you never speak of your own merits. You are always thinking of the old story of your heads and the mountain,¹ and that is the reason why you tell it so many times over. Bury deep in your heart the remembrance of that strength of arm by which you overcame Sabara-báhu and Bali and Báli ; but hearken, O dull of soul, make the business complete ; if a man who cuts off his head is a hero, what a hero a juggler must be, who with his own hands cuts his whole body to pieces.

Dohd 29.

A moth is infatuated enough to burn itself to death, and an ass bears any burden, but they are not called heroes : look, stupid, and understand.

Chaupdi.

Boast no more in arrogant speech, but listen modestly to my advice. I have not come, Rávan, as an envoy to propose terms, but Raghubár has sent me from another motive. In his mercy he has said again and again, ' It is no honour for a lion to kill a jackal.' Pondering at heart on my lord's words, I have submitted, wretch, to your injurious speech ; otherwise, I would have broken your head and carried off Sita, the fair bride. I know all about your strength, vile enemy of heaven, how in Hari's absence you robbed him of his wife. Your pride, demon king, is great, but I am the messenger of Ráma's servants, and if I were not afraid of

¹ That is to say, of how you cut off your ten heads as a sacrifice to Siva and how you ascended mount Kailás.

displeasing him, I would as soon as look at you make you a perfect spectacle.

Dohd 30.

After dashing you to the ground and routing your army and destroying your city, I would have carried off Sita with all the ladies of your household.

Chaupdi.

If I had done so, it would still be no great matter ; there is no valour shown in slaying the slain. Now an outcast, a man mad with lust, a miser, a destitute beggar, a man in disgrace, a mad in extreme old age, one who is always ill or always in a passion, a rebel against Vishnu, a hater of religion and the saints, a man who thinks only of his own body, a scandal-monger and a man thoroughly vicious, these twelve even while they live are no better than corpses. On this account, wretch, I do not slay you, but do not provoke me further." On hearing this, the demon king cried in a fury :—" Though small of stature, you have spoken big words. O foolish monkey, he of whom might you vaunt so fiercely, has no might, or senses, or glory at all.

Dohd 31.

Seeing him to be of no worth or dignity, his father banished him, and this is a sorrow to him, as also is the loss of his wife ; while his terror of me oppresses him night and day. Proud as you are of his might, there are thousand of men like him, whom my demons devour every day and night. Cease your perverseness, fool, and come to your senses.

Chaupdi.

Where he thus abused Rāma, the monkey prince waxed wroth. Those who open their ears to attacks upon Hari and Hara are as guilty as if they had killed a cow. The huge monkey gnashed his teeth and taking him in his two arms hurled him furiously to the ground. The earth shook, the assembly quaked and took to flight as if driven by a hurricane of terror. Rāvan raised himself from his fall and sat up, but his magnificent disdams had fallen to the ground ; part he took and re-arranged on his head, part Angad despatched to his lord. When the monkeys saw the crowns coming, they ran away, crying—" Good God, here are stars falling in the day time, or Rāvan in his fury has sent forth

four thousand that come with rushing speed." The lord smiled and said :—" Fear not at heart ; here is no star, nor sword, nor either Ketu or Bâhu ; these are Râvan's crowns, which come as despatched by the son of Bâli."

Dohd 32.

The son of the Wind sprang forward and caught them in his hand and brought and laid them at his lord's feet : the bears and monkeye gazed in astonishment at the sight, for their brilliancy was like that of the sun. On the other hand, Râvan in his wrath cried furiously to one and all—" Seize the monkey, seize him and kill him." Angad beard and smiled.

Chaupdi.

" In like manner sally forth in haste, all ye mighty men, and devour every bear and monkey wherever ye find one. Go and leave not a single monkey in the whole world, but take alive the two hermit brothers." The prince replied indignantly :—" Are you not ashamed to bluster like this. Cut your throat and die, you reckless destroyer of your own family ; does not your heart crack at the sight of his power. Ah ! villainous woman-stealer, compound of all that is mean and impure, sensual doltard, though at death's door, you still babble abuse ; Fate has you in his toils, wretched cannibal. Hereafter you shall reap the fruit of this, when the bear and monkeye beslabour you : but what you thus speak of Râma as a mun, I wonder your proud tongue does not drop off : and beyond a doubt it will drop off to the ground, head and all, in the battle."

Sarâfâd 4.

How can he be a mere man, Râvan, who slew Bâli with a single arrow ? you are blind with all your twenty eyes ; a curse on your birth, you were born fool. Râma's arrows are all athirst to drink your blood : for fear of him I spare you, insolent braster, contemptible demon.

Chaupdi.

" I am quite able to smash your jaws, but Râma has given me an order ; otherwise I am so enraged that I would cleave asunder your ten heads and take up Lankâ and drop it in the sea." Your Lankâ is like a fig on a gûlar tree, and you the unsuspecting insect that lives in it. I, like a monkey, would lose no time in eating the fruit, but the gracious

Rāma has given me an order." On hearing this simile, Rāvan smiled :—" Fool, where did you learn to tell such lies ; Bāli never blustered like this : intercourse with the hermits has made you such a boaster." If I do not tear out your ten tongues, Twenty-arms, of a truth, I am a mere boaster." As he thought on Rāma's power, the monkey waxed wroth ; he planted his feet firm and offered the assembly this wager :—" If you can stir my foot, you wretch, Rāma will take to flight and I lose Sita." " Hearken, champions all," cried Rāvan, " seize this monkey by the leg and throw him to the ground." Indrajit and the other men of valour in their different ranks all rose with joy, but though they fell upon him with their full strength and with many a trick, his foot did not stir, and they bowed their head and sat down again. Again the enemy of the gods rose to the contest ; but the monkey's foot moved no more, Garur, than the standard of selfishness planted in the soul of a hypocrite, which there is no shaking.

Dohā 33.

Millions of warriors, Maghnād's peers, arose with joy and assayed the wrestle ; but the monkey's foot did not stir, and they bowed the head and sat down again. The pride of the enemy was broken when they saw that the monkey's foot was moved from the ground as little as the soul of a saint abandons the maxims of morality, though assailed by a thousand difficulties

Chauṛāī.

When they saw the monkey's strength, they were all discomfited at heart, till he himself arose to try the test. On his grasping his foot, Bāli's son cried :—" There is no safety in clinging to my feet ! why, fool, do you not go and clasp Rāma's feet ? " On hearing this, he turned away full sorry at heart, robbed of all his dignity, and his majesty clean gone from him, as when the moon shows faintly in the day-time. With bowed head he took his seat on his throne, like one despoiled of all his possessions. How can there be any rest for an enemy of Rāma, the soul of the world, the lord of life ? O Umā, the play of Rāma's eye-browe now creates a universe and now again destroys it. He makes a blade of grass into a thunderbolt and again a thunderbolt into a blade of grass ; how could his messenger fail in his challenge ? Again the monkey urged upon him

around him in every possible way; but he would not listen; his time had flown gone. When he had so bravely triumphed on the pride of the enemy and avenged his master's death, the son of King Fate left, saying "Why should I trouble myself any more about you now; I shall have the pleasure of killing you in the field." Rāvan was deeply and soon the very day when he heard that the monkey had killed his son. But the demons, when they witnessed Angad's challenge were all still more disturbed.

Book 34.

Having crushed the power of the enemy, the mighty monkey, the son of Bali, his body quivering with emotion and his eyes full of tears, escaped in delight Rāma's lotus feet. When he saw it was evening, Rāvan returned sadly to the palace, where Mandodari again spoke and advised him:

Chapter.

"Reflect, my husband, and abandon ill counsel; it is not well for you to fight against Rāma. His younger brother drew a little line,¹ and even this you could not cross: such is your strength? My beloved, you will never conquer him in battle, whom simple messenger has done so great acts. Having lightly leaped across the sea, the monkey like a countless host entered your Lanka, killed your watchmen, laid waste your garden, slew Achha as soon as he looked at him, and then set fire to the whole of the city and reduced it to ashes. What place is now left you for pride of power? Cease, my spouse, from idle vaunts and take my words a little to heart. Do not suppose that Rāma is a mere earthly king, but recognize in him the lord of all animate and inanimate creation, of infinite power. Mārīcha confessed the force of his arrows; you, miserable wretch, regard not his voice. Janak's court was crowded with kings, you too were there to all your valour; but it was he who broke the bow and wedded Sita? why did you not conquer him in battle then? The son of Indra felt a little of his might when he had his life spared but lost one of his eyes; and you have yourself seen

¹ This line was drawn round Sita, as a barrier against the demons. The circumstance is told in the Sanskrit *Rāmāyana*, and Tulsī Dās, who refers to it here, forgets that he had omitted to mention it in his own poem.

provided them with one, without their going abroad to seek it. Sally forth in every direction, my warriors all, and seize these bears and monkeys and devour them." O Umā, Rāvan's conceit was as great as that of the sandpiper, when it goes to sleep with its legs in the air.¹ On receiving their orders, the demons, sallied forth, armed with slings and mighty javelins, clubs, maces and trenchant axes, pikes, swords, bludgeons and masses of rock. Like foul carnivorous birds that swoop down upon a heap of rubies which they have espied, and after breaking their beaks upon them find out their mistake, so these man-eating monsters rushed forth in their folly.

Dohā 39.

Taking bow and arrows and weapons of every description, myriads upon myriads of the stoutest and most valiant demons climbed up to the battlements of the fort.

Chaupāi.

The battlements of the fort looked like the peaks of Meru amidst dense clouds. Drums and other instruments of music sounded for the fray, and the soul of the warriors was stirred by their crash. The trumpets and clarions brayed so fiercely that even a coward on hearing them would forget his fear. The throng of monkeys could not be seen for the mighty stature of the warrior bears. They rush on, making no account of the most precipitous passes, but tearing down the rocks and so clearing a way for themselves. Grinding their teeth and biting their lips in their excess of fury, myriads of warriors shout aloud, there calling upon Rāvo and here upon Rāma. 'Glory and victory, the battle has begun.' If the demons cast down any mountain crag, the monkeys with a bound would seize it and hurl it back.

Cāhād 1.

The furious monkeys and bears lay hold of the mountain crags and hurl them against the fort. They join in closer struggle, seizing an antagonist by one leg and dashing him to the ground, and if he takes to flight challenging him again to the combat. With a bold dash and a vigorous spring they bound up the heights of the fort; and every palace, into which the bears and monkeys penetrated, resounds with songs in Rāma's praise.

¹ And thinks that they help to support the sky.

protector of the humble, they were not crowns, but the four prerogatives of a king—conciliation, concession, subjugation, and division, which, as the Vedes say, abide in a king's soul. Having recognized the gracious feet of kingly polity and religion, they came of themselves to their sovereign.

Dohd 37.

Leaving the impious Rāvan, the rebel against his lord, the death-doomed, his kingly prerogatives—mark me, monarch of Kosala—have come to you.” On hearing this most ingenious façcy, the gracious Rāma smiled, and the son of Bāl then proceeded to give him all the news from the fort.

Chaupdi.

When Rāma had heard his report of the enemy, he called all his ministers to him “Take counsel as to how we should attack the four great gates of Laoka.” Then the king of the monkeys and the king of the bears and Vibhishan, with their hearts fixed on the Glory of the Solar race, took counsel and settled a plan and divided the monkey army into four companies. After exalting their lord's power, they issued their orders; and the monkeys no sooner heard them than they rushed forward, roaring like lions. First they bowed their head with joy at Rāma's feet and then the heroes sallied forth, with peaks of mountains to their heads, roaring and leaping, bears and monkeys alike, and shouting ‘Glory to Raghubir, the sovereign of Kosala!’ Though they knew that Lanka was a most formidable stronghold, they went on undismayed, in the strength of their lord, spreading like a cloud over the whole horizon, and with trumpet at their mouth making loud music.

Dohd 38.

“Glory to Rāma, glory to Lakshman, glory to the monkey chief, Sugriva!” such was the lion-roar of the great and valiant monkey and bears.

Chaupdi.

Lanka was full of the utmost confusion; but Rāvan heard the news with his wonted arrogance. “See the impudence of these monkeys,” he said with a smile and summoned his demon host. “These monkeys have come by the decree of fate; my demon waited a meal”—so saying the wretch burst into a loud laugh—and God has

provided them with one, without their going abroad to seek it. Sally forth in every direction, my warriors all, and seize these bears and monkeys and devour them." O Umā, Rāvan's conceit was as great as that of the sandpiper, when it goes to sleep with its legs in the air.¹ On receiving their orders, the demons, sallied forth, armed with slings and mighty javelins, clubs, maces and treschant axes, pikes, swords, bludgeons and masses of rock. Like soul carnivorous birds that swoop down upon a heap of rubies which they have espied, and after breaking their beaks upon them find out their mistake, so these man-eating monsters rushed forth in their folly.

Dohd 39.

Taking bow and arrows and weapons of every description, myriads upon myriads of the stoutest and most valiant demons climbed up to the battlements of the fort.

Chaupti.

The battlements of the fort looked like the peaks of Meru amidst dense clouds. Drums and other instruments of music sounded for the fray, and the soul of the warriors was stirred by their crash. The trumpets and clarions brayed so fiercely that even a coward on hearing them would forget his fear. The throng of monkeys could not be seen for the mighty stature of the warrior bears. They rush on, making no account of the most precipitous passes, but tearing down the rocks and so clearing a way for themselves. Grinding their teeth and biting their lips in their excess of fury, myriads of warriors shout aloud, there calling upon Rāvan and here upon Rāma. 'Glory and victory, the battle has begun.' If the demons cast down any mountain crag, the monkeys with a bound would seize it and hurl it back.

Chhand 1.

The furious monkeys and bears lay hold of the mountain crags and hurl them against the fort. They join in closer struggle, seizing an antagonist by one leg and dashing him to the ground, and if he takes to flight challenging him again to the combat. With a bold dash and a vigorous spring they bound up the heights of the fort; and every palace, into which the bears and monkey penetrated, resounds with songs in Rāma's praise.

¹ And thinks that they help to support the sky.

Dohā 40.

Again, taking each a demon in his clutch, the monkey ran off and then dropt to the ground with the enemy beneath and themselves on the top.

Chaupdi.

Strong in the power of Rāma, the monkey host overcame the throng of demon warriors, and having climbed the fort, made it ring all over with shouts of glory to Raghubir, the sun of majesty ! The demons fled headlong, like thunder-clouds driven by a strong wind. There was a grievous weeping throughout the city, children crying and women in dire distress. All agreed in abusing Rāvan the king, who had thus invited ruin. When he heard that his forces had been routed, the Lord of Lankā indignantly rallied his captains : " If I hear of any one turning his back in battle, I will slay him myself with my terrible sword. After devouring all my substance and feasting as you pleased, you now on the field of battle think of nothing but your own safety." On hearing these stern words, the chiefs were all frightened and ashamed. Working themselves into a fury they sallied forth again crying : " It is the glory of a warrior to die with his face to the foe," and all desire to live entirely left them.

Dohā 41.

Arming themselves with weapons of every description, the gallant chiefs pressed forward to the fray, challenging the enemy one after the other, and so wielding mace and javolin that they sorely discomfited the bears and monkeys.

Chaupdi.

Overcome with terror, the monkeys began to fly, although, Umā, they had already won the victory. Said one : " Where are Angad and Hanumān ? Where Nela and Nila and the stalwart Dwivid ? " Hanuman heard that his troops were in distress, but the horn was kept at the western gate. There Meghnād led the defence, nor was it possible to force the gate, so great was its strength. Then the Son of the Wind waxed exceedingly wroth of soul ; with a terrible roar, as though the end of the world had come, the hero made a bound and sprang upon the top of Lankā ; then seizing a rock he rushed upon Meghnād, shattered his chariot, hurled its driver to the ground, and struck the prince himself with

his foot in the chest. Another charioteer, seeing him senseless, threw him on to his car and brought him home with speed.

Dohd 42.

When Angad heard that Hanumān had made his way into the fort alone, he too, the adventurous warrior, bounded forward to join in his monkey sports.

Chaupdi.

Maddened by the battle and full of fery, the two monkeys, mindful at heart of Rāma's glory, rushed upon Rāva's palace, and shouting, 'The king of Kosala to the rescue!' overthrew the whole building, so that not a pinnacle was left standing. When the demon chief saw this, he was dismayed; while the women all struck their breasts crying, 'Now two of these pestilent monkeys have come.' After terrifying them with their monkey tricks, and proclaiming the praises of Rāmachandra, they grasped each a golden pillar in their hand and cried, 'Let us now make a beginning of destruction.' With a roar, they rushed into the midst of the enemy's army, and began laying them low with mighty strength of arm, here a kick and there a blow; crying 'Worship Rāma or take the consequences.'

Dohd 43.

Overthrowing one after another they strike off their heads and hurl them away, so that they fall at Rāva's feet smashed in pieces like so many earthen pots.

Chaupdi.

Whenever they caught any great chief they seized him by the leg and threw him to their lord. Hanumān mentioned their names and Rāma smiled from his sphere in heaven. Thus, man-eating warriors were devoured even the flesh of a Brāhman, which is a treasure such as even devotees desire. O Lord Rāma is merciful and full of compassion and bestowed a boon upon them for this reason, that the demons had taken him captive in a spirit of enmity. Tell me, Bhavini, who else would be so merciful. Dull of heart indeed and utterly without their errors and worship him. Angad and Hanumān thus cried the lord of Apsaras—have forced their way into

the fort and Laoká with the two monkeys makes a sight like the sea churned by two Mount Merus.

Dohá 44.

After croching the host of the enemy with the might of their arm, they perceived that it was now the close of day, and forgetting all their fatigue they both came bounding into the presence of their lord.

Chaupdi.

They bowed the head at their lord's lotos feet, and he was glad at heart to see his champions again. Graciously he looked upon them both, and at once their fatigue passed away and they were completely refreshed. On learning that Angad and Hanumán had gone, many warriors among the bears and mookeys turned from the field; while the demons, recovering their strength at nightfall, made a fresh onset, crying 'Itaván to the rescue!' At the sight of the demon army, the monkeys turbed again; there was everywhere gnashing of teeth as the heroes closed in the fray. In both gallant armies, the leaders impatiently challenged the foe, and fought as those who will not hear of defeat. The valiant demons were all black of hue; the huge mookeys of many different colours. Both armies were equal in strength, with equally matched champions, the passion with which they fought was a sight to see; as when to the rains, or the autumn, masses of cloud are driven against one another by the force of the wind. When the line began to break, the chiefs Akampan and Atikáya had recourse to jugglery, and all in a minute it became pitch dark, and there was a shower of blood, stones and dust.

Dohá 45.

Seeing the dense darkness all round, the monkey host became perplexed; it was impossible to see one another; there was everywhere a great shouting.

Chaupdi.

Ráma understood the secret of it all and called to Angad and Hanumán and explained to them what was going on. The mighty monkeys had no sooner heard than they rushed forth in a fury; but the All-merciful with a smile drew his bow and at once let fly a fiery arrow. Light shone forth, and there was no darkness anywhere; as when at the dawn of intelligence all doubts disappear. Having recovered the light, the bears and monkeys forgot all their



the first and last, with the two monkeys makes a sight like the one observed by the Mount Vulture.

Dohd 44

After reaching the host of the enemy with the might of their arm, they perceived that it was now the close of day, and forgetting all their fatigue they both came bounding into the presence of their lord.

Chauṛai.

They bowed the head at their lord's lotus feet, and he was glad at heart to see his champions again. Graciously he looked upon them both, and at once their fatigue gave away and they were completely refreshed. On learning that Aṅgul and Hanuman had gone, many warriors among the bears and monkeys turned from the field; while the demons, recovering their strength at nightfall, made a fresh onset, crying 'Hail to the rescue!' At the sight of the demon army the monkeys turned again; there was everywhere gushing of teeth as the bears closed in the fray. In both gallant armies, the leaders impatiently challenged the foe, and fought as those who will not hear of defeat. The valiant demons were all black of hue; the huge monkeys of many different colours. Both armies were equal in strength, with equally matched champions, the passion with which they fought was a sight to see; as when in the rains, or the autumn, masses of cloud are driven against one another by the force of the wind. When the line began to break, the chiefs Akampan and Atikāya had recourse to jugglery, and all in a minute it became pitch dark, and there was a shower of blood, stones and dust.

Dohd 45.

Seeing the dense darkness all round, the monkey host became perplexed; it was impossible to see one another; there was everywhere a great shouting.

Chauṛai.

Rāma understood the secret of it all and called to Aṅgul and Hanuman and explained to them what was going on. The mighty monkey had no sooner heard than they rushed forth in a fury; but the All-merciful with a smile drew his bow and at once let fly a fiery arrow. Light shone forth, and there was no darkness anywhere; as when at the dawn of intelligence all doubts disappear. Having recovered the light, the bears and monkeys forgot all their

fatigue and alarm and pressed on exultingly. Hanumān and Angad thundered aloud on the field of battle, and at the sound of their roaring the demons fled; but the bears and monkeys, seizing them in their flight, dashed them to the ground, performing prodigies of valour, or catching them by the leg hurled them into the sea, where alligators, serpents, and fish snatched them up and devoured them.

Dohā 46.

Some were killed outright, some were wounded, some fled back to the fort; the bears and monkeys shouted for joy over the rout of the enemy's strong force.

Chaupdi.

Seeing that it was now night, the four divisions of the monkey host returned to the lord of Kosala. As soon as Rāma cast his gracious glance upon them, all their fatigue was at once forgotten. On the other hand, Rāvan summoned his ministers and told them all how his champions had been killed; "the monkeys have destroyed half my army; tell me at once what counsel should be adopted." Thereupon Mālyavān a very aged demon, who had been the sagacious adviser of Rāvan's father and mother, delivered himself of a speech of the soundest policy: "Hearken, my son, to a few words of instruction from me. Ever since you carried off Sita and brought her here there have been omens of ill, more than I can tell. No advantage can be gained by opposing him, whose glory is the theme both of Veda and Purāna.

Dohā 47.

He is the incarnation of the compassionate Lord God, who slew Hiranyāksha, with his brother Hiranya-kasipu, and Madhu and the monster Kaitabha. Who can fight against him whom Siva and Brahmā adore, full of all grace and wisdom, but like the angel of death, a very fire to consume the forest of wickedness?

Chaupdi.

Have done with quarrelling; give back Sita and worship the All-merciful with loving devotion." His words stung like arrows: "Away, wretch, with your abominable suggestions; if it were not for your age, I would have killed you; but do not appear in my sight again." He thought within himself, "He wishes to be killed by the All-merciful,

the fort and Lanká with the two monkeys makes a sight like the sea churned by two Mount Merus.

Dohá 44.

After crushing the host of the enemy with the might of their arm, they perceived that it was now the close of day, and forgetting all their fatigue they both came bounding into the presence of their lord.

Chauái.

They bowed the head at their lord's lotus feet, and was glad at heart to see his champions again. Graciously he looked upon them both, and at once their fatigue passed away and they were completely refreshed. On learning that Angad and Hanumān had gone, many warriors and the bears and monkeys turned from the field; while demons, recovering their strength at nightfall, made fresh onset, crying 'Ravān to the rescue!' At the sight the demon army, the monkeys turned again; there was ever where gnashing of teeth as the heroes closed in the fray. In both gallant armies, the leaders impatiently challenged the foe, and fought as those who will not hear of defeat. The valiant demons were all black of hue; the huge monkeys of many different colours. Both armies were equal in strength, with equally matched champions, the passion with which they fought was a sight to see; as when in the rains, or the autumn, masses of cloud are driven against one another by the force of the wind. When the lion began to break, the chiefs Akampao and Atikāya had recourse to jugglery, and all in a minute it became pitch dark, and there was a shower of blood, stones and dust.

Dohá 45.

Seeing the dense darkness all round, the monkey host became perplexed; it was impossible to see one another; there was everywhere a great shouting.

Chauái.

Rāvaṇa understood the secret of it all and called to Angad and Hanumān and explained to them what was going on. The mighty monkeys had no sooner heard than they rushed forth in a fury; but the All-merciful with a smile drew his bow and at once let fly a fiery arrow. Light shone forth, and there was no darkness anywhere; as when at the dawn of intelligence all doubts disappear. Having recovered the light, the bears and monkeys forgot all their

Chaurai

When Hanumán saw the distress of the army, he rushed forth terrible as death and quickly tearing up an enormous rock, hurled it at Meghoád with the utmost fury. Seeing it come, he mounted up into the air; chariot, driver, and horses were all lost to sight. Again and again Hanumán defied him to combat; but he came no nearer and he then understood the mystery. Meghoád had approached Râma, and after assailing him with every kind of abuse, aimed at him weapons and missiles of every description; but the Lord with the utmost ease snapped them asunder and stopt them. On seeing this display of power the fool was sore vexed and began to put in practice all kinds of magic; as if a poor little snake-like were to mock Garu and frighten him by snapping at him.

Dohd 50.

The demon in the foolishness of his soul displayed his supernatural powers before him whose mighty magic subdues Siva and Brahmá and all both great and small.

Chaurai.

Moonting up into the air, he rained down a shower of firebrands while floods of water broke out from the earth. Goblins and witches of diverse form danced with uproarious shouts of "kill him, tear him in pieces" Now a shower of excrement, pus, blood hair and bones, and now an overwhelming downfall of stones and ashes. The dust-storm made it so dark that if you held out your own hand you could not see it. The monkeys were dismayed at the sight of these apparitions and thought 'at this rate we must all of us perish' But Râma smiled at the idle show; seeing however, that all the monkeys were alarmed, he with a single arrow cleft asunder the delusion, as when the sun disperses the thick darkness. With a glance of compassion, he looked upon the bears and monkeys; at once they waxed so strong that there was no holding them back from the field of battle.

Dohd 51

Having obtained Râma's permission, Lakshman, taking with him Angad and the other monkeys, marched forth in fury, with bow and arrows in hand—

and so rose and departed, uttering words of reproof. Meghnâd cried in fury : " See what a sight I will shew to-morrow ; though I do not say much, I do a great deal." On hearing his son's speech Râvan's confidence rose and he took him lovingly into his lap. While they were still consulting, the day broke, the monkeys again stormed the four gates and fiercely encompassed the precious citadel. There was a confused noise in every part of the town, as the demons snatched up their weapons of every description and hurried forward and began hurling masses of rock from the ramparts.

Chhand 2.

Thousands of them hurl down masses of rock : of every kind are sent flying ; the shock is as when lightning falls from heaven and the thunderous noise like that of clouds on the last day. The monstrous monkeys are in close combat ; their bodies are hacked in pieces, though mangled they faint not ; they seize the rock and hurl them against the fort wherever the demons are.

Dohd 48.

When Meghnâd heard that they had again come and seized the fort, he gallantly left his stronghold and came forth with host of drom to meet the enemy face to face.

Chauzdi.

" Where are the two brother princes of Kosla, the archers so famous throughout the universe ? Where Nala and Nila, Dwid and Sugriva, Angad and Hanu, the most powerful of all ? Where is Vibhishan, his brother-in-law, who has sworn that I may slay the wretch at once, this every day ?" So saying, he made ready his terrible arrows, and in a moment of passion drew the string to his ear. The multitudinous shafts that he left fly sped forth like so many winged serpents. Everywhere you might see monkeys falling to the ground : at that time there was not one that dared face him. Everywhere bears and monkeys were taking flight, and every wish to fight was clean forgotten. No bear or a monkey was to be seen on the field but those that had lost their life there.

Dohd 49.

At each flight he sent forth ten arrows ; the warriors bit the dust as with the onset of a lion, Meghnâd showed abroad in the strength of his might.

Chauṛi.

When Hanumān saw the distress of the army, he rushed forth terrible as death and quickly tearing up an enormous rock, hurled it at Meghnád with the utmost fury. Seeing it come, he mounted up into the air; chariot, driver, and horses were all lost to sight. Again and again Hanumān defied him to combat; but he came no nearer and he then understood the mystery. Meghnád had approached Itāma, and after assailing him with every kind of abuse, aimed at him weapons and missiles of every description; but the Lord with the utmost ease snapped them asunder and stopt them. On seeing this display of power the fool was more vexed and began to put in practice all kinds of magic; as if a poor little snake-like were to mock Gaur and frighten him by snapping at him.

Dohd 50.

The demon in the foolishness of his soul displayed his supernatural powers before him whose mighty magic subdues Śiva and Brahmā and all both great and small.

Chauṛi.

Mounting up into the air, he rained down a shower of firebrands while floods of water broke out from the earth. Goblins and witches of diverse form danced with uproarious shouts of "kill him, tear him in pieces." Now a shower of excrement, pus, blood hair and bones, and now an overwhelming downfall of stones and ashes. The dust-storm made it so dark that if you held out your own hand you could not see it. The monkeys were dismayed at the sight of these apparitions and thought: "at this rate we must all of us perish." But Rāma smiled at the idle show; seeing however, that all the monkeys were alarmed, he with a single arrow cleft asunder the delusion, as when the sun disperses the thick darkness. With a glance of compassion, he looked upon the bears and monkeys; at once they were so strong that there was no holding them back from the field of battle.

Dohd 51.

Having obtained Rāma's permission, Lakṣmaṇ, taking with him Angad and the other monkeys, marched forth in fury, with bow and arrows in hand—

and so rose and departed, uttering words of reproof. Meghnád cried in fury : " See what a sight I will show to-morrow : though I do not say much, I do a great deal. On hearing his son's speech Hāvan's confidence returned and he took him lovingly into his lap. While they still consulting, the day broke, the monkeys again at the four gates and fiercely encompassed the precipitous citadel. There was a confused noise in every part of town, as the demons snatched up their weapons of description and hurried forward and began hurling down masses of rock from the ramparts.

Chhand 2.

Thousands of them hurl down masses of rock : missiles of every kind are sent flying ; the shock is as when a fall from heaven and the thunderous noise like that of clouds on the last day. The monstrous monkeys join close combat ; their bodies are hacked in pieces, though mangled they faint not ; they seize the rocks and hurl them against the fort wherever the demons are.

Dohā 48.

When Meghnád heard that they had again come seized the fort, he gallantly left his stronghold and set forth with beat of drum to meet the enemy face to face.

Chauṛāḍī.

" Where are the two brother princes of Kosala, the archers so famous throughout the universe ? Where Nala and Nila, Dvivida and Sugriva, Angad and Hanuman most powerful of all ? Where is Vibhishan, his brother-in-law, that I may slay the wretch at once, this every day. So saying, he made ready his terrible arrows, and in violence of passion drew the string to his ear. The multitudinous shafts that he left fly sped forth like so many winged serpents. Everywhere you might see monkeys falling the ground ; at that time there was not one that dared face him. Everywhere bears and monkeys were taking flight, and every wish to fight was clean forgotten. No bear or a monkey was to be seen on the field but those that had left their life there.

Dohā 49.

At each flight he sent forth ten arrows ; the warriors bit the dust : with the roar as of a lion, Meghnád stood and in the strength of his might.

Chaupdi

When Hanumán saw the distress of the army, he rushed forth terrible as death and quickly tearing up an enormous rock, hurled it at Meghnád with the utmost fury. Seeing it come, he mounted up into the air; chariot, driver, and horses were all lost to sight. Again and again Hanumán defied him to combat; but he came no nearer and he then understood the mystery. Meghnád had approached Ráma, and after assailing him with every kind of abuse, aimed at him weapons and missiles of every description; but the Lord with the utmost ease snapped them asunder and stopt them. On seeing this display of power the fool was sore vexed and began to put in practice all kinds of magic; as if a poor little anakeling were to mock Garur and frighten him by snipping at him.

Dohd 50.

The demon in the foolishness of his soul displayed his supernatural powers before him whose mighty magic subdues Siva and Brahmá and all both great and small.

Chaupdi.

Mounting up into the air, he rained down a shower of firebrands while floods of water broke out from the earth. Goblins and witches of diverse form danced with uproarious shouts of "kill him, tear him in pieces." Now a shower of excrement, pus, blood, hair and bones, and now an overwhelming downfall of stones and ashes. The dust-storm made it so dark that if you held out your own hand you could not see it. The monkeys were dismayed at the sight of these apparitions and thought: "at this rate we must all of us perish." But Ráma smiled at the idle show; saying however, that all the monkeys were alarmed, he with a slight arrow cleft asunder the delusion, as when the sun drives away the thick darkness. With a glance of compassion, he looked upon the bears and monkeys; at once they waxed so brave that there was no holding them back from the field of battle.

Dohd 51.

Having obtained Ráma's permission, Lakshman, taking with him Seta and the other monkeys, marched forth in array, with bow and arrows in hand—

Chapter 11

With blood shot eyes and mighty roar and
his body all stiff, he like Mount Himalayas
stood up. He rose and out he came, when he
saw the two champions and he roared and
mountains and huge trees in mischief, the monkey
is about them shouting victory to him. They
is the last equally matched one with another, a
mighty fighting of enemies. After meeting the two
monkeys at the top the monkeys next fell up
with blows of the fist and kicks, and rending
tears: 'caw, caw, caw, kill, kill, kill, strike off
and off his arm, such were the cries which filled the
corners of the well, while his face below still
lay kept turning to and fro. From the heaven the
gods beheld the spectacle now in dismay and
rejoice.

Book 32.

Every hollow in the ground was filled full of blood
clots of dirt overhead, like as when the smoke of a
big corpse spreads near the ashes of a pyre:

Chapter 11.

While the wounded heroes resembled so many that
in flower. The two champions Lakshman and Meg
grappled with one another in excess of fury. Neither
singly conquer the other: the demon by force and by
showing himself so wicked. At last the incarnation
Nerbhag became mad with rage, and with one blow
crushed both the chariot and its driver. He so smote
in various ways that the demon was left barely alive. I
the son of Havis thought within himself—'I am in
strait, he will take my life,' and he let fly his spear,
destroyer of heroes, which struck Lakshman in the
with full force. So great was the shock that he swoon
away. Then he went and drew near, no longer afraid.

1 In Rām Jāyā's edition, the one I habitually use, the reading is *śatājanayan*, which may be translated 'with blood-shot eyes,' an epithet which appears appropriate to the context. In other editions is 'substituted' the more common expression *śatājanayan*, with lotus eyes.

2 Here the reading that I translate is *śirāśāla*, 'the rocks and mountains' mentioned above as the monkeys' missiles. Rām Jāyā reads *śālaśāla*, which would mean 'triumphant.'

Dohā 57.

Bharat saw him, and thinking him to be some most monstrous demon, drew his bow to his ear and shot him with a headless arrow.

Chaupāī.

Struck by the dart he fell in a swoon to the earth, crying 'O Rāma, Rāma, prince of Raghu's line!' On hearing this grateful sound, Bharat started up and ran, and in the utmost haste drew nigh to the monkey. Seeing him wounded, he clasped him to his bosom and tried in every way to revive him, but without success. What a disconsolate face and sore grief at heart he made this prayer while his eyes streamed with tears: "God who made me Rāma's enemy, has now caused me this additional distress. If I thought, word and deed, I have a sincere affection for Rāma's lotus feet, and if Rāma is kindly disposed to me may your pain and fatigue, O monkey, all pass away." At the sound of these words, the monkey chief arose and came up, crying, "glory glory to the king of Kosala."

Sorathā 5.

With quivering limbs and eyes full of tears, he too, and clasped the monkey to his bosom, invoking Rāma, the crown of the line of Raghu, in a transport of affection which was more than his soul could contain.

Chaupāī.

"Tell me friend, is all well with the Mountain of joy and with his brother and the revered Jānaki." The monkey told him in brief all that had taken place. He became sad of heart and began to lament: Alas, my fate, why was I born into the world, if in nothing I can help my lord. But seeing the unfitness of the time he mastered his feelings the gallant prince, and again addressed the monkey: "Sir, you will be delayed in your journey, as your task will come to naught, for the day is now breaking. Shoot my arrow, mountain and all, and I will send you straight into the presence of the all-merciful." On hearing this, the monkey's pride was aroused: "How can an arrow fly with my weight?" But again reflecting on Rāma's power, he bowed at his feet and cried with clasped hands:

better for me to die at the hands of Rāma's messenger, and not for this wretch to kill me."

Chaupdi.

So saying he went and by the power of magic constructed on the wayside a lake, temple and fine garden. Haomán espied the charming spot and thought to himself 'After asking the holy man's leave, I will drink of the water and rest.' For the demon showed himself in a false attire, and sought to delude the messenger even of the king of delusion. So the son of the wind went and bowed the head before him; and he began to recite Rāma's praises, saying—"A great battle is raging between Rāvaṇ and Rāma, but Rāma will win the day; of this there is no doubt. Though I have not moved from here, I have seen it all, my friend; my intelligence is remarkably clear-sighted." On his asking for water, he gave him some in a cup; the monkey said—"That is not enough to satisfy me." "Go then and bathe in the tank and quickly come back, and I will then bestow upon you a gift, by which you may attain to understanding."

Dohā 56.

As he stepped into the tank, a fish seized the monkey by the foot. In his alarm he killed it. Whereupon it assumed a divine form, and mounting a chariot ascended into the heaven.

Chaupdi.

"By the sight of you, O monkey, I have become freed from guilt, and the curse of the great saint has been removed. This is no hermit, but a fierce demon; doubt not the truth of my words." So saying, the heavenly nymph went her way, and the monkey at once returned to the demon. Said the monkey—"Holy sir, first receive my offering and after that tell me the charm." He then twisted his tail round his head and threw him down. At the moment of his Death he appeared in his proper form, and with a cry of Rāma, Rāma! breathed his last. On hearing this Haomán went on his way, glad of heart. He found the mountain, but could not recognize the herbs; so without any hesitation he tore up the hill by the root and went off with it. As he rushed through the night air with the mountain in his grasp, he passed over the city of Avadh.

Dohd 57.

Bharat saw him, and thinking him to be some most monstrous demon, drew his bow to his ear and shot him with a headless arrow.

Chauṣṭi.

Struck by the dart he fell in a swoon to the earth, crying 'O Rāma, Rāma, prince of Raghu's line!' On hearing this grateful sound, Bharat started up and ran, and in the utmost haste drew nigh to the monkey. Seeing him wounded, he clasped him in his bosom and tried in every way to revive him, but without success. What a disconsolate face and sore grief at heart he made this prayer while his eyes streamed with tears: "God who made me Rāma's enemy, has now caused me this additional distress. If in thought, word and deed, I have a sincere affection for Rāma's lotus feet, and if Rāma is kindly disposed to me, may your pain and fatigue, O monkey, all pass away." At the sound of these words, the monkey chief arose and sat up, crying, "glory glory to the king of Kosala."

Sorathā 5.

With quivering limbs and eyes full of tears, he took and clasped the monkey to his bosom, invoking Rāma, the crown of the line of Raghu, in a transport of affection, which was more than his soul could contain.

Chauṣṭi.

"Tell me friend, is all well with the Fountain of joy and with his brother and the revered Jānaki." The monkey told him in brief all that had taken place. He became sad of heart and began to lament: Alas, my fate, why was I born into the world, if in nothing I can help my lord." But seeing the unfitness of the time he mastered his feelings the gallant prince, and again addressed the monkey: "Sir, you will be delayed in your journey, and your task will come to naught, for the day is now breaking Mount my arrow, mountain and all, and I will send you straight into the presence of the all-merciful." On hearing this, the monkey's pride was aroused: "How can his arrow fly with my weight?" But again reflecting on Rāma's power, he bowed at his feet and cried with clasped hands:

Dohā 58.

"O my lord, I have only to cherish the thou-
 majesty in my soul in order to travel quickly."
 Hanumān took leave and after bowing at his feet
 As he went, the Son of the Wind again and ag-
 to himself the mighty arm and the amiable di-
 Bharat and his boundless devotion to his lord's fē
Chaupdi.

Meanwhile, Rāma was watching Lakshma-
 language after the fashion of a man. When half
 was spent, and still the monkey had not re-
 raised his brother and clasped him to his hear-
 brother, once you could not endure to see me
 your disposition was ever so affectionate. On
 you left father and mother and exposed
 the forest, the cold, the heat and the wind.
 is now your old love, my brother, that
 stir in response to my distress. If I had
 exile involved the loss of my brother, I
 have obeyed my father's commands. Sons,
 house and kinsfolk come again time after time
 a real brother is not so to be had; remember
 and awake to life. As a bird is utterly wre-
 wings, a serpent without its head-jewel, or
 without its trunk, so is my life without you.
 If cruel fate preserves me alive, with what fac-
 myself at Avadh, after sacrificing a dear
 sake of a woman. I would rather have end-
 disgrace; for after all, the loss of a wife is a
 matter, and my heart is so hard and unfeeling
 bear the sight even of this your anguish,
 only son, my brother, you are the sole sup-
 but she took you by the hand and entranced
 knowing what a comfort and what a friend

I This lament over his want of knowledge
 passage, in which Rāma is represented as subject to hu-
 frequently quoted in M., and is often taken as a subject for the
 a divine person and an other a human, even in the al-
 narrative that I, that he obviously an ordinary human be-
 aware of what he is, and of the fact of his being a human
 equal for a subject, the means given by the fact of his being
 point of view, the means given by the fact of his being
 and a subject to precisely a human being, and a subject to
 permanent. The same argument made in the case of the
 human being.

you. 'What answer can I go and give her? Why do you not rise and advise me, brother?' Thus grievously sorrowed the healer of sorrow and his lotus eyes streamed with tears; but Umé, Râma is one and unchangeable, and it was only in compassion to his worshippers that he exhibited the miseries of a man.

Sorathâ 6.

All the monkeys were in distress on hearing their lord's lamentation, till Hanumân arrived, like an heroic strain in the midst of an elegy.

Chaupâi.

Râma received him with exceeding joy, for the Lord is most grateful and supremely wise. Then quickly the physician concocted his remedies, and Lakshman gaily rose and sat up. The Lord affectionately clasped his brother to his heart and all the bears and monkeys were rejoiced. The physician was then conveyed home again in the same manner as he had been brought away. When Râven heard of these proceedings, he was greatly disturbed and began beating himself on the head. In his agitation, he went to Kumbhakarn and with much trouble succeeded in waking him. When the monster was roused, he showed like Death itself in visible form. He asked, "Tell me, brother, why is your face so sad." He told him the whole history of how in his pride he had carried off Sita. "Brother the monkeys have killed all the demons and routed my stoutest warriors, Durmukha and the man-devouring 'Sora-ripu; Atikaya and Akampan, those mighty champions, together with Mabodara and other valiant heroes, who have fallen on the field of battle."

Dohâ 59.

On hearing Râven's report, Kumbhakarn cried out; "Wretch, you have carried off the mother of the universe and yet expect to prosper!"

Chaupâi.

You have done ill, O demon king; and now why have you come and awakened me? At once, brother, abandon your pride and worship Râma; so shall you prosper. How, Ten-heads, can Râma be a man, when he has such a servant as Hanumân. Alas, brother, you have acted foolishly; why did you not come and wake me before? You have

Dohā 58.

"O my lord. I have only to cherish the thought
majesty in my soul in order to travel quickly." S.
Hanumān took leave and after bowing at his feet
As he went, the Son of the Wind again and again
to himself the mighty arm and the amiable dier
Dharat and his boundless devotion to his lord's f
Chaupdi.

Meanwhile, Rāma was watching Laksh
language after the fashion of a man. When
was spent, and still the monkey had not
raised his brother and clasped him to his
brother, once you could not endure to
your disposition was ever so affectionate
you left father and mother and
the forest, the cold, the heat and t
is now your old love, my bro
stir in response to my distress.
exile involved the loss of my
have obeyed my father's comm
house and kinsfolk come again t
a real brother is not so to be ha
and awake to life. As a bird
wings, a serpent without its
without its trunk, so is
If cruel fate preserves me
myself at Avadh, after
sake of a woman. I w
disgrace; for after all,
matter, and my hear
hear the sight even of
only son, my brot
but she took you by
knowing what a

... Rām
... distinguish
... death was doom

words, Vibhishan turned
... Glory of the three spe
... approaches; a warrior huge
The monkeys waited to hear
... the stoutest of them, and plac
... which they hurled against his
... the while. Millions upon millions
... the bears and monkeys cast upon him
... but neither did his courage fall, nor di
... like an elephant pelted with

1 This lament
passages, in which
frequently quoted if
a divine person a
narrative itself, it
unwise to adopt
equal force as
point of view,
and correspond
personam D
divina sint."

retailed against the god who is adored by Siva and Brahmá and every other divinity. The knowledge which the sage Nárad imparted to me, I now declare to you ; for the time has come. Embrace me, my brother, for I go to rejoice my eyes with the sight of the dark hand, the lotus-eyed, the healer of every sorrow !"

Dohd 60

As he contemplated Râma's beauty and perfection, was for a moment unconscious, then demanded of Râva million jars of wine and a whole herd of buffaloes.

Chaupdi.

After he had eaten the buffaloes and drunk the wine, roared aloud with a voice of thunder and sallied forth fr the fort without any escort, maddened with drink, the w loving Kumbha-karo. Vibhishan, on seeing him, ran forward and fell at his feet and said who he was. He raised his brother and took him to his heart, delighted to find him a worshipper of Râma. " Brother, that wretch Râva struck me with his foot for giving him the best possible advice. Deserving such treatment, I came to Râma, and the Lord was glad at heart to see me his servant." " Mar me, brother, Râvan is under the influence of fate and will listen to no advice, however good. Thrice blessed are you Vibhishan, the glory of all the demon race ; you have shed a lustre on all your kinsfolk by your worship of Râma, the ocean of beauty and felicity.

Dohd 61.

You have guilelessly worshiped the heroic Râma in thought, word and deed. But go, I cannot distinguish here between friend and foe." The warrior's death was doomed.

Chaupdi.

On hearing his brother's words, Vibhishan turned and presented himself before the Glory of the three spheres. " My lord, Kumbha-karn approaches ; a warrior huge of stature as a mountain." The monkeys waited to hear no more, but ran off jabbering, the stoutest of them, and plucked up trees and rocks, which they hurled against him, gnashing their teeth the while. Millions upon millions of mountain peaks did the bears and monkeys cast upon him one after another ; but neither did his courage fail, nor did he stir from his position ; like an elephant pelted with

ground to powder between his hands. But many of the bears and monkeys escaped, by the passage of his mouth, or nostrils or ears. Dronk with the madness of battle, the demon was as bloodthirsty as though the whole universe had been made over to him to ravage. Every champion took to flight, and there was no turning them back; they could neither see with their eyes nor hear any cry. When they learnt that Kumbhakarna had routed the monkey host, the demons all rallied. But Itama saw his army in distress and the force of the enemy coming on in full array.

Dohd 64.

"Heseken, Hagries and Vibhishan, and you my brother collect your troops and let me test the might of these miscreants!" thus cried the lotus-eyed.

Chaupti.

With bow in hand and quiver fitted to his side, Raghu-nath went forth to scatter the ranks of the enemy. The Lord gave his bow a preliminary twang; the hosts of the foe were deafened by the din. Then he let fly a million of arrows, he, the god ever faithful to his promise; the winged shafts sped like serpents of death. The terrible bolts flew in all directions; the mighty demon warriors were cut to pieces. Feet, trunk, head, and arms were shorn away; many a hero was cut into a hundred pieces. The wounded reel and fall to the ground, but gallantly recover themselves and rise again to renew the fight. The arrows as they strike give a thud like thunder; many fled when they saw how terrible they were. Headless bodies rush madly on; they cry resonant, 'Seize, seize, kill, kill.'

Dohd 65.

In a moment the lord Raghubir's arrows cut to pieces the terrible demons; and they his shafts all came back into the quiver.

Chaupti.

When Kumbha-karna saw and perceived that the demon host had been routed in a minute, the mighty warrior waxed exceeding wrath and roared aloud with the voice of a lion. In his fury, he tore up mountains by the root and hurled them upon the throng of monkey chiefs. The lord saw the monstrous rocks coming and with his arrows shattered them into dust. Again Raghoonayak indignantly

strong his bow and let fly a volley of his terrible shafts. As they entered and passed through his body, they seemed like flashes of lightning stored in a dense thunder cloud. The streams of blood on his black frame resembled rivers of red ochre on a mountain of soot. Perceiving his distress, the bears and monkeys rushed forward, he laughed when he saw them draw near.

Dohā 66.

Rearing aloud with a terrible voice, he seized myriads and myriads of the monkeys, and dashed them to the ground like a lion, invoking the name of Rāvan.

Chaupāī.

The bears and monkeys all fled, like a flock of sheep at the sight of a wolf; and in their flight, Bhuvānī, they cried aloud in their distress with a piteous voice: "This demon is for the monkey race like a sown famine that threatens to devastate a whole country. O Rāma, Kharāri, rain-cloud a mervy, ever ready to relieve the distress of the suppliant, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us." When the Lord God heard their piteous cry, he took his bow and arrows and went forth. His army he checked in the rear and went forth in his own might, full of indignation. He drew his bow and fitted a hundred arrows to the string; they flew forth and entered into his body. At their stroke he rushed forth in a fury—the mountains reeled, the earth staggered—and tore up a rock, but Rāma shot away his arm. Again he rushed on, with a rock in his left hand; but that arm too Rāma cut off, and it fell to the ground. The monster thus robbed of his arms resembled mount Mandara without its wings. With savage eyes he glared upon the Lord, as though ready to devour the whole universe.

Dohā 67.

With a most terrible shriek he rushed forward with open mouth. The saints and gods above cried out in their terror, 'alas, alas, alas.'

Chaupāī.

"When the All-merciful saw the alarm of the gods, he drew his bow with its string to his ear. The flight of arrows filled the demon's mouth, yet he was so strong, that he did not fall to the ground. With his mouth full of arrows he still rushed upon the foe, like a living quiver of

ground to powder between his hands. But many of the horses and monkeys escaped, by the passage of his mouth, or nostrils or ears. Drunk with the madness of battle, the demon was as heartless as though the whole universe had been made over to him to ravage. Every champion took to flight, and there was no turning them back; they could neither see with their eyes nor hear any cry. When they learnt that Kumbhakara had routed the monkey host, the demons all rallied. But Rāma saw his army in distress and the forces of the enemy coming on in full array.

Dohd 64.

"Hearken, Sugriva and Vibhishana, and you my brother, collect your troops and let me test the might of these miscreants!" thus cried the lotus-eyed

Chauṣḍi.

With bow in hand and quiver fitted to his side, Rāma went forth to scatter the ranks of the enemy. Lord gave his bow a preliminary twang; the hosts of foe were deafened by the din. Then he let fly a million arrows, he, the god ever faithful to his promise; the wild shafts sped like serpents of death. The terrible he flew in all directions; the mighty demon warriors were cut to pieces. Feet, trunk, head, and arms were shorn away; many a hero was cut into a hundred pieces. The wood fell and fell to the ground, but gallantly recover themselves and rise again to renew the fight. The arrows as they strike give a thud like thunder: many fled when they saw how terrible they were. Headless bodies rush madly on they cry resounds, 'Seize, seize, kill, kill.'

Dohd 65.

In a moment the lord Raghubīra's arrows cut to pieces the terrible demons; and they his shafts all came back into the quiver.

Chauṣḍi.

When Kumbhakara saw and perceived that the demon host had been routed in a minute, the mighty warrior waxed exceeding wrath and roared aloud with the voice of a lion. In his fury, he tore up mountains by the root and hurled them upon the throng of monkey chiefs. The lord saw the monstrous rocks coming and with his arrows shattered them into dust. Again Raghubīra indignantly

strung his bow and let fly a volley of his terrible shafts. As they entered and passed through his body, they seemed like flashes of lightning stored in a dense thunder cloud. The streams of blood on his black frame resembled rivers of red ochre on a mountain of soot. Perceiving his distress, the bears and monkeys rushed forward ; he laughed when he saw them draw near.

Dohā 66.

Roaring aloud with a terrible voice, he seized myriads and myriads of the monkeys, and dashed them to the ground like a lion, invoking the name of Rāvan

Chaupāi.

The bears and monkeys all fled, like a flock of sheep at the sight of a wolf ; and in their flight, Bhavani, they cried aloud to their distress with a piteous voice : " This demon is for the monkey race like a sore female that threatens to devastate a whole country. O Rāma, Kherāri, rain-cloud a mercy, ever ready to relieve the distress of the suppliant, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us." When the Lord God heard their piteous cry, he took his bow and arrows and went forth. His army he checked in the rear and went forth in his own might, full of indignation. He drew his bow and fitted a hundred arrows to the string ; they flew forth and entered into his body. At their stroke he rushed forth in a fury—the mountains reeled, the earth staggered—and tore up a rock, but Rāma shot away his arm. Again he rushed on, with a rock in his left hand ; but that arm too Rāma cut off, and it fell to the ground. The monster thus robbed of his arms resembled mount Maadara without its wings. With savage eyes he glared upon the Lord, as though ready to devour the whole universe.

Dohā 67.

With a most terrible shriek he rushed forward with open mouth. The saints and gods above cried out in their terror, ' alas, alas ; alas.'

Chaupāi.

"When the All-merciful saw the alarm of the gods, he drew his bow, with its string to his ear. The sight of arrows filled the demon's mouth, yet he was so strong that he did not fall to the ground. With his mouth full of arrows he still rushed upon the foe, like a living quiver of

death. Then the Lord in his wrath took his sharpest arrow and struck his head right off his body. The head fell at the feet of Rāvan, who was as dismayed at the sight as a snake that has dropt its crest jewel. The ground sack beneath the weight of the trunk, as it still ran madly on : till the Lord cut it in two. Then it fell to the earth like a mountain from the sky, crushing beneath it monkeys, bears, and demons. His soul entered the Lord's mouth, to the astonishment of gods, saints, and all. The gods in their delight sound the kettle-drum and hymn his praise, and rain down flowers in abundance. After paying homage, all the gods went their way. At that time came also the divine age, Nārada, and extolled above the heaven Ilari's infinite perfection. The Lord's soul was pleased by his stirring heroic strain. ' Make haste to destroy these miscreants ' were the saint's words as he left. Rāma remained in his glory on the field of battle.

Chhand 3.

All-glorious shone forth Ilaghupati on the field of battle in his immeasurable might and manifold beauty, with 1 drops of toil on his lotus face, with his lovely eyes and 1 body specked with blood, while in both hands he brandished his bow and arrows, with the bears and monkeys grouped all around him. Not Seshaṅg with his many to 1 gues could tell all his beauty, so says Tulsi Dās.

Dohā 68.

Though the demons were so vile and very mines of impurity, he translated them to his own sphere. O Umā, how dull of understanding are the men who do not worship the divine Rāma.

Chaupdi.

At the close of the day both armies retired ; the battle had thoroughly exhausted the stoutest warriors. But by Rāma's favour the monkey host gathered fresh strength, like as a fire blazes up when fed with straw ; while the demons wasted away day and night, like the merit of a man's good deeds when he tells them himself. Rāvan made great lamentation, again and again taking his brother's head in his lap. His wives also wept and beat their breast with their hands, while they told of his pre-eminent majesty and strength. At this juncture Meghnād arrived

the glory of the battle that he allowed himself to be
by the serpents' coils ; but the gods were in a panic

Dohā 70.

O Umi, is it possible for him to be brought int
age, by whose name when repeated in prayer th
free themselves from the bonds of existence ; wh
omnipresent centre of the universe ?

Chauḍi.

O Bhavani, the actions of the incarnate Rāma are i
the range of thought, or human strength, or speech.
is the reason why the wisest sages discard the
speculations and simply adore. Having thus thro
army into confusion, Meghnād at last manifested h
with words of reviling. Jāmbavān shouted : ' W
keep your place.' On hearing this, his fury waxed
greater. ' Fool, I only spared you on account of you
I think scorn of your challenge.' So saying, he let f
terrible trident ; Jāmbavān caught it in his hand and
rushed on and gave Meghnād such a blow on the
that he, the scourge of heaven, fell swooning to the gr
Then in his wrath he caught him by the foot and s
him round and dashed him on the earth as a displa
of strength. But he by virtue of the divine boon died
for all his killing ; so he took him by the foot and t
him into Lankā, while the gods and saints sent Garūr,
came in haste to Rāma.

Dohā 71.

And seized and devoured the whole swarm of s
serpents. The delusion was dispelled, and all the mool
host rejoiced again. Tearing up with their claws the tr
and rocks of the mountain, they rushed forward, while
demons fled in utter confusion and climbed up into t
fort.

Chauḍi.

When Meghnād recovered from his swoon, he w
greatly ashamed to look his father in the face, and ar
and went in haste to a cave in the mountain, intending
perform a sacrifice that would ensure victory. But Vib
hishan gave the caution : " Harken, O king of unbounde
might and generosity, Meghnād is preparing an nobly
sacrifice—wretched sorcerer and scourge of heaven as he

is—and if he bring it to completion, Sire, it will not be easy to conquer him." On hearing this, Raghupati was highly pleased and said to Angad and the other monkeys: "Go, my brothers, you and Lakshman, and put a stop to his sacrifice. It is for you, Lakshman, to fight and slay him; I am distressed to see the terror of the gods. Kill him, either by open force or by stratagem; one way or another—mark me, brother—the demon must be got rid of. But you three, Jāmbavān, Sugriva and Vibhishan, remain with the army." When Raghubāh had finished his commands, the hero girt his quiver by his side and took his bow, and with the glory of his lord impressed upon his heart cried aloud with a mighty voice as of thunder: "If I return to-day without slaying him, may I be no longer called Rāma's servant; though a hundred Sivas give him help, I will slay him yet, in the name of Rāma."

Dohd 72.

After bowing his head at Rāma's feet, the incarnation of Śeshnāg went forth at once and with him Angad, Nila, Mayanda, Nala, and the valiant Hanumān.

Chaupdi.

When the monkeys arrived, they found him making an oblation of blood and buffalo's flesh. They all tried to interrupt the ceremony, but he would not stir; they then took to praising him.¹ When still he did not rise, they went and pulled him by the hair, upon which he kicked out so fiercely that they ran away. He pursued them with his trident as they fled, till they joined Lakshman. He came on in the wildest fury, striking not and shouting again and again with a terrible roar. Hanumān and Angad rushed fiercely forward, but he struck them on the breast with his trident and beat them to the ground. Then he shot forth his mighty spear against the Lord, but he warding it off and broke it in two. Meanwhile the Son of the Wind and the prince had risen again and smote him furiously; but his wounds had no effect upon him. The heroes fell upon him once more, but their enemy was not to be killed; again he came on with a terrible shriek. Then Lakshman made up his mind; 'I have played with this miscreant long enough,' and seeing him advance, furious as hell, he let fly his

¹ That is, they enlarged upon his strength and courage and wondered why he should turn from fighting to sacrifice.

terrible shaft. When he saw the arrow coming on like a thunderbolt, the wretch at once disappeared from sight and continued fighting under various disguises, visible and now invisible. The monkeys thought him invincible and trembled. Then the incarnation of the serpent-king became exceeding wroth and directing his intention to the glory of the lord of Kosala, fired an arrow to the string and with all his might let it fly. It struck him full in the breast. In the moment of death he abandoned all falsehood.

Dohd 73.

And invoking the names of Lakshman and Rāma by his last breath. 'Blessed indeed is thy mother' said Angad and Hanumān.

Chaupdi.

Without an effort Hanumān took up his body and put it at the gate of the city and returned. When they heard of his death, the gods and Gandharvas mounted their chariots and came thronging the heaven, showering down flowers and beating drums and hymning the spotless name of the divine Itāhnbīr. 'Glory to Seshnāg, glory the world-supporter; You, O Lord, are the Saviour of the gods.' Having thus hymned his praises, the gods and saints withdrew, while Lakshman went and presented himself before the All-merciful. When the Ten-headed heard his son's death, he swooned away and fell to the ground. Mandodari made grievous lamentation, beating her head and over calling upon his name; the citizens too were a sorrowful and dismayed and with one consent reviled Itāhnbīr.

Dohd 74.

Then the Ten-headed set to comforting his wives in every way he could: "See and consider at heart how transitory is everything in this world."

Chaupdi.

Rāvan gave them sound advice; though a dullard himself, his counsel was good and wholesome. There are many men who excel in giving advice, but the people who put it in practice not very plentiful. When the night had

1 For "faith in the

such a gallant warrior and one who showed me

passed and the day broke, the bears and monkeys again beset the four gates. Rāvan summoned his captains and thus addressed them : "If any one's heart fail him in facing the battle, he had better withdraw now and not incur disgrace by running away in the midst of the engagement. Relying on the strength of my own arm, I have continued the struggle, and can give an answer to any enemy who may challenge me." So saying, he made ready his chariot, swift as the wind, while every instrument of music sounded forth a strain of deadly combat. His champions marched on in their peerless might, like the march of a whirlwind of blackness. At that time occurred numberless omens of ill, but he heeded them not, in the overweening pride of the strength of his arm.

Chhand 4.

In his overweening pride he took no heed of omens, good or bad : weapons dropt from the hand ; warriors fell from their cars ; horses, frightened by the trumpeting of the elephants, ran out of the line ; jackals, vultures and huge packs of dogs made a frightful clamour, and owls, like messengers of death, uttered their most lugubrious notes.

Dohā 75.

How was it possible for him to have prosperous omens of good fortune, or even to dream of peace of mind, when he was so infatuated that he desired the ruin of the whole world and was set upon opposing Rāma.

Chaupdi.

The demon host marched on in countless number ; elephants and chariots, foot and horse, line after line ; equipages of every description, wagons and cars, with banners and standards of diverse colour ; innumerable troops of infuriated elephants like autumn clouds when driven by the wind ; battalions of savage demons of different colours, inspired with all the phrenzy of mortal heroes ; an army magnificent in every respect, like the mustered array of the gallant god of spring. As the host marched, the elephants of the eight quarters reeled, the ocean was stirred from its depths, the mountains shook. The dust rose in clouds that obscured the sun, the wind failed, and the earth was troubled. Drums and other instruments of music made an awful din, like the crash of thunder-clouds on the last

terrible shaft. When he saw the arrow coming on like a thunderbolt, the wretch at once disappeared from sight and continued fighting under various disguises, now visible and now invisible. The monkeys thought him invincible and trembled. Then the incarnation of the serpent-king became exceeding wroth and directing his intention to the glory of the lord of Kosala, fitted an arrow to the string and with all his might let it fly. It struck him full in the breast. In the moment of death he abandoned all falsehood.

Dohā 73.

And invoking the names of Lakshman and Rāma drew his last breath. 'Blessed indeed is thy mother' cried Angad and Hanumān.¹

Chaupdi.

Without an effort Hanumān took up his body and put it at the gate of the city and returned. When they hear of his death, the gods and Gandharvas mounted their chariots and came thronging the heaven, showering down flowers and beating drums and hymning the spotless renown of the divine Raghunir. 'Glory to Seshāś, glory to the world-supporter; Yon, O Lord, are the Saviour of all the gods.' Moving thus hymned his praises, the gods and saints withdrew, while Lakshman went and presented himself before the All-merciful. When the Ten-headed heard of his son's death, he swooned away and fell to the ground; Mandodari made grievous lamentation, beating her breast and ever calling upon his name; the citizens too were all sorrowful and dismayed and with one consent reviled Rāvan.

Dohā 74.

Then the Ten-headed set to comforting his wives in every way he could: "See and consider at heart how transitory is everything in this world."

Chaupdi.

Rāvan gave them sound advice; though a dullard himself, his counsel was good and wholesome. There are many men who excel in giving advice, but the people who put it in practice are not very plentiful. When the night had

¹ For giving birth to such a gallant warrior and one who showed such faith in the hour of death.

passed and the day broke, the bears and monkeys again beset the four gates. Rávan summoned his captains and thus addressed them : " If any one's heart fail him in facing the battle, he had better withdraw now and not incur disgrace by running away in the midst of the engagement. Relying on the strength of my own arm, I have continued the struggle, and can give an answer to any enemy who may challenge me." So saying, he made ready his chariot, swift as the wind, while every instrument of music sounded forth a strain of deadly combat. His champions marched on in their peerless might, like the march of a whirlwind of blackness. At that time occurred numberless omens of ill, but he heeded them not, in the overweening pride of the strength of his arm.

Chhand 4.

In his overweening pride he took no heed of omens, good or bad : weapons dropt from the hand ; warriors fell from their cars ; horses, frightened by the trumpeting of the elephants, ran out of the line ; jackals, vultures and huge packs of dogs made a frightful clamour, and owls, like messengers of death, uttered their most lugubrious notes.

Dohá 75.

How was it possible for him to have prosperous omens of good fortune, or even to dream of peace of mind, when he was so infatuated that he desired the ruin of the whole world and was set upon opposing Ráma.

Chaupdi.

The demon host marched on in countless number ; elephants and chariots, foot and horse, line after line ; equipages of every description, wagons and cars, with banners and standards of diverse colour ; innumerable troops of infuriated elephants like autumn clouds when driven by the wind ; battalions of savage demons of different colours, inspired with all the pbeurexy of martial heroes ; an army magnificent in every respect, like the mustered array of the gallant god of spring. As the host marched, the elephants of the eight quarters reeled, the ocean was stirred from its depths, the mountains shook. The dust rose in clouds that obscured the sun, the wind failed, and the earth was troubled. Drums and other instruments of music made an awful din, like the crash of thunder-clouds on the last

day. Clarions, trumpets, and hautboys sounded the martial strain that gladdens the souls of heroes. With one accord they shouted as with the voice of a lion, each extolling his own strength and manhood. Rávan cried: "Hearken, my warriors; do you attack the common herd of bears and monkeys; I myself will slay the two brother princes." So saying, he ordered the army to advance to the front. When the monkeys heard the news, they all rushed on, crying 'Ráma to the rescue.'

Chhand 5.

The gigantic and terrible bears and monkeys rushed on like death; flying through the air like so many winged mountains of diverse colours. With talons and teeth and rocks and enormous trees for weapons they all feel no fear, singing the glory of Ráma, the lion-like vanquisher of the wild elephant Rávan.

Dohá 76.

With a shout of 'victory, victory' raised from both sides, the heroes selected each his match and closed in combat, these calling on Rávan.

Chaupáí.

When Vibhíshan observed that Rávan was in a chariot and Ráma on foot, he became noxious; his extreme affection made him doubtful of mind, and falling at his feet he cried tenderly: "My lord, you have neither a chariot nor shoes to your feet, how can you conquer so powerful a warrior?" "Hearken, friend," replied the All-merciful, "a conqueror has a different kind of chariot. Manliness and courage are his chariot wheels; unflinching truthfulness and morality his banners and standards; strength, discretion, self-control and benevolence his horses, with grace, mercy and equanimity for their harness; prayer to Mahádeva his unerring charioteer; continence his shield, contentment his sword, alms-giving his axe, knowledge his mighty spear, and perfect science his stout bow. His pure and constant soul stands for a quiver, his pious practices of devotion for a sheaf of arrows, and the ravens he pays to Bráhmans and his gurn is his impenetrable coat of mail. There is no equipment for victory that can be compared to this, nor is there any enemy, my friend, who can conquer the man who takes his stand on the chariot of

Dohd 77.

religion. He who has such a powerful chariot as this is a warrior who can overcome even that great and terrible enemy, the world; hearken, friend, and fear not." When he had heard his lord's exhortation, Vibbisha clasped his feet in his joy and cried—"O Rāma, full of mercy and kindness, you have used this parable to give me a lesson." On the one side Rāvan's rabble, on the other Angad and Hanu-mān, the demons against the bears and monkeys, had joined in battle, each swearing by his own lord.

Champaḍi.

Brahmā and the other gods, with all the saints and sages, mounted their chariots to watch the fray, from the heaven above. I too, Umā, was with them, beholding Rāma's exploits on the field of battle. On both sides the leaders were maddened with martial phrenzy, but the monkeys were triumphant through the might of Rāma. With shouts of defiance they close in single combat, each mauling his foe and beating him to the ground. They strike, they bite, they clutch, they fell; they tear off heads and use them for missiles; they rip up bodies, wrench off arms, and seizing by the leg dash to the ground. The bears bury the demon warriors in the earth and pile over them heaps of sand; the sturdy monkeys raging in the fight were like so many monstrous images of revenging death to look upon.

Chhand 6.

The monkeys, their bodies all streaming with gore, stood forth like multiplied images of the god of death, crushing the mightiest warriors of the demon host and roaring with a voice of thunder. They strike, they buffet, they tear with the teeth, they crush beneath the feet, uttering fierce cries, both bears and monkeys, and employing strength and stratagem alike, by which to reduce the miscreants. They seized and tear open their cheeks, they rip up the belly and take the entrails and hang them round their own necks, as though the lord of Prhlād (Narsinh) had assumed a multiplicity of forms, and were disporting himself on the field of battle. 'Seize, strike, tear, overthrow,' were the savage cries, with which earth and heaven resounded. Glory to Rāma, who can make a straw a thunderbolt and again reduce a thunderbolt to a straw.

Dohd 78.

When Rávan saw his troops in confosion, he mount
his chariot, with his twenty arms and ten bows, and es
ed to rally them, crying, torn torn.

Chaupdi.

The Ten-headed rushed forth in wild fery, and t
monkeys with a whoop advanced to meet him. Taking
their hands trees, crags and mountains, together they
hurled them upon him. The masses of stone so soon
strook on his adamantine frame than they were at once
shattered in pieces, while he flinched not, but stood fir
us a rock and stayed his chariot, he, Rávan, maddened wit
the battle and terrible in his fery. This side and that b
scattered and battered the monkey chiefs in the ferocess
of his wrath. Bears and mookeys all took to flight, crying
" Help, help, Angad, Hanumán save, save, O lord Raghubh
this mooster, as sure as death, will devour us all. When
he saw the monkeys in flight, he fitted an arrow to each of
his ten bows.

Chhand 7.

He stroog his bow and let fly a velley of arrows; they
flew and lodged like serpents; the heaveo and the earth
were full of arrows; the monkeys fled in all directions.
There was a terrible uproar, the monkey host and the bears
were panic-stricken and cried in dismay—" O Raghubh,
fountain of mercy; O Hari; friend of the forlorn, saviour of
[makiod."

Dohd 79.

Seeing the distress of his troops, Lakshman slung his
gulver by his side, took his bow in his hand and sallied
forth in a fery, after bowing his head at Ráma's feet.

Chaupdi.

" Ah! vile wretch, you kill bears and monkeys; but
now look at me, I am your death." " I have been searching
for you, you murderer of my son, and to-day I will gladi-
my soul by your destruction." Thus he cried and let fly a
storm of arrows; but Lakshman shivered them all into a
hundred pieces. Then Rávan hurled upon him myriads of
missiles, but he warded them off as though they had been
tiny seed-corn, and in turn assailed him with his own
shafts, smashing his chariot and killing his charioter.

Each of his ten heads be transfix'd with a hundred arrows, which seem'd like serpents boring their way into the peaks of a mountain. With a hundred arrows more he struck him full in the breast : he fell senseless to the ground. When the swoon had pass'd off, he rose again in his strength and let fly the bolt given him by Brahmá.

Chhand 8

The mighty bolt, the gift of Brahmá, smote the incarnate Seshaig full in the breast ; the hero fell fainting ; the Ten headed essay'd to lift his body, but his immeasurable bulk stirr'd not. In his folly Rávan thought to carry him off, not knowing him to be the lord of the three spheres, who supports on o' his heads the whole created universe, as though it were a mere grain of sand.

Dohá 80.

When the son of the Wind saw this, he rush'd forward with a furious cry ; but as the monkey came on, he struck him a violent blow with his fist.

Chaupdi.

The monkey dropt on the knee but did not fall to the ground and, on recovering himself, arose full of exceeding wrath, and smote him one blow : he fell like a mountain struck by a thunderbolt. When he recovered from the swoon, he marvelled greatly at the monkey's mighty strength. "Shame on my manhood, shame on myself, if you remain alive, you plague of heaven." So cried the monkey, as he carried Lakshman away. At this sight Rávan was sore amazed. Said Itaghubir, on finding his brother still alive : "You are indeed the destroyer of death and the saviour of the gods." On hearing these words, the Benignant arose and sat up, and the terrible hilt vanish'd into the heaven. Then again they took bow and arrows and rush'd forward with the utmost impetuosity to meet the enemy.

Chhand 9.

Again, by their impetuous attack, they put him to confusion, smashing his chariot and slaying his charioteer. Rávan fell fainting to the ground, his heart transfix'd by a hundred arrows. Another charioteer threw him on his car and carried him to Laokú, while Lakshman in all his glory prostrated himself at Ráma's feet.

Dohd 78.

When Rávan saw his troops in confusion, he mounted his chariot, with his twenty arms and ten bows, and essayed to rally them, crying, turn turn.

Chaupdi.

The Ten-headed rushed forth in wild fury, and the monkeys with a whoop advanced to meet him. Taking in their hands trees, crags and mountains, together they all hurled them upon him. The masses of stone no sooner struck on his adamantine frame than they were at once shattered in pieces, while he flinched not, but stood firm as a rock and stayed his chariot, he, Rávan, maddened with the battle and terrible in his fury. This side and that he scattered and battered the monkey chiefs in the fierceness of his wrath. Bears and monkeys all took to flight, crying, "Help, help, Angad, Hanumán save, save, O lord Raghubir; this monster, as sure as death, will devour us all." When he saw the monkeys in flight, he fitted an arrow to each of his ten bows.

Chhand 7.

He strung his bow and let fly a volley of arrows; they flew and lodged like serpents; the heaven and the earth were full of arrows; the monkeys fled in all directions. There was a terrible uproar, the monkey host and the bears were panic-stricken and cried in dismay—"O Raghubir, fountain of mercy; O Hari; friend of the forlorn, saviour of mankind."

Dohd 79.

Seeing the distress of his troops, Lakshman slung his quiver by his side, took his bow in his hand and sallied forth in a fury, after bowing his head at Ráma's feet.

Chaupdi.

"Ah! vile wretch, you kill bears and monkeys; but now look at me, I am your death." "I have been searching for you, you murderer of my son, and to-day I will gladden my soul by your destruction." Thus he cried and let fly a storm of arrows; but Lakshman shivered them all into a hundred pieces. Then Rávan hurled upon him myriads of missiles, but he warded them off as though they had been tiny sesamum seeds, and in turn assailed him with his own shafts, smashing his chariot and killing his charioteer.

Each of his two heads he transfixes with a hundred arrows, which seemed like serpents hurrying their way into the peaks of a mountain. With a hundred arrows more he struck him full in the breast : he fell senseless to the ground. When the swoon had passed off, he rose again in his strength and let fly the bolt given him by Brahmā.

Chhand 8.

The mighty bolt, the gift of Brahmā, smote the incarnate Seshanāg full in the breast ; the hero fell fainting ; the Ten-headed essayed to lift his body, but his immeasurable bulk stirred not. In his folly Rāvan thought to carry him off, not knowing him to be the lord of the three spheres, who supports on one of his heads the whole created universe, as though it were a mere grain of sand.

Dohā 80.

When the son of the Wind saw this, he rushed forward with a ferocious cry ; but as the monkey came on, he struck him a violent blow with his fist.

Chaurāṭī.

The monkey dropt on the knee but did not fall to the ground and, on recovering himself, arose full of exceeding wrath, and smote him one blow : he fell like a mountain struck by a thunderbolt. When he recovered from the swoon, he marvelled greatly at the monkey's mighty strength. "Shame on my manhood, shame on myself, if you remain alive, you plague of heaven." So cried the monkey, as he carried Lakshman away. At this sight Rāvan was sore amazed. Said Raghobā, on finding his brother still alive : "You are indeed the destroyer of death and the saviour of the gods." On hearing these words, the Deceitful arose and sat up, and the terrible bolt vanished into the heaven. Then again they took bow and arrows and rushed forward with the utmost impetuosity to meet the enemy.

Chhand 9.

Again, by their impetuous attack, they put him to confusion, smashing his chariot and slaying his charioteer. Rāvan fell fainting to the ground, his heart transfixed by a hundred arrows. Another charioteer threw him on his car and carried him to Lankā, while Lakshman in all his glory prostrated himself at Rāma's feet.

Dohd 81.

On the one hand Rāvan, on recovering, began to make preparations for a sacrifice ; fool to oppose Rāma and yet hope to prosper ; obstinate and ignorant indeed !

Chaupdi.

On the other hand, Vithi-shao, on learning the news, went at once and told Raghupati : — " My Lord, Rāvan is engaged in a sacrifice ; if he completes it, the wretch will never die. Despatch your valiant monkeys, sire, in all speed, to cut short his life." As soon as it was day, the lord sent out his warriors. Hanumán, Angad, and all started forth. Boondling with glee, the monkeys climbed Lanká and boldly entered Rāvan's palace. Finding him engaged in the sacrifice, they all became furious : — " You run away home without shame from the battle and so getting here practice this hypocrisy ! " So saying, Angad gave him a kick, but the wretch took no notice, so absorbed was he in his own purpose.

Chhand 10.

As he took no notice, the monkeys in a fury tore him with their teeth and kicked him with their feet ; his wives, too, they seized by the hair and dragged out of doors, till the poor wretches screamed again. Then at last he rose, terrible as death, and caught a monkey by the leg and hurled him away ; but seeing that the monkeys had thus succeeded in interrupting the sacrifice, his heart failed him.

Dohd 82.

Rejoicing at having spoilt his sacrifice, the monkeys returned to Raghupati ; while the demon went off in a fury, shandooing all hope of life.

Chaupdi.

Fearful omens of ill met him as he went, for vultures flew and settled on his heads. Fated to die, he paid no heed, but gave the order to sound the onset. There seemed no end to the demon host as it marched on, with its many elephants, chariots, foot soldiers and horsemen. The miscreants hastened to confront the Lord, like a swarm of gnats when

1 *Vak-dāyā*, literally, 'the contemplation of a crane,' i.e., the affectation of being absorbed in divine contemplation, while really thinking only of worldly interests ; like the crane, which seems lost in abstraction, but is only waiting for a fish to pounce upon.

Dohd 81.

On the one hand Rāvaṇa, on recovering, began to make preparations for a sacrifice; fool to oppose Rāma and yet hope to prosper; obstinate and ignorant indeed!

Chaupdi.

On the other hand, Vibhishāṇa, on learning the news, went at once and told Raghupati:—"My Lord, Rāvaṇa is engaged in a sacrifice; if he completes it, the wretch will never die. Despatch your valiant monkeys, sire, in all speed, to cut short his life." As soon as it was day, the lord sent out his warriors. Hanumāṇa, Aṅgaḍa, and all started forth. Bounding with glee, the monkeys climbed Lankā and boldly entered Rāvaṇa's palace. Finding him engaged in the sacrifice, they all became furious:—"You run away home without shame from the battle and so getting here practise this hypocrisy!" So saying, Aṅgaḍa gave him a kick, but the wretch took no notice, so absorbed was he in his own purpose.

Chhand 10.

As he took no notice, the monkeys in a fury tore with their teeth and kicked him with their feet; his wife too, they seized by the hair and dragged out of doors, the poor wretches screamed again. Then at last he recoiled in death, and caught a monkey by the leg and held him away; but seeing that the monkeys had thus succeeded in interrupting the sacrifice, his heart failed him.

Dohd 82.

Rejoicing at having spoilt his sacrifice, the monkeys returned to Itaghepati; while the demon went off in a fury abandoning all hope of life.

Chaupdi.

Fearful omens of ill met him as he went, for vultures flew and settled on his head. Fated to die, he paid no heed, but gave the order to sound the conch. There seemed no end to the demon host as it marched on, with its many elephants, chariots, foot soldiers and horsemen. The miscreants hastened to confront the Lord, like a swarm of gnats when

1 *Vak-dāya*, literally, "the contemplation of a crane," i.e., the effort of being absorbed in divine contemplation, while really thinking only of worldly interests; like the crane, which seems lost in abstraction, but is only waiting for a fish to pounce upon.

they fly into the fire. On the other hand, the gods raised songs of praise:—"He has caused us grievous trouble; play with him no longer, O Rikma, for Sita is in sore distress." On hearing the prayer of the gods, Rikma smiled and rose and strung his arrows. His hale was tightly bound in a knot on his forehead, beautiful with the flowers that had here and there been caught (as they fell upon him from heaven). With his bright eyes and his body dark of hue as a rain-cloud, rejecting the sight of every created sphere, he girded on his quiver with its belt about his loins and took in his hand the mighty bow, the bow of Vishnu.

CHAND II.

With his bow barbed in his hand and his beautiful quiver full of arrows slung by his side, with his muscular arms and his broad chest adorned with the print of the Nandi man's foot, when the lord—name Tulsi Das—began to bend his bow and arrows, the elements that support the world, the tortoise, the serpent and the earth itself with its mountains and seas, all recoiled.

CHAND III.

The gods rejoiced at the sight of his splendour and raised a song of praise in exultation, singing "Glory, glory, glory to the All-powerful, the storehouse of beauty, strength and protection."

CHAND IV.

When in the dawn's hour came rolling on in infinite number. The waters warried at the sight advanced to meet them like the dense clouds gathered at the last day. Figures, forms and sounds burst again like gleams of lightning from every quarter of the heaven. The awful din of warhorns, drums and horns was like the thundering of a freighted trumpet. The workers' huge tails as they stirred across the sky were like the uprising of a mighty forest fire. The dust was borne aloft like a cloud, and the arrows like a copious shower. The mountains burst from their side were like the crash of repeated thunderbolts. When Rikma in his wrath poured forth his arrows, the dense ones were more evil. At the smart of his shafts the mountains groined with pain, and every stone rolled and fell to the ground. The rocks

1. The mountains and the rocks were of every size and shape.
2. The mountains were of every size and shape.

as it were with cascades in a river of blood, the to-
wards,

Chhand 12.

A most loathsome river of blood, striking coward
terror, rolled on between the two armies for its banks
chariots for sand and wheels for eddies—a frightful
with elephants, foot-soldiers, and horses for its
birds, and vehicles of every kind, more than en-
ough, for its reeds and grasses; with arrows, spears
lances for its snakes, bows for its waves, and shields
shells of tortoises.

Dohá 84.

The fallen heroes are the trees on its bank, the
of their bones its scum. Cowards tremble at the sight
the gallant are dauntless of soul.

Chauvái.

Those who bathe in it are imps, demons and go-
monstrous ghouls and horrible vampires. Crows
sures fly off with human arms, which they tear from
other and seize and devour. Says one 'At such a time
plenty, you wretch, is your hunger still unsatisfied.
Wounded warriors, fallen on the edge of the field,
groans like the dying left half in and half out of the
Vultures sit on the bank and tear the entrails of the
like fishermen intent on their roads. Many bodies
dewy with birds upon them, as if they were boating
river. Witches draw water in skulls; other female de-
and goblins dance in the air, clashing the skulls of war
for cymbals, while the infernal goddesses sing song
song. Herds of jackals snarl and growl and scamper
devouring till they are gorged. Thousands of head-
bodies roam the plain, while the heads fallen to the ground
still about 'victory, victory.'

Chhand 13.

The heads cry 'victory, victory,' while the head-
trunks roth wildly about. Swords and skulls are in-
tricably involved, here against here, fighting and over-
ing. The monkeye crushed the demon crew and triumph

1 That you must come and steal from me instead of foraging for you.

2 By *ardha jal*, 'half in the water,' is meant a dying man who has
taken by his friends and laid on the very edge of the river, so that he
breathe his last in the sacred stream.

through the power of Rāma. Smitten by Rāma's arrows the leaders are conspicuous on the field of battle.

Dohā 85.

Rāvan thought within himself—"The demons are routed; I am alone, the bears and monkeys are many; I must put forth all my magic power."

Chaupāī.

When the gods saw that the Lord was on foot, they were exceedingly disturbed in mind, and Indra at once despatched his own chariot. Mātali brought it gladly, a splendid chariot, divine, incomparable; the king of Kosala rejoiced as he mounted it. Its four beautiful and high-mettled steeds, deathless and ever young, flew swift as thought. When they saw Raghnāth mounted on a car, the monkeys rushed forward with renewed vigour. Their onset was irresistible. Then Rāvan exerted his magic power. Raghubīr knew it to be a mere delusion, but Lakshman and the monkeys took it for real. They saw among the demon host many Rāmas and as many Lakshmans.

Chhand 14.

Seeing these multiplied Rāmas and Lakshmans, the monkeys and bears were greatly dismayed; wherever they looked, they saw him standing, as in a picture, and Lakshman with him. The Lord of Kosala smiled to see the perplexity of his troops: Hari made ready his bow and in a moment scattered the delusion: the monkey host rejoiced again.

Dohā 86.

The Rāma looked round about him and cried with a mighty voice:—"Watch now the combat between us two, for my captains are all a-wearied."

Chaupāī.

So saying, Raghnāth urged forward his chariot, after bowing his head at the Brāhman's lotus feet. Then was the king of Lankā full of fury and rushed to meet him, challenging him with a voice of thunder:—"As for the warriors you have defeated in battle, mark me, hermit, I am not like them. The glory of Rāvan's name is known throughout the world, and how he cast into prison the regents of the spheres. You forsooth have slain Khara and Dāshan and Vīrādha and killed poor Bālī, lying in ambush for him like a huntsman.

Your have routed the leaders of the demon host, and put to death Kumbha-kern and Meghnád. But to-day I will make an end of all this fighting ; unless, indeed, you save yourself by flight from the field. To-day, wretch, I will give you in charge to Death ; you have now to deal with the mighty Rávan." On hearing this abusive speech, the All-merciful, knowing him to be death-doomed, smiled and answered :—" True, true, I have heard all about your greatness ; but no more boasting words, let me see your strength.

Chhand 15.

Do not destroy your reputation by boasting, but pardon me if I give you a lesson. In this world there are three kinds of men, resembling respectively the *dhák*, the mango, and the bread fruit tree. The one has flowers, the second flowers and fruit, and the third fruit only. The one talks ; the second talks and does ; the third does, but says not a word."

Dohá 87.

On hearing Ráma's speech, he laughed and said :—" Now you are for teaching me wisdom. You did not fear to challenge me ; but at last you begin to hold your life dear."

Chaupdi.

Having uttered this taunt, Rávan in a fury began to let fly his arrows like so many thunderbolts. The shafts sped forth, of many shapes and on all sides around the heaven and earth were filled with the cloud of them. Raghubir discharged an arrow of fire, and in a moment the demon's bolts were all consumed. He ground his teeth and hurled forth his mighty spear ; the Lord turned it with an arrow and sent it back. Then he cast against him thousands of discs and tridents ; but the Lord without an effort snapped and turned them aside. Rávan's artillery was as unavailing as are always the schemes of the wicked. Then with a hundred arrows at once he struck the charioteer, who fell to the ground, crying ' victory to Ráma.' So the Lord had compassion upon him and raised him up again ; but a him ;

Chand 16.

Fall of fury and raging in the battle, Bhagupati's very arrows were ready to jump out of his quiver. At the sound of the awful twang of his bow all creation was seized with terror. Mandodari's heart quaked; the sea, the great tortoise, the earth and its supporter trembled; the elephants of the eight quarters reared and grasped the world tight in their jaws, while the gods laughed to see the sport.

Dodd 88.

He drew the bowstring to his ear and left by his terrible
deeds; they cleft the sky, quivering like so many serpents.

Champs.

The arrows sped forth like winged serpents and laid low the charioteer and his horses, breasting the air and snapping the flagstaff. Though inwardly his courage failed him, he roared aloud and quickly mounted another war-horse, grinding his teeth at the weapons and warriors of every description. But all his efforts were so futile as the thoughts of a man who delights only in mischief. Then Rāvan hurled forth ten spears, which struck the four horses and brought them to the ground. Rime was broken; he raised the horses and then drew his bow and let fly his arrows. The edge of Bhagabān's shafts swept off Rime's head as though they had been lotuses. He smote one of his own heads with ten arrows; the blood gushed forth in streams. Streaming with gore, he rushed on at his strength; but the Lord again fitted arrows to his bow and let fly thirty shafts; his heads and arms all fell to the ground. Again Rime smote away his arms and head; for this he grew strong after being cut off. Time after time the Lord smote off his arms and heads, but they were so strong that when they were again reared, Again and again the Lord smote off his heads and arms. The King of Lanka magnificently diverted himself. The whole heaven was full of heads and arms, like an infinite number of lotus and lotuses.

1 The demon Rila, having captured himself in one of the great
ed in securing a thought of my sister's death. But I had
occurs. The sun and moon were both shining, the temperature
tion to Yashu, who through all of the darkness of night, made
four arms. As he could not sit like the Buddha, he was

Ckhand 17.

As though a multitude of Rābus and Ketus streaming with gore were rushing through the air ; for Raghabīr's arrows had such force, that after hitting their mark they could not fall to the ground. Each arrow transfixing a set of heads seemed, as it flew through the sky, like a ray of the angry sun strung all over with moon troubles!

Dohā 89.

As quickly as the Lord struck off his heads, they were renewed again without end ; like the passions of a man devoted to the world, which increase ever more and more.

Chaupdi.

When Rāvan saw this multiplication of his heads, he thought no more of death and waxed still more furious. He thundered aloud in his insane pride, and rushed forward with his ten bows all strung at once, raging wildly on the field of battle, and overwhelmed Rāma's chariot, with such a shower of arrows that for a moment it was quite lost to sight, as when the sun is obscured by a mist. The gods cried 'alack, alack' ; but the Lord wrathfully grasped his bow and parrying the arrows smote off his enemy's heads, which flew in all directions, covering heaven and earth. Seared as they were, they flew through the sky, uttering hideous cries of "victory, victory! where is Lakshman, where Sugrivo and Angad ; where Rāma the prince of Kosla ?

Ckhand 18.

"Where now is Rāma ?" cried the heads as they sped through the air. The monkeys saw and turned to flight ; but the Jewel of the race of Ilaghu, with a smile, calmly hid his bow and with his arrows shot the heads through and through ; as though the goddess Kālī, with a rosary of skulls in her hand and accompanied by all her attendants, had bathed in the river Blood and come to worship at the shrine of Battle.

Dohā 90.

Again Rāvan in his fury hurled forth his mightiest spear ; like the bolt of death it flew straight for Vibhishe-

1. Vibhishechana - Vibhishechana - the name of Vibhishechana is another name for Lakshmana.

Chaupdi.

When he saw the awful spear coming, he cried 'my trust is in him who ever' relieves the distress of the destitute,' and Rāma at once put Vibhishan behind him and exposed himself to the full force of the missile. When it struck, the lord swooned for a while, a mimicry which filled the gods with dismay. When Vibhishan saw his lord fainting, he seized his club in his hand and rushed on in a fury :—" Ah, ill-starred wretch, fool, dull of understanding, enemy alike of gods, men, asints and Nāgas ; inasmuch as you devoutly offered your head to Siva, you have received a thousand for one in return. This is the only reason why as yet you have escaped ; but now death is dancing on your pate. Fool, to oppose Rāma and yet hope to triumph." So saying he struck him on the chest with his club.

Chhand 19.

At the terrible stroke of the mighty club on his chest he fell to ground ; but, his ten heads all streaming with blood, he again picked himself up and came on full of fury. The two closed with all their might in savage wrestle ; each mauling the other : but Vibhishan was inspired with the strength of Rāma, and fell upon him as though he were of no account whatever.

Dohā 91.

O Umā, Vibhishan would not have dared of himself to look Rāvan in the face ; but now in the night of Rāma he closed with him like very death.

Chaupdi.

But Hanumān saw that Vibhishan was sorely exhausted and rushed forward with a rock in his hand, with which he crushed chariot, horses and driver, and gave the demon himself a kick in the ribs. He stood erect but trembled all over, and Vibhishan escaped into the presence of the Saviour of the world. Then Rāvan fell upon the monkey, who spread his tail and flew into the air. He laid hold of the tail and so was borne aloft with the monkey, the mighty Hanumān, who again turned and closed with him. The well-matched pair continued fighting overhead, each furiously bruising the other, and putting forth all his strength and skill ; as though mounts Anjan and Samera had come into collision in the heaven. The demon was so estate that

there was no throwing him, till the Lord came to the support of Son of the Wind.

Chhand 20.

Supported by Raghuhîr, the valiant monkey struck Râvan a violent blow. He fell to the ground, but rose again to fight, so that the gods shouted 'victory' to both. Seeing Hanumân in such a strait, the monkeys and bears advanced in furious passion; but Râvan, battle-mad, crushed all their stoutest champions with the might of his terrible arm.

Dohâ 92.

Rallied by Raghuhîr, the bold monkeys came on again. Seeing them to be so strong, he had recourse to magic.

Chaupâi.

In a moment he became invisible and then again showed himself in a multitude of forms. Every bear and monkey in Râma's army saw a separate Râvan confronting him. At the sight of such an infinity of Râvans, the bears and monkeys fled in all directions. Not one of them had the courage to stay, but all fled crying 'Help, Lakshman; help, Raghuhîr.' Myriads of Râvans pursued them on every side, thundering aloud with hoarse and terrible cries. The gods were all panic-stricken and betook themselves to flight saying:—"Now, brother, abandon all hope of victory. A single Râvan subdued the heavenly host, and now there are many of them—make for the caves in the mountain." Only Brahmnâ and Sambhn and the wisest of the saints stood fast, who had some understanding of their lord's might.

Chhand 21.

They who understood his power remained fearless; but the monkey took the apparitions for real enemies and fled, monkeys and bears alike, crying in their terror 'Help, god of mercy.' Only Hanumân, Angad, Nila and Nala, the leaders of the host, fought bravely on against the delusive growth of giants and crushed thousands upon thousands of Râvans.

Dohâ 93.

The king of Kosala smiled to see the panic of the gods and monkeys, and stringing his bow dispersed with a single arrow the whole host of Râvans.

Chaupdi.

In a moment the Lord dispersed the whole phantom scene, as when the darkness is scattered at the rising of the sun. Seeing only one Rávan, the gods turned again with joy and showered down many flowers upon the Lord. Ráma then raised his arms aloft and rallied the monkeys, who turned again, each shouting to his neighbour. Inspired by the might of their lord, the bears and monkeys went forth, and with renewed vigour re-entered the arena. When Rávan saw the gods exulting, he muttered :—“ They think I am now reduced to one ; fools, you have ever been my prey.” So saying, he made a savage spring into the air, and as the gods fled screaming, he cried—“ Wretches, whither can you go from my presence ? ” Seeing their dismay, Angad rushed forward and with a bound seized him by the foot and threw him to the ground.

Chhand 22.

Having seized and hurled him to the ground, the son of Báli gave him a kick and then rejoined his lord. The Ten-headed, on recovering himself, rose again and shouted terribly with a voice of thunder. Proudly he strung his bow, and fitting ten arrows to the string, he let fly many volleys, wounding all his enemies ; at the sight of their confusion he gloried in his might.

Dohd 24.

The Itaghpáti cut off Rávan's head and arms, his arrows also and his bow ; but they all sprouted again, like sins committed at a holy place.

Chaupdi.

Seeing the multiplication of their enemy's head and arms, the bears and monkeys were mightily indignant and rushed on in a fury, crying—“ Will the wretch never die, with his heads and arms all cut off ? ” The son of Báli, with Hanumán, Nala and Nila, the monkey king Sugriva and the valiant Dwivid, hurled upon him trees and mountains ; but he caught each mountain and tree and threw them back upon the monkeys. One tore the enemy's body with his claws, another would run past and kick him. But Nala and Nila clambered up on to his head and set to tearing his face with their talons. When he saw the blood, he was sore troubled in soul and put up his arms to catch them ;

but they were not to be caught and sprang above hands, like two leas over a bed of lotuses. At savage bound he clutched them both and dashed the ground, twisting and breaking their arms. his fury he took his ten bows in his hands and arrows smote and wounded the monkeys, so that and all were rendered senseless. The approach had invigorated him. Seeing all the monkey swoon, the valiant Jāmbavān rushed forward, him the bears, armed with mountains and trees, laden hurling upon him. The mighty Rāvan and many of the heroes he seized by the leg and the ground. Their king was wroth to see such his troops and gave him a savage kick on the breech.

Chānd 23.

me alive under such pain, pierced through and through as I am with the poisoned arrows of Râma's loss, arrows with which Love has smitten me : it is this god, I swear, that keeps him alive." With many such words did Jânaki make piteous lamentation, as she recalled to mind the All-merciful. Trijatâ replied :—" Harken, royal maid, the enemy of the gods will die if an arrow strike him in the breast. But the Lord will not smite him there, because the image of Sita is imprinted on his heart.

Chând 24.

Jânaki dwells in his heart and in Jânaki's heart is my home ; in my heart are all the spheres of creation ; if an arrow lodge there all will be undone." On hearing this explanation, she was somewhat comforted ; but seeing her still uneasy in mind, Trijatâ continued :—" Now this is the way the monster will be killed : harken, fair lady, and cease to be so greatly disquieted

Dohâ 96.

In the pain of having his heads cut off your image will be forgotten and the sagacious Râma will then smite him in the heart."

Châupâi

With such words, having done all she could to comfort her, Trijatâ returned home again. But Sita, reflecting on Râma's amiability, was a prey to all the anguish of bereavement and broke out into reproaches of the night and the moon :—" The night will never be spent, though it has seemed already an age long." In her heart of hearts she made sore lamentation, sorrowing for Râma's loss. When the pangs of bereavement were at their very height, her left eye and arm throbbed. Considering this to be a good omen, she took courage :—" I shall now see again the gracious Haghubbir." Meanwhile Râvan had woken at midnight and began abusing his charioteer :—" Fool, to bring me away from the field of battle ; a curse on you for a vile dullard." He hail bold of his feet and deprecated his wrath ; and he, as soon as it was dawn, mounted his chariot and sallied forth again. When they heard of Râvan's approach, the monkey army was greatly excited, and tearing up mountains and trees on every side the terrible warriors rushed to the onset, gnashing their teeth.

but they were not to be caught and sprang about over his hands, like two bees over a head of lotuses. At last with savage bound he clutched them both and dashed them to the ground, twisting and breaking their arms. Then in his fury he took his ten bows in his hands and with his arrows smote and wounded the monkeys, so that Hanumán and all were rendered senseless. The approach of night had invigorated him. Seeing all the monkey chiefs in a swoon, the valiant Jāmbaván rushed forward, and with him the bears, armed with mountains and trees, which they began hurling upon him. The mighty Rávan was enraged, and many of the heroes he seized by the leg and dashed to the ground. Their king was wroth to see such havoc among his troops and gave him a savage kick on the breast.

Chhand 23.

The blow smote him so heavily on the breast that he fell fainting from his chariot to the ground, grasping a bear in each of his twenty hands, like bees hiding by night in the folds of the lotus. Seeing him senseless, the king of the bears again struck him with his foot and then rejoined the Lord. As night had now come, the charioteer lifted Rávan on to the car and made off as best he could.

Dohá 25.

On recovering from their swoon, the bears and monkeys all appeared before Ráma; while all the demons crowded round Rávan in the utmost consternation.

Chaupdi.

During the night Trijaṭá went to Sita and told her the whole story. When Sita heard of the multiplication of the enemy's heads and arms, she was sorely dismayed and then addressed Trijaṭá, with downcast face and much anxiety of soul:—"Why do you not tell me, mother, what is to be done, and how this plague of the universe can be put to death? He will not die even though Itaghapati's arrows have shorn off his heads; of a truth, God is making everything turn out perversely. It must be my ill-luck which gives him life; for I too survive, though separated from Ráma's lotus feet. The same fate that created the false phantom of the golden deer is still cruel to me. The god that enables me to support such insupportable anguish; which made me speak crossly to Lakshman; which keeps

me alive under such pain, pierced through and through as I am with the poisoned arrows of Râma's loss, arrows with which Love has smitten me : it is this god, I swear, that keeps him alive." With many such words did Jânaki make piteous lamentation, as she recalled to mind the All-merciful. Trijaṭā replied :—" Harken, royal maid, the enemy of the gods will die if an arrow strike him in the breast. But the Lord will not smite him there, because the image of Sita is imprinted on his heart.

Chhand 24.

Jânaki dwells in his heart and in Jânaki's heart is my home ; in my heart are all the spheres of creation ; if an arrow lodge there all will be undone." On hearing this explanation, she was somewhat comforted ; but seeing her still uneasy in mind, Trijaṭā continued :—" Now this is the way the monster will be killed ; harken, fair lady, and cease to be so greatly disquieted.

Dohd 96.

In the pain of having his beads cut off your image will be forgotten and the sagacious Râma will then smite him in the heart."

Chaupdi.

With such words, having done all she could to comfort her, Trijaṭā returned home again. But Sita, reflecting on Râma's amiability, was a prey to all the anguish of bereavement and broke out into reproaches of the night and the moon :—" The night will never be spent, though it has seemed already an age long." In her heart of hearts she made sore lamentation, sorrowing for Râma's loss. When the pangs of bereavement were at their very height, her left eye and arm throbbed. Considering this to be a good omen, she took courage :—" I shall soon see again the gracious Raghubir." Meanwhile Râvan had woken at midnight and began abusing his charioteer :—" Fool, to bring me away from the field of battle ; a curse on you for a vile dullard." He laid hold of his feet and deprecated his wrath ; and he, as soon as it was dawn, mounted his chariot and sallied forth again. When they heard of Râvan's approach, the monkey army was greatly excited, and tearing up mountains and trees on every side the terrible warriors rushed to the onset, gnashing their teeth.

Chhand 25.

The huge monkeys and terrible bears rushed on, with mountains in their hands, which they hurled forth with the utmost fury: the demons turned and fled. When they had thus scattered the ranks, the valiant monkeys next closed around Rāvan, buffeting him on every side and tearing him with their claws, so that his whole body was mangled.

Dohā 27.

Seeing the monkeys so powerful, Rāvan took thought, and in a moment became invisible and created a magic illusion.

Chhand Tomara.

By the magic that he wrought terrible beings were manifested; imps, demons and goblins with bows and arrows in their hands, witches clutching swords and in one hand a human skull, from which they quaff draughts of blood, dancing and singing many a song. Their horrible cries of 'seize and kill' echo all around, while dogs with open mouth¹ run to and fro. Then began the monkeys to flee; but whenever they turn in flight, they see a blazing fire. Monkeys and bears were both in dismay. Then there fell upon them a shower of sand. They were routed on all sides and the Ten-headed roared again. Lakshman, the monkey-king and all the chiefs were at their wits' end. The bravest of them wrung their hands, crying 'alas, Rāma, alas, Raghunath.' After crushing all their might in this fashion, he next practised another kind of magic. A host of Hanumāns were manifested, who rushed forward with rocks in their hands and encircled Rāma in a dense mass on every side. With gnashing teeth and up-turned tail, they shouted 'kill, hold fast, never let him go'; their tails making a complete circle all around with the king of Kosala in the midst.

Chhand 27-28.

In their midst the dark-hued king of Kosala shone forth as resplendent in beauty as a lofty *tamāl* tree encircled by a hedge of gleaming rainbows. As they gazed upon the Lord, the heart of the gods was moved with mingled joy

¹ For *mukhā bādh*, 'with open mouth,' some books read *mukhā bīdh*, which would mean 'having scattered the sacrifice.' As no sacrifice has been mentioned, the former seems preferable; though, the latter may also be understood as a general image of horror.

and grief, while they raised the cry of 'victory, victory.' In a moment and with a single arrow Raghubir indignantly dispelled the delusion. As the phantoms vanished, the monkeys and bears rejoiced and all turned again, with trees and rocks in their hands. Rāma shot forth a flight of arrows and Rāvan's head and arms again fell to the ground. Though a hundred Seshnāga, Sāradaś and Vedic bards were to spend many ages in singing the various achievements of Rāma in his battle with Rāvan, they would never come to the end of them.

Doha 98.

Tuṣṭi Dās, poor clown, who would tell even the least part of his glory, is like a goat who thinks himself strong enough to fly up into heaven. Though his head and arms were cut off again and again, the mighty king of Lankā was not killed. Sages, saints and gods were confounded by the agonizing sight, the pastime of their lord.

Chaupdi.

No sooner were his head cut off than a fresh crop grew, like covetousness increased by gain.¹ For all his toil the monster died not and Rāma then turned and looked at Vibhishan. O Umā, the lord, whom fate and death obey, thus tested the devotion of one of his creatures. "Hearken, omniscient sovereign of all things animate and inanimate, defender of the suppliant, delight of gods and saints, it is only, sire, by virtue of the noitar that abides in the depth of his navel that Rāvan lives." On hearing Vibhishan's speech the All-merciful was pleased and took his terrible arrows in his hand. Many omens of ill then began to present themselves: asses, jackals and packs of dogs set up a howling; birds screamed over the distress of the world and portents appeared in every quarter of the Heaven; fierce flames broke out on every side, and though there was no new moon, the sun was eclipsed. Maudodari's heart beat wildly and statues flowed with tears from their eyes.

Chhand 29.

Statues wept, thunder crashed in the air, a mighty wind blew, the earth quaked, the clouds dropt blood, hair and dust: who could recount all the portents? At the sight of such unspeakable confusion the gods of heaven in dismay

¹ In a covetous man no sooner is one desire cut off or satisfied; other desires spring up to take its place.

Chaupdi.

When they heard Mandodari's speech, gods, saints and sages were all enraptured. Brahmá, Siva, Nárad, Sanakumáro and all the great seers who have preached the way of salvation, gazed upon Raghupati with eyes full of tears and were overwhelmed with devotion. Seeing all the womeo making lamentation, Vibhishao went to the spot, his heart heavy with grief, and was sorely pained to see his brother's condition. Then the Lord gave an order to Lakshmao, who did all that he could to console him. At last Vibhishan betook himself to the Lord, who looked upon him with an eye of compassion and said 'Make an end of sorrow and perform the funeral rites' In obedience to his command he celebrated the obsequies, wisely bearing in mind the circumstances of time and place.

Dohd 102.

Mandodari and the others presented the dead with the prescribed handfuls of sesamum seed and the queen then returned to the palace, recollecting to herself all Raghupati's excellences.

Chaupdi.

Again Vibhishan came and bowed his head. Then the All-merciful called his younger brother and said, "Do you and the monkey prince and Angad and Nala and Nila, with Jámhávan and the sagacious Son of the Wind, go all together in company with Vibhishan and make the arrangements for his coronation;" thus cried Raghunáth; "I by reason of my father's commands may not enter the city, but I send the monkey and my younger brother to take my place." The monkey started at once, on receiving his lord's order, and went and made ready for the installation. With due reverence they seated him on the throne, and after marking his forehead with the royal aigo, they sang a hymn of praise and with clasped hands all bowed the head before him. Then with Vibhishan they returned to the Lord, and Raghavir addressed the monkeys with such gracious words as made them all glad.

Chhand 33.

He made them glad with words that were sweet as nectar:—"It is by your might that the enemy has been defeated and that Vibhishan has acquired the kingdom; your glory will live for ever throughout the universe

Whoever with sincere devotion shall sing your glorious deeds in connection with me shall cross without an effort the boundless ocean of existence."

Dohā 103.

The monkey host would never have been tired of listening to their lord's words ; again and again they all bowed the head and clasped his lotus feet.

Chaupai.

The Lord next addressed Hanuman. "Go to Lanka," said the god, "and tell Jānaki the news and bring me back word of her welfare." When Hanuman entered the city, the demons and demoneesses no sooner heard of it than they ran to meet him and showed him every possible honour and pointed out Sita to him. From afar off the monkey prostrated himself. She recognized Rāma's messenger. "Tell me, friend, of my gracious lord, and of his brother ; is he well, and all the monkey host ?" "All is well, madam, with the king of Kosala ; he has conquered Ilāvan in battle ; Vibhishan has been placed in secure possession of the throne." On hearing the monkey's reply, joy was diffused over her soul.

Chānd 31.

Sita's soul was overjoyed, her body thrilled and her eyes streamed with tears, as again and again she cried :— "What can I give you, monkey ? there is nothing in the three spheres of creation to be compared to your tidings." "Hearken, madam : to-day of a truth I have already obtained the undisputed sovereignty of the world, when I see and adore Rāma with his brother triumphing over the ranks of the enemy."

Dohā 104.

"Hearken, my son Hanuman ; every virtue God's home in your heart : may you live and prosper for ever in the service of Kosala's king.

Chaupai.

Not now, friend, devise some plan by which I may see with my own eyes his dark but comely form." Hanuman then returned to Rāma and told him of Sita's welfare. When the Glory of the Solar race heard her message, he said to prince Vibhishan :— "Go you with Hanuman and respectfully escort Sita here." They all went at once to

to the foe of Vishnu, the foe of Kṛṣṇa, the destroyer of
demon host ; when my lord slew this last monster sh-
gods were happy again. Glory to the remover of ex-
burdens, whose greatness is indeed vast and unbounded.
Glory to Rāvan's merciful foe, the discomforter of
demons. Outrageous was the pride of the King of Lan-
who had reduced to subjection gods and gandharvas ; who
relentlessly persecuted saints and sages, men, birds, and
serpents ; a malignant and implacable monster ; but now—the wretch—has obtained his reward. Harken even
protector of the suppliant, with the large lotus eyes ; my pride
was indignant, there was no one to equal me. Now after
seeing thy lotus feet, the arrogance that caused me so
much misery has passed away. Let others adore the un-
embodied Noprame, the primary existence, whom the Vedas
hymn ; but my desire is the king of Kosala, the divine
Rāma, visible and material. Together with Sita and Laksh-
man, make my heart thy abode. O spouse of Lakshmi, re-
cognize me as thy servant, and grant me faith.

Chhand 38.

Grant me faith, spouse of Lakshmi, soother of terror,
consoler of the suppliant. Then I adore, O blissful Rāma,
prince of the house of Raghu, beautiful as a myriad Loves,
Delight of the hosts of heaven, queller of strife ; in form as
a man of incomparable strength ; object of the adoration of
Brahmā Saṅkara and all the gods ; I worship thee, O
Rāma the gracious, the benigo.

Dohd 110.

Now in thy mercy, O most merciful, look upon me and
direct me what to do." On hearing this tender appeal the
Protector of the poor made answer :—

4Chaupi.

" Harken king of the gods ; my bears and monkeys,
who lie on the ground slain by the demons, have lost their
life on my account ; restore them all to life, wise king
of heaven." Harken, Garuḍ, this request of the Lord's is
a mystery that only the greatest sages can apprehend. The
Lord could himself destroy and re-create the three spheres
of creation ; only he wished to do Indra honour. With a
shower of ambrosia he restored the bears and monkeys to
life. They arose with joy and all betook them to the Lord.

The shower of ambrosia fell on both armies ; but the bears and monkeys came to life, not the demons. The image of Râma was imprest upon the demons' soul ; thus they were loosed from the fetters of existence and became absorbed in the divinity. The bears and monkeys were partial incarnations of the gods and were really all alive ; but it was the will of Raghupati. Who is there so kind to the destitute as Râma, who granted final deliverance even to the host of demons, while that filthy and sensual monster Hôvan obtained translation to the same sphere as the holiest of saints.

Stokh 111.

After showering down flowers, the gods mounted their epleodid chariots and withdrew. Then seeing his opportunity the sagacious Sambhu drew near to Râma. Most lovingly, with clasped hands, his lotus eyes full of tears and his body quivering all over, Tripurâri uttered this prayer with choking voice :—

(Chhand 39.

“ Save me, O prince of the house of Raghu, equip with thy strong bow and graceful arrows in thy hand ; dispeller of the murky clouds of delusion ; fire to consume the forest of doubt ; delight of the gods ; unembodied yet embodied ; glorious shrine of perfection ; son of vehement splendour to disperse the darkness of error ; a very lion to attack the elephantine monsters, lust, anger and pride ; take up thy abode for ever, as in some forest, in the heart of thy servant. Stern frost for the lotus growth of sensual desires ; gracious beyond all conception ; a mount Meru to churn up the ocean of life ; dweller of the highest sphere ; avert from me the stormy waves of the world or transport me across them. O king Râma, dark-hued and lotus eyed, protector of the poor, soothe of the sorrows of the distressed, dwell for ever in my heart with Lakshman and Jânaki, delight of the saints, glory of the terrestrial sphere, uprooter of every terror, Tolsi Das's own lord. .

Stokh 112.

When your coronation, O my lord, takes place at Kosala, I will come to see the glorious ceremony, O greatly compassionate.”

Chand 41.

When Sambhu had finished his prayer and gone away, then

Vibhishan approached the Lord. Bowing his head and feet he cried in pleading tones—"Hearken to my prayer, O Lord, with bow in hand. You have slain Rāvan with his kindred and all his army and made your name glorious known throughout the three spheres. On me, your viler servant, without either sun or branding, you have every way shown compassion; now, sire honour your servant's home and bathe and refresh yourself after the toil of the battle. Inspect my treasure, my palace, and my wealth, and by this condescension make all the monkeys happy. Consider, my lord, everything that I have as your own, and moreover take me with you to Aśvatthi." When the All-merciful heard this affecting speech, both his great eyes filled with tears.

Book 113.

"Hearken, brother; all you say is true; your home and treasure are as my own; but thinking of Bharat's condition every minute seems to me an age. In penitential attire, with emaciated body, he is ever repeating my name in prayer. I entreat you, friend, to make an effort so that I may soon be able to see him again. If at the end of the time I go and find him no longer alive"—at the remembrance of his brother's affection, the Lord's body quivered all over—"but may you reign for ages, your soul ever mindful of me, and at the last enter into my sphere, where all the good go."

Chauḍī.

When Vibhishan heard Rāma's words, he was overjoyed and clasped the feet of the All-merciful. All the bears and monkeys with equal joy clasped the Lord's feet and recited his glorious merits. Then Vibhishan proceeded to the palace and loaded the chariot with jewels and attire. When he had brought the car *Pushpaka* and set it before the Lord, the All-merciful smiled and said:—"Hearken, friend Vibhishan; step into the car, and when you have risen high into the air, throw down the dresses and jewels." Accordingly Vibhishan mounted aloft into the heaven and scrambled the raiment and jewels among them all. The monkeys picked up anything they fancied, cramming the precious things into their mouth; while Rāma and his wife and brother laughed; so full of playfulness is the All-merciful.

Dohd 114.

He, to whom the saints cannot attain by contemplation, whom the Veda itself fails to fathom, even he in his infinite compassion made merry with the monkeys. O Umā, abstraction, prayer, charity, penances, the different forms of fasting, sacrifice and vows,—all move Rāma's compassion less than simple love.

Chaupdi

After securing the dresses and ornaments, the bears and monkeys clothed themselves with them and appeared before Rāma. The king of Kosala laughed again and again to see the monkeys in their motely attire. As he looked upon them all, he was moved with pity, and said in gracious phrase: "It is by your assistance that I have killed Rāvan and thus secured the throne for Vibhishan. Now return all of you to your several homes; remember me and fear no one." On hearing these words the monkeys were overcome with affection, and all with clasped hands thus reverently addressed him:—"What you say, my lord, is all to your honour; but we are confused on hearing such words. Knowing the low estate of us monkeys, you gave us a leader; you, O Raghunāth, are the sovereign of the universe. When we hear our lord's words we die of shame; is it possible for a gnat to assist the mighty Garuḍ?" The monkeys were so charmed as they gazed on Rāma's face that in the depth of their devotion they had no desire for their own home.

Dohd 115.

When the Lord had dismissed them, the bears and monkeys all went their way, cherishing Rāma's image in their heart, exulting with joy and making frequent prayer. The monkey king, Nila, the king of the bears, Angad, Nala, Hanuman, Vibhishan also and all the other valiant monkey chiefs were so overcome by their feelings that they could not speak a word, while their eyes, streaming with tears, were fixed upon Rāma's person so intently that they had no time to wink.

Chaupdi.

When Rāma perceived the strength of their affection, he took them all up into his chariot and, after mentally bowing his head at the Brāhmins' feet he directed the

BOOK VII
THE SEQUEL.

BOOK VII
THE SEQUEL.

my lord's adventures." Then Hanuman bowed his head at his feet and told him all Raghupati's great doings. "Tell me, monkey, did the gracious god ever remember me as one of his servants?"

Chhand 1.

Did the glory of the race of Raghu ever make mention of me his servant?" On hearing Bharat's modest speech, the monkey was in a rapture and fell at his feet. How can he be otherwise than humble and holy and an ocean of virtue, whose praises Rāma, the lord of all animate and inanimate creation, himself recites with his own mouth?

Dohā 3.

"My lord, you are as dear to Rāma as his own life; that is the truth, Sir." Again and again he embraced Bharat, and his joy was more than his heart could contain.

Sorathā 1.

After bowing his head at Bharat's feet, the monkey returned in haste to Rāma and told him that all was well. Then the Lord mounted his chariot and joyfully set forth.

Chaupdi.

Bharat too returned in joy to Avodhye and told his *guru* all the news, then published the fact in the palace, that Rāma was approaching the city and was safe and sound. At these tidings all the dowager queens started up in haste; but Bharat spoke and assured them of their lord's welfare. When the citizens heard the news, men and women all ran out in their joy: the ladies formed in procession with stately gait, singing and bearing golden salvers laden with curds, *dub* grass, the sacred yellow pigment, fruits and flowers and fresh sprigs of the tulsi plant, all things of good omen. Each ran out just as she happened to be, without stopping to bring either children or old folk. Every one was asking his neighbour, 'Friend, have you seen the gracious Rāma?' Directly it knew the Lord was coming, the whole city of Avadh became a quarry of delights. The water of the Sarju flowed clear as clear could be; the air was deliciously soft, cool and fragrant.

Dohā 4.

Bharat went forth to meet the All-merciful, full of joy and affection, accompanied by his *guru*, the citizens, his

had were to consider my actions, there would I
 redemption for me in a hundred million of ages.
 had never regards offences of his servants, being
 brother to the destitute and most tender-hearted,
 firmly persuaded of and that Rama will come: the
 are so favourable. But if my life holds out after it
 once expires, I shall be a more despicable wretch th
 in the world."

Book 2.

While Bharat's soul was thus sinking in the
 Rama's bereavement, the Son of the Wind, disgui
 for as a Brahman, came like a boat to his rescue. S
 him seated on a mat of sacred grass, with matted ha
 a crown, his body all wasted away, his lips mutterin
 names ' Rama, Rama, Raghupati,' and his eyes stre
 with tears:

Chaujdi.

At this sight Hanuman was overjoyed, every hair on
 body stood erect and his eyes rained torrents; he fel
 heart an indescribable satisfaction and addressed him
 words that were as ambrosia to his ear: "He, for wh
 lost you sorrow night and day, the catalogue of wh
 virtues you are incessantly reciting, the glory of the line
 Raghu, the benefactor of the pious, the deliverer of go
 and saints, has arrived safely. After conquering the foe
 the battle, with the gods to hymn his praises, the Lord
 now on his way with Sita and his brother." On hearin
 these words he forgot all his pain, like a man dyin
 of thirst who finds a stream of nectar. "Who are you
 Sir, and whence have you come, who have told me suc
 glad tidings?" "I am, the son of the Wind, a monkey
 Hanuman by name, O fountain of mercy, a servaot of
 the beneficent Raghupati." On hearing this, Bharat rose
 and respectfully advanced to meet him. The affection
 with which he embraced him was too great for heart
 to contain; his eyes streamed with tears and his body
 quivered all over. "O monkey, at the sight of you all my
 sorrows are gone, to-day I have embraced a friend of
 Rama's." Again and again he asked of his welfare: "Heark-
 en, brother; what is there I can give you? after taking
 thought, I find nothing in the whole world to match this
 news. Otherwise, I should be your debtor. Now tell me of

the Raghu race, made obeisance to all the Bráhmans. Next Bharat embraced the Lord's lotus feet, ever worship by Sankara Bráhmá and all the gods and sages. He fell to the ground and refused to rise, till the All-merciful by force took and pressed him to his bosom, every hair standing erect on his dark-hued body, and his lotus eyes all streaming with tears.

Chhand 2.

His lotus eyes streamed with tears and his beauteous body quivered with emotion, as he lovingly clasped his brother to his heart, even he, the Lord the sovereign of the three spheres. There is no similitude by which I can express the beauty of the meeting between the Lord and his brother ; it was as though Love and Desire in bodily form had met together in a rapturous embrace. When the All-merciful asked of his welfare, it was with difficulty that Bharat found words to reply. Harkan, Umá ; such joy can only be felt, it is beyond speech or intelligence. " Now is all well with me, O Lord of Kosala ; seeing your servant's distress, you have revealed yourself to him and have taken me by the hand, O All-merciful, when I was sinking in the deep waters of bereavement."

Dohd 6.

As when a thief going gaily along the road, with stolen property still about him, is suddenly seized at the waistbelt by the man he has robbed, so felt Sugriva and Vibhishan at the sight of the meeting between Ráma and Bharat.¹ Then the Lord smilingly embraced Satrugbha and took him to his bosom, while Bharat embraced Lakshman, his heart overflowing with love.

Chaupti.

After that Satrugbha and Lakshman embraced, remembering no more the intolerable sorrow of separation. Finally Bharat bowed his head at Sita's feet, both he and his younger brother, with an intensity of delight. The citizens were so glad at the sight of the Lord, that all the sorrow caused by his absence was at once forgotten. Seeing all the people so agitated by affection, the gracious Kharári practised an

¹ In the midst of their joy, the sight of such fraternal affection reminded them painfully of the very different treatment they had experienced from their own brothers, Bálí and Kávan. Or perhaps more simply, they were forced to recognize Bharat's superior claim, and knew that they would have to give up Ráma to him.

younger brother and a throng of Brahmins. Men and women mounted the upper stories of the houses to see the chariot in the sky and, when they espied it, raised sweet voices in auspicious songs of joy. As the women ran and swelled at the sight of the full moon, so forth the women of the city with a tumultuous noise sight of Rāma.

Chaupdi.

On the other hand, the Son of the lotuses of the race was pointing out the beauties of the city to the kins : "Hearken, Sugriva, Angul and Vibhishan : this is so holy and the country is so charming, that all men speak of Vaikunth, which is indeed famous in Vedas and Purāṇas and celebrated throughout the world. Still it is not so dear to me as the city of Avadh : only here there can be found to comprehend this saying. Here the delightful city my birth-place, end to the north the sacred Sarja, where every man that bathes obtains with further trouble a home near me. The dwellers here are very dear to me : the city makes them my fellow-citizens both here and hereafter and is altogether blessed." The monkeys rejoiced to hear the Lord's words : what a glory for Avadh to be praised by Rāma !

Dohd 3.

When the All-merciful Lord God saw all the people coming out to meet him, he urged on his chariot close up to the city and there alighted on the ground. Having dismounted, he directed Pushpaka to return to Kuber.¹ On receiving Rāma's order it went its way, full of mingled joy and sorrow at parting.

Chaupdi.

With Bharat came the whole population, all emaciated in body by their mourning for Rāma. When the Lord saw Vāmadēva and Vasishṭha, greatest of sages, he dropt his bow and arrows on the ground and ran to clasp his guru's lotus feet, both he and his younger brother, with every hair on their body erect. The great sage embraced them and asked of their welfare. "By your favour all is well with us." Then the champion of the faith, the king of

¹ The car Pushpaka had originally belonged to Kuber and had been stolen from him by Rāvan.

the Raghu race, made obeisance to all the Brahmans. Next Bharat embraced the Lord's lotus feet, ever worship by Sankara Brabmè and all the gods and sages. He fell to the ground and refused to rise, till the All-merciful by force took and pressed him to his bosom, every hair standing erect on his dark-brown body, and his lotus eyes all streaming with tears.

Chând 2.

His lotus eyes streamed with tears and his beauteous body quivered with emotion, as he lovingly clasped his brother to his heart, even he, the Lord the sovereign of the three spheres. There is no similitude by which I can express the beauty of the meeting between the Lord and his brother; it was as though Love and Desire in bodily form had met together in a rapturous embrace. When the All-merciful asked of his welfare, it was with difficulty that Bharat found words to reply. Harken, Umâ; such joy can only be felt, it is beyond speech or intelligence. "Now is all well with me, O Lord of Kosala; seeing your servant's distress, you have revealed yourself to him and have taken me by the hand, O All-merciful, when I was sinking in the deep waters of bereavement."

Dohâ 6.

As when a thief going gaily along the road, with stolen property still about him, is suddenly seized at the waist by the man he has robbed, so felt Sâgriva and Vilâshin at the sight of the meeting between Râma and Bharat. Then the Lord smilingly embraced Sâtraghna and took him to his bosom, while Bharat embraced Lakshman, his brother overflowing with love.

Châp 6.

After that Sâtraghna and Lakshman embraced, remembering no more the intolerable sorrows of separation. Finally Bharat bowed his head at Râma's feet, both head and hands, glad at the sight of the Lord, but all the more moved by his absence was at once forgotten. Seeing all the people so agitated by affection, the great Bharat graciously

I In the midst of these joyous scenes, a sudden change came over the minds of all. They were painfully of the same nature, and they all understood that they had been deceived from their own blindness, but not cured. Of persons who are deceived, there are two kinds: one who are deceived by the senses, and have to give up Râma to an

Tatishā

"Hail to thee, Rāma, the spouse of Lakshmi, the fier: have mercy on thy servant, harassed with the and troubles of existence. Glorious lord, over-Ataith, sovereign of heaven, Lakshmi's sovereign mercy on the suppliant, who has fled to thee for a destroyer of the ten-headed and twenty-armed, remove earth's sore burden, consumer of the moth-like demon in the fierce flame of thy fiery arrows; most beautiful ornament of the terrestrial sphere; noblest of all handle bow, arrows and quiver; radiant as the sun to pierce the thick darkness of the night of pride, ignorance and egoism; thou hast vanquished the God of Love,² like a huntsman had smitten all men to the heart with arrows of evil desire as though they were herd of deer now, O lord Hari, have mercy on us destitute wretches who have gone astray in the wilderness of sensuality, many diseases and bereavements, with which the people stricken, are the fruit of this disregard for thy holy lotus feet. The bottomless ocean of existence overwhelms all who cherish no love for thy lotus feet. Poor indeed and wretched for ever are they who have no affection for thy lotus feet. They who take delight in making mention of thy name, have the saints as their constant friends; ever, are eternally exempt from passion, greed and arrogance, and regard prosperity and adversity as both alike. Thus it is that thy servants are so happy; the saint abides for ever all confidence in mortification and making simply a vow of perpetual love serves thy lotus feet with a pure heart. O Raghu-bir, mighty and invincible hero, indwelling as a ben in the lotus-like soul of the saints, thy name, O Hari, I repeat in prayer and adorn, destroyer of vanity and pride, which are the diseases of life. Humbly I adorn without ceasing the spouse of Lakshmi, the supreme abode of goodness, generosity and compassion. O sun of Raghu, extirpate every animosity; O king of earth, regard thy humble servant.

1 In the Totaka, or Trotaka metre, each line in the quatrain consists of four anapaests. Thus:—

Jāya Rāma Rāmā-rāmānam saramam,
Bhuvā-tāpā-bhāyakula pāhijanam.

2 *Manjāḍ*, 'man-enters,' or 'demons,' is the word in the text; but, as it seems impossible to fit it into the rest of the passage, I propose to read instead *manjāḍ*, the 'mind-born,' i.e., Kāma-deva, the god of love.

Dohd 15.

Again and again I beg of thee a boon—be gracious and grant it O Śrīraṅga!—an unwavering faith in thy lotus feet and constant communion with saints.” After thus hymning Rāma’s praises, Śiva returned with joy to Kailās. The Lord thus assigned the monkeys most delightful residences.

Chaupdi.

Hearken, Garuḍ; this sacred legend annihilates all the distresses and sins of the world. Any one who hears this narrative of the royal installation obtains self-control and discretion. They who lovingly sing it or hear it sung, obtain every kind of happiness and prosperity; after enjoying this world a bliss, to which the gods can scarce attain, they are admitted after death into Rāma’s own presence. The soully emancipated, the detached from the world and the worldly, who hear it, obtain respectively faith, absorption into the divinity and ever-increasing prosperity. O Garuḍ, this history of Rāma that I have repeated is the delight of a good understanding; a remedy for anxiety and sorrow; a confirmation of detachment, discretion and faith; a splendid raft on which to cross the river of delusion. In the city of Kōmā was ever some new delight; the people were all happy, from the highest to the lowest. All felt an evergrowing affection for Rāma’s lotus feet, the adored of Brāhmā, Śiva and the saints. The poor had clothes given them in abundance and the Brāhmins were presented with offerings of every description.

Dohd 16.

The monkeys were drowned in a joy like that of heaven; all were devoted to the Lord’s feet: day and night passed unceasing till now six months had been spent.

Chaupdi.

They had forgotten their homes so absolutely as never even to dream of them, like as the idea of injuring another never enters the soul of a saint. At last Rāghavati summoned all his comrades before him. They came and made personal obeisance. He ceased them by his side with the

1. Garuḍ, Rājā Ranga, is one of Viṣṇu’s epithets, and gives the name to the city of Srīraṅgaṭṭam (Srīraṅgaṭṭana). It is here in a great temple’s devotion to the Lord under this title.

The appearance of the city made them forget all their asceticism. The balconies encrusted with gold and jewels, splendid pavements laid in diverse colours, the magnificent forts on every side of the city with their brightly painted battlements, as though the nine planets had been master in array to beleaguer Indra's capital, Amaravati; the floor so beautifully inlaid with coloured crystal that the soul of any saint would be distracted at the sight; the glistening palaces reaching to the sky with pinnacles that put to shame the brightness of sun and moon; the lattices gleaming with jewels and the jewelled lamps that shone in every room.

Chhand 6.

Beneath the light of jewelled lamps the houses were resplendent with their thresholds of coral and pillars of precious stone and golden walls, such as the Creator himself might have fashioned, all inlaid with emeralds and gems. The stately palace-courts were lovely with inworked crystal, and every gate was fitted with folding doors of gold embossed with diamonds.

Dohá 28.

In every house was a beautiful and well-furnished picture gallery, where Râma's achievements were so set forth that the soul of a saint would be ravished at the sight.

Chaupdi.

Every one had a flower garden trimmed with the greatest care, adorned with every kind of choice creeper, and blossoming with perpetual spring. There was ever a pleasant sound of the buzzing of bees, and the air was delightfully cool, soft and fragrant. Birds of all kinds, the children's pets, sweet of note and graceful in flight, peacocks, swans, herons and pigeons, made a charming show on the tops of the houses, cooing and dancing in high glee at the sight of their own shadow. Other children were teaching parrots and *mainas* to speak and repeat the name of Râma, Raghupati, Saviour. The palace gates were most magnificent, and the roads, squares and lazars all elegantly laid out.

Chhand 7.

The elegance of the lazars was beyond all description, and things could be had without price. How is it possible

to sing the riches of the city where the sponse of Lakshmi reigned as king? The cloth-merchants, money-changers and grain-dealers sat at their shops like so many Knaves. Every one was happy, every one well-conducted and comely, men and women, young and old, all alike.

Dohá 29.

To the north flowed the deep and pellucid stream of the Sarjo, with a line of handsome ghâts and no muddy bank anywhere.

Chaup 1.

At some distance was a fine spacious ghât, where all the horses and elephants went to drink. There were also elaborate ghâts for the citizens' drinking water, where no one was allowed to bathe. The most beautiful of all was the king's ghât, which was frequented by men of all four castes. All along the banks were temples to the gods surrounded by pleasant groves. Here and there on the river bank hermits, sages and anchorites dwelt and meditated; and many bushes of the fragrant *tulsi* were there, planted by different holy men. The beauty of the city surpassed all description; its outskirts also were most picturesque. Every sin was effaced by a sight of it, with its woods and groves, its lakes and ponds.

Chhand 8.

Its matchless lakes and ponds and large and beautiful wells were so charming, with their elegant flights of steps and limpid water, that gods and saints were fascinated by the sight. The many-colored lotuses, the cooing of the numerous birds and the buzzing of the bees made the spot a delightful one, where the parrots by the clamour seemed to be inviting travellers to halt.

Dohá 30.

How is it possible to describe the city, of which Lakshmi's lord was king? Anímá and the other fairies had diffused through the whole of Avadh every happiness and prosperity.

Chaupdi.

Everywhere men were singing Râma's praises and as they sat thus exhorted one another: "Worship Râma, the defender of the suppliant; the home of beauty and goodness."

responded, Bhavāni : " You have met me, Go
road ; how can I instruct you ? Your doubts w
settled till you have been for a long time in the co
the saints. There you must listen to the d-lightful
Itāma, as sung in diverse manners by the seers,
the beginning, middle, and end is the adorable
great God Itāma. I will send you, brother to a pl
the story of Itāma is told without ceasing ; go t
listen. As you hear it, all your doubts will van
will have a vehement affection for Itāma's feet.

Dohd 62.

Except in the company of saints there is no talk
Itāma ; without that there is no overcoming delusi
delusion is dispersed, there is no firm affection for
feet.

Chaurāi.

Without affection there is no finding Rāma, t
you have recourse to meditation, prayer, sacrifice, and
ticism. In the region of the north is a beautiful p
mountain, where lives the amiable Kāke-bhusuēdi,
premiely skilled in the method of Rāma's worship, wise
full of all good qualities and very aged. He unceasi
recites Rāma's history and all the noblest to the l
raverently listen. Go there and hear all Rāma's excel
ces ; your distress born of delusion will then be remove
After I had given him full instructions, he bowed his h
at my feet and set out with joy. I did not myself instr
him, Umā, for I understood the mystery of Rāma's gra
Perhaps he had shown pride on some occasion and the A
merciful wished that he should cure himself of this defec
There was also another reason why I did not detain him
being a bird he understood bird language. The Lord
delusive power, Bhavāni, is great ; who is so wise as not to
be fascinated by it ?

Dohd 63.

Even the vehicle of the lord of the three spheres, the
very crown of philosophers and saints, was overcome by its
deceptive influence ; wretched man may well have his
doubts. It fascinates Siva and Brahmā ; why speak of
other poor creatures ? The saints know this at heart, when
they worship the great God, Mayā's master.

Chandri.

Garuṣ went to Bhṛṅgundi's abode, that sturdy hearted and indefatigable votary of Hari's. At the sight of the rock his heart rejoiced; the trouble caused him by Mayā's wiles all passed away. After bathing in the lake and drinking of the water, he went under the banyan tree with exulting soul. There assembled flocks upon flocks of birds to hear of Rāma's glorious doings. He was just on the point of beginning to recite, when the king of the birds arrived. All were glad to see him approach, the crow no less than the rest of the assembly. They received him with the utmost politeness and asked of his welfare and conducted him to a seat. Then the crow, after doing him loving homage, addressed him in these winning words:

Dohā 64

"Now am I content, O king of the birds, in that I have seen you; whatever you may order me, I am ready to do. What is the object of your visit, my lord?" "You have ever been the image of content," replied Garuṣ in gracious phrase, "seeing that Śiva with his own mouth is ever reverently singing your praises."

Chandri.

Hearken father; the object for which I came was attained as soon as I saw you. Directly I beheld your most holy hermitage, my delusion was at an end with all my distracting doubts. Now, father, repeat to me with all solemnity the most soothing story of Rāma, which is ever delightful and a remedy for every ill: this, my lord, is what I urgently beg of you." On hearing Garuṣ's prayer, so humble, sincere and affectionate, so graceful and pious, a supreme joy was diffused over his soul and he began the recital of Itagbupatī's glory. First, Bhavāni, he expounded with fervent devotion the motives of Rāma's acts. Then he told of Nārada's extraordinary delusion and of Rāvaṇa's incarnation. After this he sang the story of the Lord's birth and then carefully recounted his doings as a child.

Dohā 65.

After telling all the details of his childish performances with the utmost rapture of soul, he next told of the Lord's coming and of Itagbupatī's marriage.

Except in the company of saints there is no talk about Rāma without that there is no overcoming delusion; if delusion is dispersed, there is no firm affection for Rāma.

Chapter

Without affection there is no finding Rāma, though you have recourse to meditation, prayer, mortification, and asceticism. In the region of the north is a beautiful purple mountain where lives the amiable Kāka bhavāndi, so perfectly skilled in the method of Rāma's worship, wise and full of all good qualities and very aged. He unceasingly recites Rāma's history and all the noblest to the birds reverently listen. "Go there and hear all Rāma's excellences; your distress born of delusion will then be removed." After I had given him full instructions, he bowed his head at my feet and sat out with joy. I did not myself instruct him, Umā, for I understood the mystery of Rāma's grace. Perhaps he had shown pride on some occasion and the All-merciful wished that he should cure himself of this defect. There was also another reason why I did not detain him; being a bird he understood bird language. The Lord's delusive power, Bhavānī, is great; who is so wise as not to be fascinated by it?

Book 63.

Even the vehicle of the lord of the three spheres, the very crown of philosophers and saints, was overcome by its deceptive influence; wretched man may well have his doubts. It fascinates Śiva and Brāhmā; why speak of other poor creatures? The saints know this at heart, when they worship the great God, Mayā's master.

Chaupdi.

How the monkey king sent out monkeys, who ran in every direction in search for Sita; how they entered the cave and found Sampâti; how Hanumân, when he had heard all the circumstances, jumped over the mighty ocean; how he made his way into Laukâ and bade Sita be of good cheer; how he laid waste the garden, and lectured Râvan and set fire to the city and leaped over the sea again. How the monkeys all rejoined Itâma and told him of Sita's welfare; how Raghobir with his army went and encamped on the sea-shore; how Vibhishan came to meet him, and how the sea was put in check;

Dohâ 68.

How the bridge was built and the monkey host crossed over to the opposite side, and how the valiant son of Bâli went as an envoy. He described the various battles between the demons and the monkeys, the might and valour of Kumbhakarn and Meghnâd and their destruction:

Chaupdi.

The different deaths of all the demons, the fight between Itâma and Râvan the death of Râvan, the mourning of Mandodari, the enthronement of Vibhishan and the satisfaction of the gods; the meeting also of Itâma and Sita and how the gods with clasped hands hymned their praises; how the all-merciful Lord with the monkeys mounted the car Pushpaka and set out for Avadh; and how Itâma arrived at his own city; all these glorious doings were sung by the crow. Then he told of Itâma's coronation and described the city and all its kingly polity. The entire history did Bhavanâdi tell, as I have told it to you, Bhavanâ. When the king of the birds had heard it all, his soul was in raptures and he cried;

Sorathâ 5.

"My doubts are gone, now that I have heard Itâma's full history. By your favour, O best of crows, I feel a devotion to Itâma's feet. A mighty bewilderment possessed me when I saw the Lord bound in the battle: if Itâma be the sum of all knowledge and bliss, what can embarrass him?

Chaupdi.

Seeing all his ways so entirely consistent with humanity, a very grievous doubt arose in my soul. But now I under-

d Rāghu washes out the stains of the world and the stains of his own soul and without any trouble goes straight to Rāma's sphere in heaven. Any one who, appreciating her beauty, learns by heart five or six stanzas is delivered by the blessed Rāghubīr from all the disturbances created by the fiend over whose councils the monster Ignorance presides. Rāma, alone is all-beautiful, all-wise, full of compassion and of loving-kindness for the destitute, disinterested in his benevolence and the bestower of final deliverance; whom else can I desire? There is no other but like Rāma, by whose favour, however, slight, even I, the dull-witted Tolsi Dās, have found perfect peace.

Dold 127.

There is no one so poor as I am and no one so gracious to the poor as you, O Rāghu-bīr : remember this, O glory of the race of Rāghu, and rid me of the grievous burden of existence. As a lover loves his mistress and as a miser loves his money, so for ever and ever may Rāma be beloved by me.

[Thus endeth the Book entitled THE SEQUEL, a provocative to steadfast faith in Hari, being the seventh descent into the holy lake of Rāma's deeds, that cleanses from every defilement of the world].

1 In the allusions between the five stanzas and the five members of a council, who are not specifically designated, the latter would seem to stand for the actors.

[THE END]

numbness and it has no grasp on the soul. Though endowed with endless toolness, without faith he is nothing. Faith is all-powerful and a mine of every art man cannot obtain to it except by the fellowship of the saints. The saints are not won except by men; their fellowship is the end of mundane sorrow; there is no other meditative deed in the world at this time, to worship Brâhman in thought, word, deed. Since and gods are all in his favour who will and devotes himself to the Brâhman.

Dohâ 46.

One other mysterious dogma I with clasped hands
 lay upon you all: without prayer to Siva no
 attain to the faith that I require.

Châupdi.

Tell me what are the difficulties in the way of
 neither abstract meditation is necessary, nor any
 prayer, penance nor fasting; only simplicity of character
 a mind void of forwardness and absolute content which
 may befall. If one who is called a worshipper of
 trust in man, tell me where is his trust in me? Do
 protract my discourse to such a length? these are
 practices, brother, by which I am won: avoidance of
 and rancour, of hope and fear; a constant atmosphere
 perfect repose; passionless homelessness; without pride
 without sin; placid, provident and wise; ever devoted
 the fellowship of the saints; lightly esteeming every
 of sense and even heaven and final deliverance from
 body; persistent in faith, innocent of wickedness, a stranger
 to impious scepticism.

Dohâ 47.

Devoted to my name, which is the sum of all my
 fections; devoid of selfishness, conceit and vain imagination
 such a man's happiness, he assured, is the very sum
 transcendental felicity."

Châupdi.

On hearing the gracious Râma's ambrosial speech, the
 all embraced his feet: "Fountain of mercy, you are our
 father, our mother, our spiritual gods and our brethren
 and are dearer than our life. You, O Râma, have blessed
 us in body, substance and house, and have removed all t

sorrows of your suppliants. No one but you could teach us this lesson ; for even father and mother are self-interested. The only two disinterested friends in the world are you yourself and your servants, O conqueror of the demons. Every friend in the world has his own object in view : no one, Sir, ever dreams of the highest object." When Raghunāth heard them all speak in such terms of devotion he was rejoined at heart ; and they on receiving his permission returned to their several homes, making the Lord the glorious theme of all their talk.

Dohd 48.

O Umi, every man and woman among the inhabitants of Avadh was the picture of satisfaction ; the supreme felicity of heaven suffused the whole city when Rāma was king.

Chaurdi.

One day saint Vesishtha came to visit the blessed and glorious Rāma. The prince of the house of Raghu received him with the most profound respect and washed his feet and drank of the water. "Hearken, Rāma," cried the sage, clasping his hands, "Ocean of mercy, I have a request to make. After seeing your deeds, a boundless bewilderment possesses my soul. Your immeasurable greatness is beyond the comprehension of the Vedas, how then can I tell it ? The business of a family-priest is very contemptible ; the Vedas and Purānas and all the Scripture make small account of it. At first I refused it, but the Creator said to me, ' You will be a gaoler hereafter, my son. Brahmā, the Supreme Spirit, will be born in human form as a king, the glory of the race of Raghu.'

Dohd 49.

Then I thought to myself, I shall thus attain to him who is the object of all contemplation, penance, charity and sacrifice ; what better course can I pursue ?

Chaurdi.

Prayer, penance, pious observances, and doing one's duty in life are different good notions based on the Scriptures. But knowledge, mercy, self-control, bathing at holy places and all the religious practices inculcated by revelation, as also the study of the Vedas and sacred traditions and numerous Purānas are only means to a glorious end,

chest and his charming face, that would ravish the soul of Kámdéva himself. With streaming eyes and trembling limbs he at last made bold to speak in accents mild. "My lord, I am Rávan's brother; Champion of heaven, I have been born of demon race, with a savage temperament, as naturally prone to evil as an owl is partial to the night.

Dohd 45.

I have heard with my ears of your glory and have come;
O my lord, save me, save me; you who are the deliverer
from all life's troubles, the remover of distress, the friend
of the suppliant, Raghubir.

Chaupái.

So saying he prostrated himself; but at the sight the Lord arose in haste with much delight, being pleased to hear his humble address, and took him in his mighty arms and clasped him to his breast; then with his brother seated him by his side, and to calm his votary's fears spake thus: "Tell me, prince of Lanka, is it all well with you and your family? Your home is in an ill place. How, my friend, can one practise the duties of religion, when encompassed day and night by wicked men? I know all your circumstances, your proficiency in virtue, your aversion to evil. God keep us from evil communications: 'twere better, my son, to live in hell." "Now that I have seen your feet, O Ráma, it is all well with me, since you have recognized me as one of your worshippers and have shown mercy upon me.

Dohd 46.

No creature can be happy, or even dream of rest to his soul, till he worship Ráma, after forswearing lust, that fountain of remorse.

Chaupái.

"So long as the heart is peopled by that villainous crew, avarice sensuality, selfishness, arrogance and pride, there is no room there for Raghnúth, with his bow and arrows and quiver by his side. The intensely dark night of selfishness, so agreeable to the owl-like passions of love and hate, abides in the soul only until the rising of the sun-like lord. Now I am well, and all my fears are over, in that I have beheld your lotus feet. None of the threefold torments of life has any effect upon him, to whom you in your mercy show favour. I am a demon, utterly vile of nature, who

have never observed any pious practices, and yet the lord, to whose vision even the saints have not attained, for all their profound meditation has been pleased to take me to his heart.

Dohā 47.

"Surely I am blessed beyond measure, and Rāma's grace is most beneficent, in that I behold with my eyes those lotus feet, which even Brāhmā and Śiva adore."

Chāupdi.

"Hearken, friend ; I will declare to you my characteristics, as known by Bhṛṅgudi, Samba and Urmā. If a man who has been the curse of the whole world comes trembling and looks to me for protection, if he abjures all his pride and vanquity without guile or subterfuge ; I make him at once like one of the saints. Father and mother ; kinsfolk, children and wife ; life and property ; home, friends and establishment ; in short, every object of natural affection is gathered up as the strands of a rope wherewith to attach his soul to my feet. He regards all things as alike, without any preference, and with a soul unmoved either by joy, sorrow, or fear. A saint like this is as fixed in my soul as money is in the heart of a miser. Good men like you are my friends, and it is only for their benefit that I have become incarnate.

Dohā 48.

"Virtuous and devoted believers, who are steadfast in uprightness, strict in pious observances, and who love and revere Brāhman, are the men whom I regard as my own soul.

Chāupdi.

"Hearken, Prince of Lankā ; all these good qualities are yours, and you are therefore very dear to me." On hearing Rāma's speech, all the assembled monk-ye exclaimed, 'Glory to the All-merciful !' But Vibhishan, on hearing such ambrosial sounds, could not contain himself ; time after time he clasped his lotus feet, his heart bursting with boundless joy. "Hearken, my God, lord of all creation, friend of the suppliant, reader of men's thoughts ; I had at first another wish in my mind ; but devotion to my lord's feet has come upon me like a torrent and swept it away ; now in your mercy grant me such pure faith as that which

